This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

BP313.3

1578
-3

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1832.

129

VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

LONDON:

G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY.

1832.

BP313.3
P2776

LONDON:
GUTHRIE, PRINTER, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET.

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER.

No. I.—Vol. III. (1832.)

PAGE

Art. I. 1. Observations on our Indian Administration, Civil and Military. By Lieut.-Colonel James Caulfield, C. B., of the Bengal Army

2. Excursions in India; including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges. By Captain Thomas Skinner, of the 31st regiment - - - - - 1

II. Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir David Brewster, K. H., &c. - - 23

III. Letters for the Press; on the Feelings, Passions, and Pursuits of Men. By the late Francis Roscommon - 42

IV. A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America. By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. - 57

V. Irish Minstrelsy; or Bardic Remains of Ireland; with English Poetical Translations. Collected and Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. - 69

VI. An Outline of the Smaller British Birds, intended for the Use of Ladies and Young Persons. By Robert Slaney, Esq. M. P. - - - - - 85

VII. Sketches from Venetian History - - - 98

VIII. 1. St. John at Patmos: a Poem. By one of the old living Poets of Great Britain

2. The Poetry of Truth. Canto the first, with explanatory Notes. By John Maule, M. D.

3. The Natural Son

4. Poems, Sacred and Moral; including The Missionary, The Pastor's Grave, and other Minor Pieces. By Thomas Taylor

5. Poems, chiefly occasional. By Samuel F. Green

6. The Village Poor-House. By a Country Curate

7. Poetic Fragments, from unpublished MSS. - - 119

PAGE

IX. 1. The Highland Smugglers. By the Author of "Adventures of a Kuzzilbash," &c.
2. Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion.
3. Legends of the Rhine, and the Low Countries. By the Author of "Highways and By Ways" - - 130

X. The Book of Butterflies, Sphinxes, and Moths. By Captain Thomas Brown - - - - 147

XI. The Edinburgh Library—British India - - - 148

XII. A Three Months' Tour in Switzerland and France - *ib.*

XIII. Family Classical Library - - - - 149

XIV. Nature of the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body *ib.*

XV. The Acts of 2 William IV. c. 45, to Amend the Representation of the People, and 2 William IV. c. 64, to describe the Boundaries, &c., and other recent Statutes - 150

XVI. Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the City of Glasgow and County of Lanark, for the Government Census of 1831 *ib.*

XVII. Sullo Spirito Anti-papale che produsse la Riforma - 151

XVIII. Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells and the Calverley Estate - - - - - *ib.*

XIX. An Illustration of the Epistles of St. Paul, including an entirely new Translation - - - 152

XX. The Greek Testament, with English Notes - - *ib.*

XXI. Tales of the Saxons - - - - 153

XXII. A Manual of Grecian Antiquities - - - *ib.*

Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - - 154

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

No. II.—Vol. III. (1832.)

PAGE

Art. I. Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes (Madame Junot) - 159

II. A Comparative View of the Industrial Situation of Great Britain, from the Year 1775 to the present time. With an Examination of the Causes of her Distress. By Alexander Mundell, Esq. - - - 178

III. The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot: with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works. By John Dove - - - 193

IV. The Present State of the Established Church, an Apology for Secession from its Communion. By a Seceding Clergyman - - - - 207

V. Memoirs of General Lafayette and of the French Revolution, 1830. By B. Sarrans, Secretary to General Lafayette 224

VI. The Shah Nameh of the Persian Poet Firdausi, translated and abridged in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Illustrations. By James Atkinson, Esq., of the Bengal Medical Service - - - - 248

PAGE

VII. Our Village. Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford - - - 265

VIII. First Report of the Committee of Secrecy appointed by the House of Commons, on Tuesday, May 22, 1832, to inquire into the Expediency of Renewing the Charter of the Bank of England, and into the System on which Banks of Issue in England and Wales are conducted; together with Minutes of the Evidence - - 264

Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - - 298

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

No. XI.—Vol. I. (1832.)

PAGE

ART. I. Records of my Life. By the late John Taylor, Esq. Author of "Monsieur Tonson." - - - - 301

II. Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact Account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the Moment of Birth till the Hour of Death. By Jaffur Shurreef, (a Native of the Deccan); composed under the Direction of, and translated by G. A. Herklotts, M.D. Surgeon to the Madras Establishment. 313

III. Statistics of France. By Lewis Goldsmith. - - 325

IV. Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith, M.D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Member of the Academies of Stockholm, Upsal, Turin, Lisbon, Philadelphia, New York, &c. &c., the Imperial Academy, Naturæ Curiosorum, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; Honorary Member of the Horticultural Society of London; and President of the Linnæan Society. Edited by Lady Smith. - - - - - - 339

V. Wild Sports of the West, with Legendary Tales and Local Sketches. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." - 352

VI. Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq. chiefly for the use of Schools, &c. By J. Hine, Esq. - 365

VII. Present State of Literature - - - - 372

VIII. 1. The Landscape Annual; 2. Heath's Picturesque Annual; 3. Friendship's Offering; 4. The Literary Souvenir. Edited by A. A. Watts; 5. The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Edited by S. C. Hall; 6. The Juvenile Forget-me-not. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall; 7. The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. - - - 384

IX. The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France; embracing, with a few incidental reflections, a general description of the principal places, &c. By George Clayton, Jun. - - - - - - 405

PAGE

X. Ellis's British Tariff for 1832-33; contains the Duties payable on Foreign Goods imported into Great Britain and Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Island of Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and the British Possessions in America; with a List of the Articles prohibited to be imported into, or exported from, those places respectively; as well as Tables of the Duties payable on British Goods exported; the Tonnage Duties, Foreign and Coastwise; Tables of the Drawbacks allowed on the Exportation of Foreign Goods, and of the Bounties and Drawbacks of the Customs and Excise, to be paid and allowed on British Goods exported. - - - 414

XI. An Introduction to Botany. By John Lindley, F.R.S L.S. G.S. - - - - - - - - 422

XII. A Letter to John Murray, Esq. from Lord Nugent, touching an Article in the last Quarterly Review, on a Book called "Some Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times." 439

XIII. Chambers' Scottish Biography, in 4 vols. Vol. I. - - 445

XIV. Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall. By E. J. Carlos. - - - - - - - 445

XV. The Family Library, No. 35.—Peter the Great. - - 446

XVI. Abbatt's Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry - 448

XVII. Poems, chiefly Occasional. By Samuel Frederick Green. - 448

XVIII. Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus, (Nautilus Pompilius, Linn.) with Illustrations of its External Form and Internal Structure. Drawn up by Richard Owen, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and Assistant Conservator of the Museum of the College. Published by Direction of the Council. - - - - 450

XIX. A Letter to Lord John Russell on Lord Brougham's most extraordinary Conduct: and another to Sir J. Herschel on the application of Kepler's Third Law to the Periods of the Satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. By Captain Forman, R.N. Shepton-Mallett. - - - - 451

XX. Dictionary of Practical Medicine, comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders incidental to Climates, to the Sex, and to the different Epochs of Life. By James Copeland, M.D. Consulting Physician to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, &c. - - - - - 451

XXI. Les Antiquités Inédites de L'Attique Ouvrage traduit de l'Anglais, augmenté de notes et de dessins, par J. J. Hittorff, Architecte, auteur de l'architecture antique et moderne de la Sicile, et des recherches sur l'architecture polychrôme chez les Grecs. - - - - 453

XXII. Address to Electors, Manufacturers, Traders, and others, on the Importance of Preserving the Colonies; a brochure 453

XXIII. Address delivered at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London, October 1st. 1832. By J. Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. &c. &c. - - 454

XXIV. The Botanical Miscellany, containing Figures and Descriptions of such Plants as recommend themselves by their novelty, rarity, or history. By W. J. Hooker, LL.D. - 455

Miscellaneous Intelligence. - - - - - 457

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR DECEMBER.

No. IV.—Vol. III. (1832.)

PAGE

ART. I. Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature; with the Minutes of Evidence. Ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, 1832 - - - - - 461

II. Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the Use of Emigrants. By a Backwoodsman - - - - - 478

III. Translation of several Principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Veds, and of some Controversial Works on Brahmunical Theology. By Rajah Rammohun Roy - - 487

IV. Observations on the Nature, Extent, and Effects of Pauperism, and the means of reducing it. By Thomas Walker, M.A. Barrister at Law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the Metropolis - - - - - 495

V. 1. Geraldine Hamilton; or Self-Guidance. A Tale.—2. The Siege of Maynooth; or Romance in Ireland.—3. Nights of the Round Table; or Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends - - - - - - - - - - 506

VI. Suspension Bridges. A Memoir on Suspension Bridges, comprising their History and Application, with descriptions of some of the most important Bridges, Experiments, and Rules and Tables for facilitating Computations relating thereto. By Charles Stewart Drewry - - 516

VII. The Life of General, the Right Hon. Sir David Baird, Bart. 524

VIII. Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London - 530

IX. Memoirs of Louis the Eighteenth, written by himself - 541

X. The King's German Legion. History of the King's German Legion. By N. Ludlow Beamish, F.R.S. late Major, unattached - - - - - - - - - 55

PAGE

XI. Whig Government, or Two Years' Retrospect - - - 561

XII. The Political, Commercial, and Financial Condition of the Anglo-Eastern Empire, in 1832. By the Author of "The Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of Europe and of the Continents of Europe and America, &c." - - 567

XIII. A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps, and of his Labours among the French Protestants of Dauphine, a Remnant of the Primitive Christians of Gaul. By William Stephen Gilly, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Norham - - - - - - - 570

XIV. The Masque of Anarchy, a Poem. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Now first published with a Preface. By Leigh Hunt - - - - - - - - - - 580

XV. The Mosaical and Mineral Geologies Illustrated and Compared. By W. M. Higgins - - - - - 586

XVI. The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By C. M'Farlane, Esq. - - - 599

Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - - - - 601

Index - - - - - - - - - - - 603

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

ART. I.—1. *Observations on our Indian Administration, Civil and Military.* By Lieut.-Colonel James Caulfield, C. B., of the Bengal army. 8vo. pp. 118. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1832.

2. *Excursions in India; including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Captain Thomas Skinner, of the 31st regiment. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

Two highly important charters, that of the Bank of England, and that of the East India Company, must either cease or be renewed during the first session of the new parliament. Upon some of the questions connected with the former, we have already offered a few observations, with a view to show that the time for monopolies has altogether gone by, and that the nation, like individuals, should have the option of choosing its own banker, without being bound by act of parliament to confine its business to one establishment. With respect to the India company, we are prepared to follow a similar line of public policy. As we have no prejudices against the company, but, on the contrary, entertain a very high respect for many of those individuals who at present compose the Court of Directors, we may fearlessly say that we are governed by no motives save those of being desirous to promote the general welfare, both of this country, and its Indian dependencies. We think that our territorial possessions in that quarter have vastly outgrown the machinery for their government, which was originally established by a commercial company. It seems to us impossible in the nature of things, that such a company can ever govern seventy or eighty millions of men with advantage to its subjects. The case was very different when only a factory was to be defended, and the object was to prosecute in safety a trading intercourse with such of the natives as chose to deal with us. But those natives, to more than the number already stated, have now become our subjects; they look to us for protection and for the amelioration of their condition

in every thing that can tend to the improvement and happiness of human beings; it is no longer a factory, but an empire, that the company have to govern and defend, and that too an empire as extensive as nearly all the states of Europe put together.

Upon the first blush of this simple statement, it must appear at once pre-eminently absurd, that the affairs of so vast a sovereignty should be managed by a number of persons, a few of them perhaps in some degree competent, but the majority decidedly incompetent to so enormous a task, residing too, not upon the spot, where they might make themselves acquainted with the wants and wishes of the people whom they have to govern, but at a distance of half the circumference of the globe. To the natives of India it is a very serious question whether this ludicrous system ought still to go on: but it is a question also deeply affecting the interests of the people of England, and, we may add, those of the world at large. It is true that much of the executive authority over that extensive empire is vested in the Board of Commissioners for India affairs: but they must exercise that authority in a great measure through the Court of Directors, and such, we understand, is the disposition on both sides to jealousy and contradiction, that ameliorations which are proposed by one board are generally resisted by the other as being no ameliorations at all; the one body assuming that it alone is practically acquainted with the interests of India, while the other asserts its exclusive knowledge of the theoretical attributes of an efficient government: the one in fact acting the trading thrifty merchant, the other the would-be statesman; and between both every good measure that looks like an innovation falls to the ground, while every evil of which the natives complain is allowed to continue unredressed, and even unnoticed.

There was but lately in the newspapers a striking instance of the opposition which exists between these two bodies, and of the principles upon which that opposition was founded. We allude to the correspondence which was published as having taken place between the president of the India board, Mr. C. Grant, and the Court of Directors, upon the question whether or not respectable natives should be allowed to exercise the office, with us found so beneficial, of justice of the peace. The president contended that the measure would give the natives an interest in the administration of ordinary justice, which they do not at present feel; and that it would also tend to facilitate a very important portion of the duties which are now performed by strangers with much difficulty, and with very little advantage to the Indian community. But the Court of Directors were altogether of a contrary opinion: they thought that if power were given to any of the natives, no matter how respectable, which might even occasionally be exercised over British residents, there was an end to the company's government, its dignity was laid prostrate, and its sceptre broken. Arguments, evidently founded in good sense, though perhaps susceptible of modification, were

addressed to the court repeatedly, with a view to induce them to accede to the contemplated arrangements, but they had made up their minds on the matter, and were utterly inflexible. This is but one instance, out of we believe we might say hundreds of a similar nature, which have occurred within the last few years.

The state of India is at this moment very different from what it was in the time of Mr. Pitt, when the anomalous system for governing it now in existence was established—a system half political, half commercial, the one often weighing against, and completely neutralizing, the other. Since that period our territories in India have been much more than quadrupled, and it would therefore be absurd to suppose that the new parliament will continue the same system, which has proved itself so utterly inadequate to the government of India, even when our territories were within the limits of 1784. Colonel Caulfield, in the pamphlet before us, speaks out upon this subject with laudable freedom and impartiality. It appears to us that he puts the whole pith of the question in two sentences. 'To secure,' he says, 'to any distant country an equitable, energetic, and efficient government, we have only to guard against a minute interference with the natural genius of its inhabitants, render their lives and properties secure, and allow them a just and adequate share in the executive government of the state. In other words, identify the interests of the population with those of the ruling authority; and allow active and honest industry a fair and legitimate competition.' There is no mystery in this recommendation: it is honest, manly, founded in human nature, and equally conducive to the interests of good government as to those of a prosperous commerce.

The author then goes on to suggest another object, the attainment of which we hardly can expect to be practicable, at least for another century or two. 'The governed and governors,' he observes, 'to render the one happy, and the other stable, must have a community of feeling upon all important subjects; they must assimilate in religion, usages, manners, language, and education.' We trust that in whatever way our future government may be composed for India, it will attempt no interference with the religion of the natives. Experience has shewn that Christianity is not to be established by penal laws, or by any other means of coercion which a government can apply. We too could desire to see the whole of the natives of India brought within the pale of the Christian dispensation, but if that object were even to be accomplished by holding out temporal rewards, or threatening temporal punishments, we should protest against any such means as more impious than any form of belief which idolatry has ever yet known. Let the natives by all means be educated, let them preserve their own language, let their manners be improved by example, and their religious feelings and principles be enlightened and directed by precept and benevolent instruction; but let there be no attempt made at a

forcible change—a change by act of parliament, such as more than once took place in a country which we could name, but with what advantage to the cause of Christianity we shall not now stop to discuss.

But, in all other respects, measures should be taken, and those too of a very active nature, for the purpose of creating that sympathy between the governors and the governed, which Colonel Caulfield so judiciously recommends. We fully agree with him in thinking, 'that colonization, under limited restrictions, should be admitted.' The picture which he draws of the existing relations between the government and the great mass of its subjects in India, is frightful. 'There are none to feel sentiments of regard and respect for the government, and yet be bound to the people by a common interest, nor sympathies growing out of a daily, intimate, and social intercourse; the state of society is fictitious and disjointed. There exist none, who, in the hour of danger, would exert themselves to aid the executive authority; such a class is unknown, and without it permanent stability is not to be attained. Government, *in its present isolated situation, can neither ascertain the wishes nor opinions of the people,* nor explain fully, matters of which it is necessary they should have a thorough knowledge.' The following passage is pregnant with instruction of the most momentous nature; and however adverse we may be to any thing like an attempt to propagate Christianity by the sword, we cannot but admit the danger which the author thus so significantly points out.

'By taking root in the soil, and thoroughly incorporating ourselves with the inhabitants, we shall succeed in becoming a part of the population, and creating a communion and identity essential to our existence; without which our dominion cannot be considered as established upon a permanent foundation. The history of India, from the period when we were first called upon to take an active part in its affairs, has, down to the present moment, satisfactorily and incontestibly proved that we cannot avoid doing so, in every question that arises between the states with which we are connected. The opinion entertained by some of the leading men in Europe, "that by a steady and conciliating conduct, the lasting tranquillity of our eastern possessions might be secured," is a mere chimera, tending to precipitate our downfall, unless it be supported by a population, actuated by a community of feeling, a similarity of manners, reciprocal advantage, and a conviction, that the prosperity of the one rests exclusively upon the safety of the other. A religious impostor of either sect is at present able to agitate and inflame the public mind, from one end of India to the other. This is not an assertion unsupported by facts. Let those who observe and reflect on passing events, attest the verity, or prove the fallacy, of the supposed danger attending religious imposition, combined with any political feeling inimical to our interest in a country, where superstition, and a passive and blind obedience to their spiritual guides reigns triumphant over a population of millions, a population from whence the supporters and servants of the state are drawn. Our army, our civil establishment, and menial attendants, are exposed to be acted

on by a spark, capable of producing an explosion pregnant with danger; against which, situated as we are, it is utterly impossible to provide the slightest guard. The effect of such a shock would be the obliteration of our very name; of which not a trace would be left. Let but the present system be revised, and in time our army, and the principal servants of the state, might be furnished by a population connected by ties of consanguinity, by religion, by social intercourse, and feelings of reciprocal safety. At present we are exposed to the daily danger of utter annihilation, caused by internal rebellion, or external invasion, either of which might bring on the other. In each case we have nothing to retreat upon, or rally round; and assuredly, if once compelled to retrograde, no trace would be left behind us but the remembrance of our aggrandizement. The arguments of unjustly and forcibly displacing the present occupiers, to make room for our colonists, will, we are aware, be brought against any proposition in favour of colonization. The futility of such a puny opposition is obvious; there is not the slightest shade of similarity between our situation and that of the Spaniards, and Portuguese, in South America. There we find the invasion of a newly discovered country, impelled by avarice; there we find an army of strangers, roaming over a country, the inhabitants of which had, by a feeble resistance, exasperated that rage which drove them on with impetuosity in quest of wealth as well as revenge. Horde, in succession to horde, reached that ill-fated land, in which, as the golden attraction decreased, their stay necessarily became prolonged, that they might search for that which they were aware existed. In consequence, places of abode and cultivation for their support became indispensable. The expatriation of the natives became inevitable, and their houses, women, and properties, were seized. Thus the native population disappeared before rapine, murder, and oppression, while its place was occupied by the descendants of their exterminators. How essentially different would be the progress of colonization in India. Under a just, moderate, vigilant, and well regulated government, the interests of each class would be protected by the most rigid impartiality. The European settler, or his descendants, must come into the market like any other purchaser of land, and here our progress could not be marked, as in South America, by extirpation and spoliation; here neither the lamentation of the widow, nor the cry of the orphan, would be heard; our introduction would be attended with benefit to the people, by bringing ability, vigour, and capital into every branch of industrious labour, as it is evident, the higher classes only could colonize; agriculture would keep pace with commerce, and every species of mechanical art, emulation, moral improvement, and security, would be the happy results of our amalgamation with the people of that favoured but ill-fated land, whose population, so far from suffering evil at the hand of a well regulated and prudently restricted colonization, would have reason to bless the coming of a people, who would lead the way to all the blessings of civilization, and to return thanks to the common Father of mankind, for conquests which, however ruinous in their immediate effects, were ultimately productive of such a glorious consummation. We must further recollect, that notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, India is not near populated; its finest districts, and those climates most congenial to an European constitution, are but thinly inhabited, and artizans are no where

to be found out of Calcutta, and even there, very few. It by no means follows, that an European capitalist, who might purchase an estate, would, as a matter of course, extirpate his native tenantry, had he the power, for the purpose of introducing an European peasantry, at an enormous expense, under the conviction that in so doing he was effectuating his irretrievable ruin.'—pp. 10—14.

Leaving these judicious recommendations to make their own way with the public, to whom we beg leave to recommend the whole pamphlet as well worth their attention, we turn to Captain Skinner's amusing and attractive volumes, containing more graphic descriptions of Indian scenery than any with which we have yet become acquainted. When he first went to that country it appeared to him a land of romance. He was charmed with its sparkling rivers, its graceful palms, and mat-roofed villages; its solemn pagodas, and the breathing perfume of its herbs and plants. He had the good fortune—a very rare one—of retaining the lively impressions which these and a thousand other different objects had made upon his imagination, and hence he has thrown into his pictures much more animation than preceding tourists have been able to command, under a sun, of whose enfeebling effects they generally complain.

The Captain pleasantly introduces himself to his readers, in the February of 1826, while engaged with his regiment in a voyage from Calcutta to Dinapore. The Hoogly having been at that period too shallow in one part of it to allow the passage of large boats, it was necessary to pass into the Ganges, through what in India are called the Sunderbunds, that is to say, a series of salt water marshes, if we may use the expression, deep enough to allow of the passage of boats. Most of the tracts of land in the neighbourhood of the Sunderbunds are covered with jungles, which are thickly inhabited by tigers. The marshes are formed in consequence of the deposits of mud which are made by the river in its progress to the ocean. 'Although a dismal swamp in many respects,' says our romantic Captain, 'all is exceedingly beautiful, and we appear to sail through a flooded forest. There are no houses, no inhabitants but wild beasts; but it is rich in the most magnificent trees.' In fact, it is a complete labyrinth of creeks and lakes, and the author's account of his passage through them is both new and curious.

We find the Captain, in the spring of 1828, making a trip to Delhi, of which, and its interesting neighbourhood, he gives some lively sketches. Thence he transports us to Meerhut, the largest military station in India, where everything is too much after our own fashion to detain us from his view of an oriental camp at night, which we should like to see reduced to canvass by a master-hand. The subsequent adventures are in perfect keeping with the picture.

'On a moonlight night, (it is difficult to conceive the beauty of a full moon in this country), the groups dispersed among the trees, chatting and

smoking, with the picturesque appearance of the tents, and the women drawing water from the tank, which shines like a lake of silver, afford a delightful picture. The coolness of the night air, after the parching day that has just gone—for the hot winds have already begun—make us all anxious to continue the enjoyment of it to the latest moment; and when at length it is time to seek for rest, a veil is not drawn over the scene, for, merely changing the arrangement of the figures, all seems as full of interest as ever. The simple couch of the Eastern is soon prepared; rolling himself up in his shawl, he stretches his limbs on the spot where he was sitting in company a few moments before, and instantly falls asleep.

'It would be an easy matter to surprise a camp so situated; and when no soldiers are of the party, it is necessary to have several chuokedars, or watchmen, from the adjoining village. They come to their posts at night-fall, and sitting on their haunches, shout out at intervals until daylight, an "All's well," that conveys little notion of melody, and permits little indulgence in sleep. The propriety of setting a thief to catch a thief is often acknowledged in these distributions of sentinels, for many of them are most expert robbers, and when not bound by their honour to protect your property, would in all probability be engaged in transferring it to themselves. So irregularly and thickly are the sleepers scattered about the ground, that it is with some difficulty you can walk through the camp in the night without stumbling over them. In such a careless encampment it must have been that Medoro and his friend, in "Orlando Furioso," slaughtered the sleeping Christians, when in pursuit of their master's body. However deficient in chivalrous appearance by day, it may be, I always fancy some resemblance at night to the arrangement of the heroes and heroines of Tasso and Ariosto—

"When sunk in heavy sleep,
Our careless bands the watch no longer keep."

'There is an air of fiction in every oriental scene, that it is some years before an European can quite shake off. I have not yet been able to do it. I cannot see

"The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,"

and not remember how,

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past."

'The mere appearance of a string of camels conveys an idea of great heat; and they not only seem to pursue their own way with pain, but communicate a similar feeling to all around them. The choking noise they make when being loaded, or when urged to rise with their burdens on their backs, is beyond all endurance when the number is great. Their sleepy appearance when in motion, with the drowsy driver nodding on their humps, is enough to try the temper of the most patient traveller. Those who are doomed to ride them, without having been well trained to the exercise, I pity from my heart; this can never happen to an European in the East Indies, but I have a lively remembrance of a day's journey in the desert on a tired dromedary, when travelling from the shores of the Red Sea to the Nile. We started, three in number, with a guide from the wells of Hajie Soleiman to those of Hammamat, at day light in the morning. About ten o'clock my camel began to show

symptoms of fatigue, or obstinacy, I do not know which; and having nearly dislocated my bones with the unsteadiness of its action, refused to continue any longer in company with my companions, who, jogging on, very soon left me out of sight.

'I was for some hours perfectly alone, and felt, for the first time, how truly I was in the midst of a desert. The road, a defile among barren mountains, was very narrow and winding. Instead of the boundless sands that we imagine in a desert, it appeared to be the dried bed of a river, that had once flowed between banks of dismal rocks, that were shining like jet in the sun, and reflecting its rays immediately upon us. Down the faces of the rocks there were frequently the marks of water-courses, which strengthened the belief that we were travelling where once some river might have held its course. My camel had a bell round its neck; accustomed to loiter, perhaps it was necessary to use this precaution, for it was the only one of the party with such an appendage; its mournful sound, and the occasional echo of the lash of my whip, when I endeavoured to urge it to a trot, were all that broke the awful silence of the scene. It was so tired, that I could no longer sit upon its back, and having learnt the Arab mode of making it kneel down, I dismounted, and attempted to lead it along. With unwilling steps and slow, it followed me for about an hour, when we reached a tree, the only one I had yet seen; it was as green as could be in such a situation, and looked nearly as forlorn and uncomfortable as myself. Here was a cross road, and I knew not which to take: my camel settled the point, by refusing to take either; all the methods I could devise were unavailing: I had nothing left but to sit under the sycamore tree, and say like Hassan:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz walls I bent my way."

'I discovered a more ingenious plan, however, and unbuckling the bell from the camel's throat, rung it with all my might, bellowing at the same time as if I had been mad. I had not long been engaged in this sensible pursuit, when a cloud of dust seemed to rise in the most distant point of view, and immediately a number of Bedouins, mounted on the fleetest dromedaries, surrounded me; they were armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords and spears, and amounted to twenty. "The bell is answered, indeed," sighed I, "what is to be done now?" I was in hopes they had witnessed my exertions in ringing, for believing fools and madmen to be under the special protection of Providence, they might have bowed down and worshipped me; but, alas, they were too far off!'—vol. i. pp. 105—110.

Only think of going out to shoot quails on an elephant! Such is the mode in which this sport is conducted in India. It is necessary, while looking for the quails, to be guarded against the tiger, for such an interloper might fatally interfere with one's amusement. The Captain tells us that the elephants are so accustomed to the sport, that they *almost* stand at a bird! How different is the conduct of an English sportsman in India from what it would be at home! Here, if he venture to tread down a single ear of corn, he will be too happy if he be only allowed to pay for the damage, without the costs of an action of trespass. But in India it is quite

another affair. There they drive their elephants through the standing corn, and not even an attempt is made to prevent them from twisting whole sheaves out of the ground with their trunks.

The Captain occasionally mentions the missionaries, whom he encountered distributing Bibles; but he gives us no catalogue of converts. Once he met, near Doewallah, within view of the Himalaya mountains, an English clergyman on the mission; but his mode of travelling, as well as his companion, was not very apostolical, if we may credit the following account.

'From this spot we enjoyed a very fine view of the hills, and could perceive many tents perched upon the different peaks, as if they had been flying in the air. At night, the fires about them burning like signal lights, with the blaze among the long grass, which is purposely fired, and which runs at this season like a train along the hills, had a beautiful effect. I have heard that the burning of the grass is sometimes caused by the friction of the dried reeds and leaves, which, during the present parched period of the year, never fails to kindle a flame. This may be the case, but the mountains are seldom, I fancy, without moisture enough to prevent it.

'We found a string of mules just preparing to start from the rest house, when we arrived this morning. They belonged to an English clergyman, who was on his route to Kunawur, a province beyond the snowy range, and without the pass of Burunda, the crest of which is fifteen thousand feet above the sea. It leads through the country of the shawl wool goat, (Oondest,) to Chinese Tartary, at the frontier village of which it is necessary to return, or run the risk of being carried state prisoner to Pekin.

'The reverend gentleman had crossed the Sutlege last year, and gave an amusing description of the manner of passing it. Sometimes the guide rides over upon an inflated goat skin, (a boracha,) while the traveller sits quietly upon his shoulders. The other method is adopted, I think, in South America; the passenger sits in a species of swing, which is suspended from a rope that stretches across the stream, and is thus towed over.

'We were very much interested in the appearance of the principal servant of the clergyman, who seemed to be more useful and intelligent than any native I had ever met with. He was a remarkably handsome man, and had the bearing of a high brahmin. He was, however, a Christian, and not long since had been baptised by his present master. He was a sort of Haji Baba, and before he offered himself for baptism, had experienced many strange adventures. In his early days (he seemed to be now forty) he had been a soldier, and had served in Java, which is always a matter of great pride to a native. When he obtained his discharge, he became a mendicant priest, and wandered about the country. He had visited every shrine of note for sanctity in the East, from Thibet to Cape Comorin, and found his errant life, I have no doubt, a very delightful one.

'One day, when performing his prayers in the Ganges, an Englishman passing down the river happened to step close to him, and entering into conversation with him, presented him with a translation of some portion of

the Scriptures, or a religious tract, I do not remember which; he was then journeying to Bhurtpore, where, for some offence, he was cast into prison. The perusal of this new book solaced him in his confinement, and by his own account wrought in him a great change. On being liberated, harrassed by his doubts, he went to the college of Benares, to consult the learned brahmins on the subject of his newly-acquired knowledge. He could hardly have gone to a worse place. They gave him the only reply he could have expected:—"Throw away your book, or you will lose your caste." He was resolved, however, and applied to the chaplain to baptise him. Unfortunately, in such applications there is always much to mistrust. It was necessary to make every inquiry about his character, and it turned out that he bore the reputation of great piety as a brahmin. To prove his determination to be one no longer, he took the sacred thread from his shoulders, and tearing it in pieces, brought it to the clergyman, and said, "Now I will be no longer a brahmin, you cannot refuse my wish." He was at length gratified, and has not yet given cause for doubting his sincerity. He has undergone some little persecution too; he has had many taunts to bear, and blows to submit to, since he has been in service as a Christian. Upon one occasion, when riding on a message for his master, he stopped at Serai to bait his pony, and something in his appearance exciting the suspicions of the people belonging to it, they questioned him about his caste; he confessed himself a convert to a better faith, and boldly denounced their infidelity. His hearers were not disposed to a controversy, and soon raised a clamour against him; the whole village was alarmed at the uproar, and, hastening to the scene, took part in the sentence of expulsion, which was immediately pronounced upon him. He narrowly escaped with his life, and was forced to abandon his pony to the mercy of the champions of Brahma.

'He had completely thrown aside all prejudices, and seemed to be a perfect factotum, full of bustle, and, I thought, no little self importance. As he had visited all the places of pilgrimage within the mountains, he promised to be a good guide to his master, if he answered no other purpose.

'There is a degree of ostentation among those men who are dressed in a little brief authority in the East, that is perfectly ludicrous; they possess, more than any other nation in the world, the pride of place; and the fuss with which this gentleman dispatched his mules and coolies, looking under his eyelids at us for applause, while he harangued those beneath him, showed that he enjoyed his full share of it.'—vol. i. pp. 193—197.

It is pretty well known, that those who can afford it at Calcutta, have recently erected habitations in the Himalayan mountains, to which they send their children, instead of sending them to England, when, as is usually the case about the third or fourth year after birth, the climate begins to show its effect upon their constitutions. Schools are already established in the mountains, and as the children can have plenty of good beef, and mutton, and milk, in that region, as well as bracing air, they soon recover their good looks, and become as healthy as their parents can desire. It was to a station of this kind that the clergyman above celebrated was making his way—not to spread the Gospel among the natives, as the reader might perhaps have expected.

Travelling through the higher ranges of these mountains is no joke. Frequently, after scrambling up the face of a rocky hill, the wanderer is obliged to slide down a polished surface of stone, with not a place to rest the foot on, and should he swerve from his proper course, he has a pretty good chance of tumbling down a perpendicular fall of many feet. Lines of irregular peaks, towering one above another, oblige him to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth he has a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale. Having passed the Gudnoo, he soon reaches the Jumna, and a highly diversified and picturesque country.

'We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village named Burkotee, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream. It seems unconnected with the mountains about it, as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; and, below, the Jumna flows round several islands; and among the tall trees of some of them browse many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks; and I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they could be more frequently visited. The Rajah of Tirhee has a palace here, indeed; but such a palace and such a Rajah, are sadly out of character with the sublime and lovely prospects, he, and some hundreds as ignorant as himself, alone are doomed to contemplate.

'I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world are enamoured; but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. The youth who, just emerged from college, gazes for the first time on Mont Blanc, may appreciate my feelings when I enjoy the glories of Himalaya. Although I have seen the Alps, and although I have witnessed the sunrise from the summit of Mount Etna—certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe—my awe and astonishment, so far from from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of another world, as it were, and remain in these mountains for ever!

'We are now in the province of Rewaeen, and I think there is a slight superiority in the people and their villages. The inhabitants are taller, and have something of a Tartar countenance; and in this valley they have supplied our wants without much pressing. Their grain, too, is not the only thing they are disposed to sell; for had I been a Turk I might have made at least two additions to my harem. An old man, whom I met soon after leaving Tulli, offered me the fairest of his daughters for sixty rupees, and seemed considerably mortified on my declining the bargain; and this morning a respectable-looking man came from some distance on the same errand. "I have something to sell," said he, taking me on one side with an air of mystery. This is no uncommon thing, by-the-bye, for, as if ashamed of trade, they conceal the smallest articles under their cloaks, and even a pot of honey is displayed with as much caution as a smuggling pedlar shows his contraband ware.—"I have something to sell," said he; "and as I am a poor man, I hope you will buy—very cheap—a little girl,

so big," measuring about four feet from the ground, "and only eighty rupees. She is my daughter, and my only child." "What!" interrupted I, "sell the only child you have?" "I must live," was his laconic answer, with the most perfect *sang froid*. "She is the prettiest girl in the village," continued he, urging the bargain, "and as I cannot afford to have her married, I must sell her." He said in excuse, that it was the custom, for they had more women in their villages than they knew what to do with—certainly more than they seemed to care about.

'My servants have tried to buy a lamb, while many are frisking about, but the villagers refuse to part with them. "The sheep give us clothing," say they, "And the women, I suppose, wear it out?" said I—"Sach bat," very true, was the reply.

'The fair sex is indeed but little appreciated, or probably I should say, too much esteemed, for each has four husbands at her beck, although the gallant that submits to a quarter of a heart can scarcely value the possession. No wonder, however, they should have a superfluity of women; yet I cannot think that the cost of maintaining can be very burthensome, for I notice that after they prepare the food for their lords, they sit quietly on one side till their husbands' appetites are appeased, and then receive the remains, which come to them sometimes fearfully reduced. Their clothes, too, are the most whimsical contrivances—too light indeed for comfort—they are scarcely enough for decency. They seem to wear them till they literally drop from them, never washed and never mended: they are most completely things of "shreds and patches." We should be puzzled to know how they could get into them, were it not evident that they never get out of them; they hang about in such singular tangles and eccentric festoons, that it would seem a more simple process, as well as a more modest arrangement, to convert a net into a cloak or petticoat. A sultan of the East once censured his daughter for being indelicately dressed!—she was covered from head to foot with forty folds of Dacca muslin. What would he have said had his empire extended to Rewaeen?

'To conclude my story of the father, I found that he had kept his daughter in reserve at a short distance from the seat of conference, and on finding his persuasions not so powerful as he anticipated, suddenly, to overwhelm me at once with the "stage effect," brought her blushing to my presence. With the best grace I could, I begged her to excuse me, and praying that she might find many mountain youths in her own village more calculated to make her happy, bade farewell to the merchant who would barter his blood for gold, and the lady who, to say truth, seemed so little struck by the interview, that she went smiling away, "nor cast one lingering look behind."'—vol. i. pp. 267—272.

In the neighbourhood of a village called Bunassa, the scenery is of the wildest description possible. A sort of basin is formed between two mountains, from a cleft in one of which a tremendous body of water falls in an unbroken mass. Thousands of pigeons build their nests in the rocks around. From the base of the opposite mountain, a stream of hot water flows, and the place has altogether a sacred appearance. The Hindoos worship there, and, what is still more peculiar, the unicorn is there said to take up its abode. The Captain tells a ludicrous story of an adventure which he had, in endea-

vouring to detect this anomalous animal. After a good deal of inquiry, he found out a peasant, who, upon being cross-examined, minutely described to him "a big beast, quite mad with wickedness, which came very often at night out of the woods, and rushing into the fields, tore up the grain, and roared in such a manner, that he made them all tremble." "Has he horns?" asked the Captain. "A tremendous one," was the reply. "One only?" "Only one!" —and the man stretched out his arms, to show the length of it. Our Captain resolved on seeing it, as he was told that it would be sure to make its appearance some time in the course of the night. He and his companions having perched themselves beneath an overhanging crag of great height, the rain plashing, and the winds howling around them, and the roar of a cataract thundering at a distance, they sat them down with their guns by their sides, like bandits waiting for their prey. They discussed at due length the interesting questions—"How shall we secure the animal?—Or if we kill him, how get him stuffed, and bear his bones to England?" Midnight passed, however, and yet no unicorn! But towards morning, a heavy, rapid foot was heard. They were in an agony of expectation. The firmament was pitch dark, and it was still blowing a hurricane. "There he goes!" shouted one of the natives—and there he went indeed, whatever it was, for though heard, he was not seen. We have no doubt that it was one of those large elks which frequent the higher ridges of the Himalaya.

Without following the author throughout the whole of his pilgrimage to the source of the Jumna, and subsequently to that of the Ganges, we shall take, *en passant*, a sketch of the wild mountain scenery, which he visited in the course of his wanderings.

'Some years ago two white gentlemen crossed these hills, and the natives remember them like some bright exhalations in the evening, never to be seen more as they thought; they were pleased to see the meteors once again in us. Our approach to a village is the signal for every description of clamour. The dogs, who, by the way, are more numerous than the people, immediately sally forth to defend the entrance, the mountains echoing to their yell. "Tie up your dogs," is the war-cry of my party, as every one waves his staff over his head. "Tie up your dogs," is responded by the older men of the village, when forth sally the young population, and after a brisk engagement of sticks and stones, send them howling to their kennels. The poor animals, though large and fierce-looking, and certainly opposed to our invasion, do not evince much disposition to bite. However, a canine insurrection, like a human one, had better be crushed in its commencement. This "puny war" gives an éclat to our entrée, and calls the old and the young abroad to gaze upon us.

'It is a glorious feeling to enter for the first time within the magic circle of immortal Rome, and forget the present in the restless dream of all that has gone! and I can conceive the "giddy whirl" of the stranger, who makes his first appearance in London, in the fashionable height of day; but to be in the midst of a few remnants of the human race, where all around is as awful and magnificent as in the wildest romance, who never

before saw a being like me, and who know not whence I come, but marvel at my simplest action—is to me the most indefinable sensation of all. I seem to be wandering on fairy ground; I expect to hear music in the air, and be wiled to some Prospero's cell. I can scarcely hope to meet a Miranda, and have "woods and wilds," and I know not what, to encounter to-morrow, under the guidance of a perfect Caliban, who has just bowed to me, and seems fully prepared to make me his god; he has beseeched, even on his knees, to follow me to Gungoutri.

'Yesterday morning, about seven, we set out from Neechnee for the village of Nongong. The day before, the people of the village asked if they should prepare the road for us; as I was anxious to know what a few hours only could do over so high a hill, I desired that they might be dispatched. The path, in the first instance, led up a deep forest of pine trees, interspersed occasionally with walnuts and hazel. The withered leaves of the pines were so thickly strewed over the ground, that I might have fancied rushes had been spread to honour me. I could have willingly dispensed with the courtesy, for the road being nearly perpendicular, and as nothing is so slippery as the long loose leaves of fir trees, I know not how often I measured my length upon them. There was a fine tree, at one time in my struggle, about twenty feet above me, the roots of which ran across the track, and where I counted upon a momentary stay if I could but reach them; every third step I took I slipped five. With Sisyphus and his rock it was pastime compared to my labour to gain this goal; I at one time fell upon my face, and in endeavouring to recover rolled down thirty or forty feet. I tried every possible method, sometimes the measured pace of a tragic hero, then "like a wounded snake dragged my slow length along." The Indian fanatics who crawl their pilgrimages would not be such blockheads, if they confined their experiments to the mountain penances, for that is certainly the safest plan. When at last I reached my tree, I looked above for another to conclude a new task at, and thus by short stages, and in a few hours, gained the height of the wood. We burst upon a beautiful lawn, perfectly level, and enamelled with every description of simple flowers—daisies, cowslips, primroses, violets, and crocuses of every hue.

'It was surrounded by a fence of pale rhododendon; in all other parts we had met this plant as a large tree, here it had dwindled to a shrub. Above was a line of rugged peaks capped with snow, which in many parts descended to the borders of the meadow. Nature never appeared so frolicsome; this spot seemed to be the rendezvous of all seasons. There was winter in his coat of snow; summer reposing in a strawberry bed, or smiling from the branches of an apricot tree; spring couched in a cowslip bell, and of autumn we experienced enough in the fallen leaves, which still, to concentrate the various periods of the year, fell from the branches of the trees that stood among the snow!'—vol. i. pp. 312—316.

In some parts of his route through the jungles, the Captain frequently observed groups of fowl, which have much the same habits as our domestic poultry, having a cock for their governor after the most approved fashion. They are so extremely cunning, that it is almost impossible to get a shot at them. Whenever they are disturbed, the cock flies to the highest branch of some tree, where he is inaccessible, and crows with all his energy, until his

whole family scatter themselves in various directions, and gain places of refuge with which they are familiar.

We really envy our traveller the pleasure which he must have experienced in viewing the following sublime spectacle.

'Immediately opposite to where our tents were pitched, the grass had been set on fire, and smoked the whole day long. There was no wind to carry away the vapour, which, hanging about the vale, added very much to its heat; it felt exactly like the atmosphere in a hot climate, when an oppressive stillness indicates the approach of a storm.

'I did not, at first, perceive the cause of this mountain sirocco, but almost apprehended an earthquake. At night, however, it displayed itself in the most splendid manner; the flames that the "garish day" had eclipsed, blazed forth with the brightest beauty and in the most fantastic manner. Had a Tivoli been established on the face of the opposite mountain, its festoons of light could not have been more tastefully arranged. It was a long and high ridge, covered to its summit with pine trees, and here and there jagged with clefts of stone, the bottoms of which were furzed with bushes; a stream flowed at its base, and its sides curved gradually from the top to the water below. The flame first stole gently up the sides, and met on the summit; another line of fire ran from its base, in circles and semicircles, in every direction, communicating with the sides in several places, till all seemed arranged for some great festival with the utmost precision.

'These regular lines of light did not long continue, for it suddenly burst forth into one universal blaze, with an effect as startling, but far more brilliant, than St. Peter's dome, when the clock strikes eight, upon the celebration of that Saint's day. Now the fire crept along the ground, and then rushed to the top of towering pines, which in a few moments, nodding and crackling, fell to the earth with a noise that might have passed for the beginning of an eruption of Vesuvius. Large fragments of rock, that lost their support by the falling of the trees, rolled to the bottom with a din that told what the height of a volcano is. For a moment, a line of fire was lost in one of the clefts, and, fed with the wood within it, came rushing forth with tremendous fury, a giant refreshed; while a continual and steady light illuminated the top, from the numerous gummy firs that capped it. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the communication was as rapid as possible; sparks flew to the opposite side, and the mountains round, which were soon ignited.

'In a few hours I seemed the centre of a world in flames, and felt some slight apprehension of being roasted. I was like the scorpion within his circle of fire, and seemed to have no chance of escaping the ordeal, but by proving myself a Cato; for the crackling sound drew nearer and greater. It seemed like the burning of a desolate city, and I had only to people it in my imagination with shrieking inhabitants, to make it as striking a picture of a fire as any on record, for the general outline was sketched with a bold and powerful hand.'—vol. ii. pp. 3—6.

It was not, however, always perfectly safe to be adventuring in such scenes: on one occasion the Captain seems to have had a very narrow escape indeed.

'I received a lesson, soon after we left Bairo Ghati, that has made me

thus cautious. A singular chasm is riven in the rock close to that place, about twenty feet wide and two hundred deep—running perpendicularly to the stream which foams fearfully beneath it.

'The plank, of about a foot broad, which was placed across it, was wet with the dew; and one side of the rock being higher than the other, there was a gentle descent. When I had reached half way over, keeping a jealous eye on the rushing waters below, (for however dangerous to look on them, there is a fascination in the torrent that not only fixes the gaze, but seems to draw you towards it,) my foot slipped, and I found myself clinging to the plank. The nerves were too much braced by the danger to fall, and I succeeded in sitting upon it. It would be difficult to picture my ludicrous situation, while debating how I should get out of the scrape; there was nothing within reach on either side, and nobody could come to assist me. There I was, like Mahomet's coffin, swinging between heaven and earth. The plank barely fitted its position, and if I had slidden along I might have drawn it from its support, and ridden upon it to the bottom. It was positively necessary to rise and walk across. With what envy I thought of Madame Sacchi! I fancied my shoes were the cause of my dilemma; and after several attempts, succeeded in transferring them to my pockets. It then became an easier feat to rise, and I gained terra firma in safety. Many a secure position is sufficiently uncomfortable. I was very safe while bestriding my bridge; but it was impossible to remain there. It felt almost inclined to let "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage," convinced that the premier pas was to be also the dernier.'—vol. ii. pp. 50—52.

We are now, unhappily, so familiar at home with the Asiatic cholera, that we hear of its ravages in its native swamps, almost with indifference. Our traveller's brother, who was with him during some of his excursions, was attacked on one occasion by this mysterious disease, and as the remedy applied to him was simple and efficacious, it may be useful here to mention it. As soon as he was attacked, he was covered with as many blankets as could be collected, and rubbed incessantly until the medicine chest arrived; half a wine glass of brandy and laudanum, equally mixed, was then administered, which restored him to ease, and prevented the disease from proving fatal, because it was given in time.

We could not help laughing, and the reader we expect will be in a similar predicament, on reading a ludicrous incident which occurred to our captain, after exploring the ruins of an ancient temple near Mookba.

'About mid-way between the temple and Mookba, the rain began to fall in torrents, and I found we were too likely to bid adieu to the pleasant scenes we had hitherto enjoyed, for the most uncomfortable of all mountain visitations. We appeared to be riding on the bosoms of the clouds. The road became so slippery, as to render the utmost caution necessary, and all around was dark. The vivid lightning that shot through the mist, was the best light we had to depend on; for the clouds hung so completely around us, above, below, and on every side, that we were at length obliged to abandon the continuation of our journey, and taking

shelter under an overhanging rock, which rose from the bosom of the hill above us, we remained about a couple of hours. There was no hope of the storm's cessation; and afraid of being benighted, we set forth again. It was dark when we reached Suchi; and the tempest had so scattered my party, that I despaired of being housed.

'As is generally the case in such predicaments, the things you least require are nearest at hand. With the voice of an Othello I shouted for my tent, for anything that could be found, nay, even a handkerchief, if it could be discovered, but without success. The barking of the dogs, with the screaming of the people to still them; the clamour of the nearest coolies for guides and lights; and the uproar of my servants, with occasional claps of thunder, and the rushing of the rain, made the most bewildering tumult that can be conceived. I had been obliged to strip myself of my wet clothes; and, tying a table-cloth about my waist, (the only cover I could find,) sallied forth with a white staff in my hand; and, like a maniac, as I exercised it upon the flying people, or poked them out of the snug covers they had taken to, added to the wildness of the scene.

'Although accustomed from principle, and indeed from inclination, to be as passive as possible under the annoyance of Hindoo apathy, I found it difficult to control myself here. There was a humour in the uproar, too, that it was not easy to withstand. After calling till I was hoarse for any portion of my baggage that had arrived—apprehending that all had been swept away—to prove that I was not quite destitute, my friend Booth Sing, the most active of my coolies, a smart fellow, and a perfect beau in his way, flew in pursuit, and in a few minutes returned, bearing in triumph the trophies of his success—a broken kettle and a frying-pan! "This is all," said he, "but I hope the rest will soon come." It was impossible not to laugh; and when one of the hill-men suggested a use for the frying-pan, by holding it over his head as an umbrella, and then, transferring it to me, recommended me to apply it to that purpose, the ludicrous appearance I already made, with such a finish to my picture, was enough to restore me to good-humour.

'I was a match for any fanatic in the East; standing on a crag, surrounded by the villagers, squatting like monkeys at my feet—no covering but the draggled table-cloth about me—a dirty white wand in one hand, and the other holding a frying-pan over my head! It was nearly twelve at night before I had collected all that the storm had dispersed. Some of my bearers had fallen and bruised themselves a good deal; and one with a side of my tent plumped to the bottom of a pit, from which he contrived to crawl out before midnight; and coming terrified to relate his calamity to me, assured me his burden must have by this time reached the centre of the earth, for he had never heard it stop. At length, with three sides only to the tent, we contrived to get under cover; and sitting in the centre of it, with our feet upon the pole to keep them out of the wet, and a pan of charcoal below, we were able (thanks to the war of elements!) to pass the night without sleeping. The canvass and the beds had got so completely soaked, that it would not have been either comfortable or safe to have endeavoured to obtain repose.'—vol. ii. pp. 81—84.

Birds are occasionally met with in the jungles and forests, especially black patridges; but the danger is, that in pursuing them the sportsman is not at all unlikely himself to become game

to a great black bear. 'I began most hastily,' says the author, on one of these unlooked for rencontres, 'to beat the bushes with my gun, and crying, whist! whist! boldly entered the midst of them. A bear stood up on his hind legs, its snout nearly touching my face, as I bent down to disentangle the skirt of my coat from the briers. I started at being brought face to face with the enemy; and not being able to effect a speedy retreat, took off my hat, and waved it before his eyes. We never lose by politeness; and, although I uncapped from a different motive, I was glad to find it had its effect.' This story is really probable enough. To surprise a bear, without irritating him, is the best way to send him off. But our traveller tells another story, which requires from his readers a somewhat larger measure of credulity. 'Some years ago,' he says, 'I was acquainted with an officer, who got rid of a bear in a still more singular manner. He was pursued by one when in the jungle of Ceylon, separated from his companions, and having no weapon with him. He had a bottle of brandy slung across his body, and on finding the bear close in his rear, he drew it forth like another Falstaff, and struck the enemy a back-handed blow with it on the head. The bottle broke; and the spirit streaming down his face, got into his eyes, and effectually stopped the pursuit. I have mentioned the great faith placed by natives in the external use of brandy; this application of it, however, could scarcely have entered their contemplation.'

Upon the transplantation of the rice, which is always cultivated in deep marshy soils, cattle are turned loose into it for the purpose of trampling it as much as possible. On these occasions the rice fields exhibit a scene of uninterrupted merriment; the women, while they gather the plants, singing to the accompaniment of the pipe and the tom-tom the livelong day. The Captain, who appears to have paid his devotions to the muses, gives us an idea of these improvised songs in the following free translation.

'THE WHITE MEN.

'Lo! the white men have been to the mountains of snow,
And have seen the great Gunga flow over the plain;
Let us labour no more, for the rice-crop will grow:
The white men must always bring wealth in their train.

'See, the white men are smiling, the maids they adore
Are far, far away, in the realms of the west.
Do they smile upon us? We will labour no more;
When the white men are happy, their servants are blest.

'See, the tents are all spread—they have kindled the fires,
And the travellers will rest in the valley to-day.
We will labour no more; all the white man desires
We will hasten to offer, and court him to stay.'

'Collins, in one of his Oriental Eclogues, makes his hero stray through rice-fields:—

"What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray."

'Had he tried the experiment himself, I think he would hardly have sent him upon so uncomfortable an expedition.'—vol. ii. p. 105.

In the valley of Chinalli, the Captain found "the happy valley" of Rasselas completely realised. The kid and the monkey were to be seen every where gambolling about, and "the solemn elephant reposing in the shade." Small villages were scattered here and there in a picturesque fashion, the inhabitants of which appeared to have no desire to pass beyond the barrier of the mountains which surrounded them on every side. Every thing they required they found within their valley, and they knew no sorrows except those which they chose to make for themselves. Among other natural luxuries, they had a great abundance of honey, which being manufactured by the bees chiefly from the wild jasmine, has a peculiarly delicious flavour.

Soon after quitting this abode of felicity, our traveller had an odd adventure—indeed he seldom goes far without one of some kind or other. On reaching a projecting crag, which was covered with brambles, he mistook the path, and found himself, by a sudden descent, landed in a cavern, as if he had fallen through a trap-door. The storm was at this time howling among the glens, and the scenery without was magnificently wild. Great was his surprise on seeing himself in the midst of a group of savages, who, on beholding their uninvited guest, started on their feet, one of them holding a gun in his hand. In one angle of the cave was a woman blowing the fire through a reed; near her was a little girl kneading up some cakes; and in another quarter a little boy polishing the cooking utensils. The woman was tall, thin, and fair; and as she had just been out exposed to the rain, her long black hair was hanging loose upon her shoulders; a robe was thrown, in the graceful manner of the Hindoo women, over her person. The man who held the gun was lying near the skin of a bear, which was stretched on the floor to dry. Altogether the scene was one for an artist. The inhabitants turned out to be a party of Ghorkas, on their way to their own country. The Englishman had no difficulty in gaining their pardon; but, before we quit them, we must complete the picture which he gives of his new friends on the renewal of their journey.

'My newly acquired companions were merely resting until it was fair enough to proceed; and on the first glimpse of sunshine we sallied forth together. I perceived, when we began to move, an addition to our party that I had not before noticed: a little baby, that had been fast asleep in a corner during our stay in the cave, wrapped up in its blanket, was hoisted upon its father's back, and, well accustomed to that mode of travelling, seemed perfectly at its ease. The man bore it as he would have done a common bundle; and tying the ends of the blanket across his chest, took no further notice of his burden. The little thing occasionally pushed its black head through a hole in the top of its nest, and looking good-humouredly around, appeared conscious that impatience was useless,

quietly drew it in again, and composed himself to sleep. When the elder boy was tired, his mother jerked him up, and placed him astride upon her hip. This latter is the most common way of carrying children throughout the East, and however uncomfortable it may appear to us, they almost seem to lounge in that position; the mother throws out her hip for the child to rest upon, and never even lends a hand to support it. It is necessary for the child, in order to keep its seat, to be perfectly upright; and this early discipline is doubtless one of the causes of the natives of the East being so straight.

'It is singular how easy the parents, in warm weather, find it to manage their offspring: from the time they are born they seem to care little about them, bearing them with them through all weather, and in all occupations.

'They throw them indifferently on the grass, if they are working in the fields; and if they are travelling, they pack them in a basket, and swing them from one end of a bamboo, to balance a bundle of cooking pots hanging from the other, which they carry over their shoulders. It is curious to see babes of a few months old, bearing all these early vicissitudes with as much philosophy and apathy, as in after life they do the more serious sufferings that "flesh is heir to." They are trained to stoicism from the cradle.'—vol. ii. pp. 143—145.

Among the peaked hills through which our author was now travelling, the echoes were remarkably strong and frequent, the voice, bounding from peak to peak, increasing in strength until it passed off in the distance. 'The men have an intonation that none but mountaineers can catch; and dwelling on the last accent in a wild, and not unfrequently sweet manner, prolong the sound till they are nearly exhausted, and then abandon it to the echo, which never fails to second them most admirably.' Upon being asked what they thought to be the cause of the repetition of the sound, one of the Ghorkas said, that it was a wild beast in the mountains that was startled by their voices, and bellowed in return.

But if we were to follow the Captain in all his amusing adventures, we should never have done. We shall therefore conclude with two or three rambling sketches, which, as usual, are lively and characteristic.

'Nothing can be more picturesque, and to our fancies more thoroughly oriental, than the moment when "the daughters of the men of the city came out to draw water." Their graceful robes and fine straight figures, with the various positions in which they were arranged, make the most interesting picture possible; some approaching with their empty pitchers lying on the sides upon their shoulders, while their children sit astride upon their hips; others return laden, with the pitchers on their heads, supported by the right hand, while the left is ready to draw the veil over the face lest any stranger should approach.

'Round the well the utmost activity prevails. The one in this village is of brick, and from its sides rise several pieces of wood, like cranes, with pulleys at the end of them, which are always in tune by the constant drawing up and down of the pitcher. The splashing and chattering are uite amusing; it seems as if the women had thrown off all restraint in

this occupation, and there is seldom a mannear them to recall them to their usual bashful demeanour. I can easily conceive the joy they must feel in such a service, in the early part of the morning or the cool of the evening, after either an oppressive night or scorching day. This is one of the customs of the East that I contemplate with much pleasure.

'I felt very thirsty from my long drive; and as I had no cup of my own, I feared I should find some difficulty in obtaining a draught of water. In Bengal, when I asked for a drink on a similar occasion, a man brought me a new earthen vessel, which he dashed to the ground in a thousand pieces the moment I had satisfied my thirst, lest any Hindoo should be polluted by using it after me. I was agreeably surprised to find myself better treated here, although all were Hindoos. A woman sent me a brass vessel to drink from; and when I returned it, merely emptied out the water I had left, and rubbed it over with sand, deeming a purification of some sort still absolutely necessary.

'We soon changed horses, and pushed on for Meerut. Although approaching the largest military station in Upper India, the roads became worse as we drew near; and after jolting over the most despicable track for nearly two hours, we entered the broad plain on which that cantonment stands. It sometimes happens that the roads in the neighbourhood of a port are in tolerably good order, but these are exceptions; for no greater pains are taken by Europeans than by the natives in the approaches to their stations.

'It is now the month of October, and the cold season has commenced, which is generally the period of gaiety and amusement. We have dinners, plays and balls, and a large society (about two hundred, perhaps), with, however, an overwhelming majority of men. The early complaint of our settlers in India may still be reasonably urged in the upper provinces—that there are no means of becoming husbands; in Meerut, which, as I have said, is the largest station, there is but one unmarried lady. But one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! for I fancy there are at least a hundred-and-fifty single men. It too frequently happens that the ports in the upper provinces are without even that solitary temptation to a change of state; and to this, doubtless, many of the unfortunate connexions European officers have formed may be ascribed. The desolate situations young men are often reduced to, placed by themselves in remote districts, with no family within miles, and no prospect of returning to England, till at least declined into the vale of years, are almost enough to make them forget they have a "home beyond the sea," deeply as that circumstance is generally inscribed upon the heart. I have often been amused at half-caste people, and those of a nearer approach to European, who, I think, are styled country-born, talking of England as their home; I should like to go home, sounds singularly enough from the lips of one whose complexion might rival ebony; it is well that it should be so, however, while the half-caste population is so rapidly increasing.

'While writing of ladies, I may venture, *en passant*, to notice some of the customs of society in which they are materially concerned. It is natural to suppose, that, being in so small a proportion, they must receive great attention, and it is but right that they should. I was much amused, the first large assembly I was ever present at in the country, by the great sensation that was created in the company on the arrival of a carriage of

ladies. I went somewhat early, and had scarcely time to look about me, when a servant ran into the room in breathless haste, and placing his hands together, muttered something to his master, who instantly rushed out of the chamber, followed by a train of gentlemen. The suddenness of the movement, and the important expression of the messenger's countenance, threw me into some alarm; if it had not been the midst of summer, I should have fancied the house had been on fire. In a moment, however, the fugitives returned, each bringing in a lady. They had barely time to conduct them to the seats allotted for them, when another summons called them forth once more; the plot now began to thicken, and all took part in the race. Carriage after carriage arrived, and gentlemen and servants were running wildly along the hall, breathless and intolerably hot.

'The ladies sit quietly in their carriages till the proper announcement has called the gentlemen to their assistance. Although the society is unquestionably very delightful, I think the strict etiquette preserved, even in the houses of private individuals, might be very advantageously dispensed with. It is a great nuisance to have your lot so firmly fixed in society as not to be able to change it, even from inclination or inadvertency, without giving offence. Although these precise arrangements are very much confined to those of the highest offices, yet still the spirit of place pervades all ranks a great deal too much. I was a member of a committee to regulate a large ball on a particular occasion, when it occupied the great part of a day to settle the order of our going into supper; we found ourselves sitting as a committee of privileges. At length a regular table of precedence was made out, and delivered to those gentlemen whose good fortune had cast them into a parallel rank with the ladies who were to grace the assembly, and who, to say truth, must very frequently have found themselves most uncongenially suited. Nothing can exceed the style in which such entertainments are given, even in situations so distant from the capital as Meerut. Native ingenuity, however, is not called forth to assist in the decorations, as it is with so much effect in the more southern parts of the East.

'The most beautiful festival I ever witnessed was given some time ago near Columba, by Sir Edward Barnes, then governor of the island of Ceylon. The Cingalese are famous for the manner of their light and ornamental buildings; in the course of twenty-four hours they garnish a palace that may remind you of the genii of the Arabian Nights. On the banks of the river near Columbo, and three miles above the stream from the usual point of embarkation, a splendid ball-room was built, so tastefully decorated, that it resembled a fairy palace; the pillars that supported the roof were covered with slips of the ola, which gave them the appearance of being fluted, an interval being left between each row, while the capitals were of plantain leaves and boughs of the ola interspersed, approaching nearly to the natural Corinthian; the roof was thatched with lemon grass, and within were columns and arches of the lightest and most fanciful appearance. Variegated lamps hung in festoons round the room, and winding about the pillars, shone from among the flowers that encircled them, like bright jewels; a bridge of boats led from the opposite side of the river to the banquetting hall. At each end of it was a magnificent gate, and in the centre a triumphal arch, while on each side was a parapet hung with lamps, and flowers, and branches of the most graceful of palm trees. The company moved up the stream in large flat-bottomed boats

towed by elephants, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene.'—vol. ii. pp. 212—219.

Our author has been on the banks of the Nile, but he prefers those of the Ganges, within the province of Bengal. Indeed, we have seldom met with an Indian traveller, who has passed with a more untiring interest through the snowy mountains, and scorching plains, and over the swamps and rivers of that country, than Captain Skinner. He never complains of the climate, nor of the want of those ordinary conveniences of life, the privation of which generally throws our English tourists into the spleen. He roughs it like a soldier, and endures all his fatigues and disappointments like a philosopher. The style of his volumes is sometimes poetical and elegant, but even in its undress it is always animated and agreeable.

ART. II.—*Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By Sir David Brewster, K. H., &c. 12mo. pp. 351. London: Murray. 1832.

THIS is a charming little work, a present from philosophy to idleness, a lure thrown in the way of idleness in order to attract it to the paths of knowledge. A treatise on optics, or acoustics, or chemistry, would, by its very title, deter the multitude from its pages. It would be read only by the learned. But a volume like this addresses itself to every age and sex. The magic of nature bears a spell in the mere sound of the words, calculated to captivate those who are most reluctant to enter the temple of science. Though expressly composed as a work of amusement, it aims at a higher object. Sir David Brewster judiciously supposes, that if, by detailing the marvellous results of some of the laws of nature, he can excite the curiosity of his readers, he may at the same time instruct them, by demonstrating the causes from which those results proceed. And further, it may not, he thinks, be too much to expect, that those who thus make themselves acquainted with the popular part of the sciences, will be induced to carry their inquiries a little farther, and penetrate to the higher regions of mathematics and astronomy, and the general system of the universe. We shall in this manner become attentive observers of every thing that we see around us, whether upon our planet or beyond it. We shall not certainly be enabled, by any conjectures or calculations that we can make, to solve all the mysteries of nature; but we shall learn how to account for many things that to ignorance will always be mysterious, and to feel a pleasing interest in occurrences which to the superstitious will never cease to be formidable.

Sir Walter Scott, in his letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, has anticipated some of the subjects which are embraced in the

present volume. Most of the illustrations of different kinds of natural magic are also collected from sources more or less known to the public. Though this work may be looked upon in many respects as a compilation, it is in truth an excellent digest of facts which had before been scattered through a variety of authorities. But its great merit is, that the phenomena which it details are in every instance traced to their natural causes, and suggestions are made with a view, in many cases, to extend, for the purposes of innocent entertainment, the combinations of ingenious contrivances, which in the dark ages were got up for the purposes of imposture. Every step we move under the guidance of Sir David Brewster, with reference to the subjects of which he treats, we find that superstition retreats before us. There are very few things that can happen, out of the ordinary course of events, which we may not explain, either by the rules which he has laid down, or by making further investigations for ourselves in the paths which those rules have opened to our curiosity. This is a great point gained for the propagation of rational and useful knowledge, and for the prostration of fanaticism.

No doubt can now be entertained, that all those marvellous delusions which, in the days of ignorance, were successfully practised on mankind, were conducted by means of inventions, devised by ingenious men, who, either theoretically or practically, were acquainted with the laws of nature. Thus the oracular shrines, to which warriors repaired in order to obtain a knowledge of their future fortunes in the field, were evidently framed upon principles which, while they enabled the operator to conceal himself, gave him also the power of delivering his responses in a solemn tone, that were well calculated to delude the credulous. The weeping statues and perpetual lamps of the ancients, and the glass tomb of Belus, which when once emptied of the oil it contained could never be filled again, were manifestly constructed according to the laws of hydrostatics. Recourse must as evidently have been had to the use of hidden machinery, in the fabrication of the moving tripods which Apollonius saw in the Indian temples, in the walking statues at Antium and in the temple of Hierapolis, and in the contrivances by the operation of which virgins were made suddenly to disappear during the celebration of some of the ancient mysteries at Rome. And although it does not appear that the science of optics was known to the ancients, yet we cannot doubt that they were acquainted with the use of lenses and mirrors, by the assistance of which they might have caused those apparitions of their gods of which we read. M. Eusebe Salverte has demonstrated these points to a certain extent, in a work which he has lately published on the occult sciences; a work deserving of applause in many respects for research and utility, but much to be condemned on account of the perverted ingenuity, with which he endeavours to explain the miracles of the Scriptures by reference to natural causes.

The great informer of our senses, the sentinel to whom we are indebted for most of the information that we possess concerning external objects, is the eye. And there is no organ that we possess more likely than this to send us occasionally upon a wrong scent. The ear may sometimes deceive us for a moment, but we readily apply our reason to correct the error; we do not repose so confidently in its whispers as we do in the intelligence which the eye conveys. It is, however, of great consequence to us to know beforehand, that the accuracy of that exquisite organ, as a messenger of truth, is not always to be depended upon. For instance, it does not always see every thing that is immediately before it. If we place two coloured wafers at a distance of three inches upon a sheet of white paper, and look at the left hand wafer with the right eye alone, at the distance of about eleven or twelve inches, taking care to keep the eye straight above the wafer, and the line which joins the eyes parallel to that which joins the wafers, we shall find that the right hand wafer is no longer visible. Every body knows, or may know by practice, that, by placing the eye in a certain position, he can multiply a single light into half a dozen or more. We do not allude to the pleasant, or rather very unpleasant, operation of inebriety, but to a process easily perfected by a few experiments. The eye, also, when gazing upon vacancy, as it is called, or intently upon a particular object, as when a sportsman is watching his dog, will actually lose sight of an object which it would see clearly by indirect vision. Of this curious phenomenon, after explaining its causes, the author furnishes us with a striking example; and it seems, as a corollary, that if we wish to see an indistinct object, such as one of the satellites of Saturn, which he mentions, our best plan is to look away from it!—that is to say, to place it within the range of indirect vision.

'In order to witness this illusion, put a little bit of white paper on a green cloth, and within three or four inches of it, place a narrow strip of white paper. At the distance of twelve or eighteen inches, fix one eye steadily upon the little bit of white paper, and in a short time a part, or even the whole, of the strip of paper will vanish as if it had been removed from the green cloth. It will again re-appear and again vanish, the effect depending greatly on the steadiness with which the eye is kept fixed. This illusion takes place when both the eyes are open, though it is easier to observe it when one of them is closed. The same thing happens when the object is luminous. When a candle is thus seen by indirect vision, it never wholly disappears, but it spreads itself out into a cloudy mass, the centre of which is blue, encircled with a bright ring of yellow light.

'This inability of the eye to preserve a sustained vision of objects seen obliquely, is curiously compensated by the greater sensibility of those parts of the eye that have this defect. The eye has the power of seeing objects with perfect distinctness only when it is directed straight upon them; that is, all objects seen indirectly are seen indistinctly; but it is a curious circumstance, that when we wish to obtain a sight of a very faint star, such as one of the satellites of Saturn, we can see it most distinctly by looking

away from it, and when the eye is turned full upon it, it immediately disappears.'—pp. 14, 15.

The effect of a feeble, flickering, and insufficient light upon the eye, in magnifying the images of outward objects, and distorting their forms, may be proved by looking at them in a room illuminated only by a fire. When there is a deficiency of light, the pupil expands itself, in order to compensate for the want of the light; and thus we make use of a lense on the occasion, very different from that with which we ordinarily view near objects. The consequence is, that the object is seen out of its natural proportions: a cat becomes a dog, a dog an elephant; the shadows on the wall assume a strange appearance, and hence, probably, many of the ghost stories which tradition has handed down to us. That the eye is capable of producing images of its own, is demonstrated from the following operations.

'Another class of ocular deceptions have their origin in a property of the eye which has been very imperfectly examined. The fine nervous fabric which constitutes the retina, and which extends to the brain, has the singular property of being phosphorescent by pressure. When we press the eye-ball outwards by applying the point of the finger between it and the nose, a circle of light will be seen, which Sir Isaac Newton describes as "a circle of colours like those in the feather of a peacock's tail." He adds that; "if the eye and the finger remain quiet, these colours vanish in a second of time, but if the finger be moved with a quavering motion, they appear again." In the numerous observations which I have made on these luminous circles, I have never been able to observe any colour but white, with the exception of a general red tinge which is seen when the eyelids are closed, and which is produced by the light which passes through them. The luminous circles, too, always continue while the pressure is applied, and they may be produced as readily after the eye has been long in darkness, as when it has been recently exposed to light. When the pressure is gently applied, so as to compress the fine pulpy substance of the retina, light is immediately created; when the eye is in total darkness, and when in this state light is allowed to fall upon it, the part compressed is more sensible to light than any other part, and consequently appears more luminous. If we increase the pressure, the eye-ball, being filled with incompressible fluids, will protrude all around the point of pressure, and consequently the retina at the protruded part will be compressed by the outward pressure of the contained fluid, while the retina on each side, namely, under the point of pressure, and beyond the protruded part, will be drawn towards the protruded part, or dilated. Hence the part under the finger, which was originally compressed, is now dilated, the adjacent parts compressed, and the more remote parts immediately without this, dilated also. Now we have observed, that when the eye is under these circumstances exposed to light, there is a bright luminous circle shading off externally and internally into total darkness. We are led, therefore, to the important conclusions, that when the retina is compressed in total darkness it gives out light; that when it is compressed when exposed to light, its sensibility to light is increased; and that when it is dilated under exposure to light, it becomes absolutely blind, or insensible to all luminous impressions.'—pp. 17—19.

"He gave me a blow that made the fire flash from my eyes," is an assertion, which those who attend much at courts of justice may hear in assault cases. There is, in fact, a phosphorescent power in the organ, which shows itself when the head is struck violently. Or it may be perceived in the act of sneezing. It is to this phosphorence that we are to attribute the "blue devils," as they are called, which sometimes painfully haunt the couch of the invalid. The pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina causes either total darkness, or a faint blue light, which floats before the eye, and in which the imagination discovers thousands of fantastic figures. In a healthy state of the eye, the image of an object strongly impressed upon it remains for a moment after the object itself is withdrawn: when the eye is enfeebled by age or by disease, the image will remain a considerable time. It was his knowledge of the former fact, that enabled Dr. Paris to construct a card, both of whose sides may be seen, as it were, at one glance.

'In virtue of this property of the eye, an object may be seen in many places at once; and we may even exhibit at the same instant the two opposite sides of the same object, or two pictures painted on the opposite side of a piece of card. It was found by a French philosopher, M. D'Arcet, that the impression of light continued on the retina about the eighth part of a second after the luminous body was withdrawn, and upon this principle Dr. Paris has constructed the pretty little instrument, called the Thaumatrope, or the Wonder Turner. It consists of a number of circular pieces of card, about two or three inches broad, which may be twirled round with great velocity by the application of the fore finger and thumb of each hand to pieces of silk string, attached to opposite points of their circumference. On each side of the circular piece of card is painted part of a picture, or part of a figure, in such a manner that the two parts would form a group, or a whole figure, if we could see both sides at once. Harlequin, for example, on one side is painted, and Columbine on the other, so that by twirling round the card the two are seen at the same time in their usual mode of combination. The body of a Turk is drawn on one side, and his head on the reverse, and by the rotation of the card the head is placed upon his shoulders. The principle of this illusion may be extended to many other contrivances. Part of a sentence may be written on one side of a card, and the rest on the reverse. Particular letters may be given on one side, and others upon the other, or even halves, or parts of each letter, may be put upon each side, or all these contrivances may be combined, so that the sentiment which they express can be understood only when all the scattered parts are united by the revolution of the card.'—pp. 26, 27.'

There are many instances of persons, whose powers of vision are so defective that they cannot distinguish colours, at least some colours. The late Dugald Stuart could recognise the Siberian crab upon the tree, not by its colour, but by its form only, from the leaves that were near it. There was, not long since, a shoemaker of the name of Harris, at Maryport, in Cumberland, who could only distinguish black and white. He could discern cherries

on the tree only by their shape. Dr. Nichol mentions a naval officer whose sight was so imperfect in this respect, that he actually bought a pair of red breeches as a match in colour for a blue coat. There was a tailor at Plymouth, who could never perceive any difference between crimson and black.

The author mentions a very curious ocular illusion, which occurred to himself, while engaged in writing the work now before us. He was seated at a table with two candles before him, when, upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting substance was he could not at first discover. He examined his eye-brows and eye-lashes, but in vain. At length his lady tried her skill; and after a minute search she perceived between two eye-lashes a very minute speck, which upon being removed turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of a letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror, under such circumstances.

This curious fact prepares us in some measure for the subject of spectral illusions. The author had personally an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the most extraordinary cases of this kind upon record. A few years ago he had occasion to spend some days under the same roof with a lady, whom he here designates as Mrs. A. At that time she had seen no spectral illusions, and was acquainted with the subject only from having read Dr. Hibbert's interesting volume. In conversing with her upon the cause of these apparitions, Sir David mentioned, that if she should ever see such a thing, 'she might distinguish a genuine ghost, existing externally, and seen as an external object, from one created by the mind, by merely pressing one eye, or straining them both, so as to see objects double; for in this case the external object, or supposed apparition, would invariably be doubled, while the impression on the retina created by the mind would remain single.' The lady unfortunately soon after became subject to these formidable illusions; but though she was aware of their origin, she was prevented by the agitation with which they were accompanied from making the experiment that had been suggested to her. We shall extract the author's account of several of the illusions by which she was afflicted.

'1. The first illusion to which Mrs. A. was subject, was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December, 1830, about half past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of

going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice, calling her by name, "Come here! come to me!" She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened, but upon going there, and opening the door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly, "Come, come here!" She then opened two other doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person, she returned to the fire-place. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling "Come to me, come! come away!" in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, "Where are you? I don't know where you are," still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her, but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On Mr. A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called her so often, and where he was, and she was of course greatly surprised to learn he had not been near the house at the time. A similar illusion, which excited no particular notice at the time, occurred to Mrs. A. when residing at Florence, about ten years before, and when she was in perfect health. When she was undressing, after a ball, she heard a voice call her repeatedly by name, and she was at that time unable to account for it.

'2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs. A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few moments before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet almost of the figure which she saw still standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few moments, "Why don't you speak?" The figure immediately moved off towards the window, at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstances of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was any thing supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. As soon as this conviction had established itself in her mind, she recollected the experiment which I had suggested, of trying to double the object; but before she was able distinctly to do this, the figure had retreated to the window, where it disappeared. Mrs. A. immediately followed it, shook the curtains, and examined the window, the impression having been so distinct and forcible, that she was unwilling to believe that it was a reality. Finding, however, that the figure had no natural means of escape, she was convinced that she had seen a spectral apparition, like those recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and she consequently felt no alarm or agitation. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real object behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

'3. On these two occasions Mrs. A. was alone, but when the next phantasm appeared her husband was present. This took place on the 4th of January, 1830. About ten o'clock at night, when Mr. and Mrs. A. were sitting in the drawing-room, Mr. A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs. A. exclaimed, "Why, there's the cat in the room!" "Where?" asked Mr. A. "There, close to you," she replied. "Where?" he repeated. "Why, on the rug, to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle." Mrs. A.—"Take care, you are hitting her with the poker." Mr. A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, "Why, sitting up there, close by your feet, on the rug! She's looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty." There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely if ever in the drawing-room. At this time Mrs. A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, "It has gone under the chair." Mr. A. assured her it was an illusion, but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs. A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then searched all over, and nothing found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have betrayed great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room, but he lay perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, Mr. A. rung the bell, and sent for the two cats, both of which were found in the housekeeper's room.

'4. About a month after this occurrence, Mrs. A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave clothes, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head, and under the chin; and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was evidently a shroud, as Mrs. A. remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment. Mrs. A. described herself as at the time sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this melancholy apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candles upon the dressing-table appearing to shine fully upon its face. After a few moments, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder, but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

'5. In the beginning of March, when Mr. A. had been about a fortnight from home, Mrs. A. heard him frequently moving near her. Nearly every night as she lay awake, she distinctly heard sounds like his breathing hard on the pillow by her side, and other sounds, such as he might make while turning in bed.

'6. On another occasion, during Mr. A's absence, while riding with a neighbour, Mr. ——, she heard his voice frequently, as if he were riding by

her side. 'She heard also the tramp of his horse's feet, and was almost puzzled by hearing him address her at the same time with the person really in company. His voice made remarks on the scenery, improvements, &c., such as he probably should have done had he been present. On this occasion, however, there was no visible apparition.

'7. On the 17th of March, Mrs. A. was preparing for bed. She had dismissed her maid, and was sitting with her feet in hot water. Having an excellent memory, she had been thinking upon and repeating to herself a striking passage in the Edinburgh Review, when, on raising her eyes, she saw seated in a large easy chair before her the figure of a deceased friend, the sister of Mr. A. The figure was dressed, as had been usual with her, with great neatness, but in a gown of peculiar kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a common friend as having been worn by Mr. A's sister during her last visit to England. Mrs. A. paid particular attention to the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude in the chair, holding a handkerchief in one hand. Mrs. A. tried to speak to it, but experienced a difficulty in doing so, and in about three minutes the figure disappeared. About a minute afterwards, Mr. A. came into the room, and found Mrs. A. slightly nervous, but fully aware of the delusive nature of the apparition. She described it as having all the vivid colouring and apparent reality of life; and for some hours preceding this and other visions, she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision had ceased.

'8. On the 5th of October, between one and two o'clock in the morning, Mr. A. was awoke by Mrs. A., who told him that she had just seen the figure of his deceased mother draw aside the bed curtains and appear between them. The dress and the look of the apparition were precisely those in which Mr. A's mother had been last seen by Mrs. A., at Paris, in 1824.

'9. On the 11th of October, when sitting in the drawing-room, on one side of the fire-place, she saw the figure of another deceased friend moving towards her from the window at the farther end of the room. It approached the fire-place, and sat down in the chair opposite. As there were several persons in the room at the time, she describes the idea uppermost in her mind to have been a fear lest they should be alarmed at her staring, in the way she was conscious of doing, at vacancy, and should fancy her intellect disordered. Under the influence of this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in your work on Demonology, which she had lately read, she summoned up the requisite resolution to enable her to cross the space before the fire-place, and seat herself in the same chair with the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down, as it were, in its lap, when it vanished.

'10. On the 26th of the same month, about two, P. M., Mrs. A. was sitting in a chair by the window, in the same room with her husband. He heard her say, "What have I seen?" and on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of

skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.'—pp. 39—45.

These are, unquestionably, very extraordinary instances of optical as well as auricular illusions. It appears that during the time Mrs. A. was troubled in this manner, her digestive organs were in a state of considerable derangement. She is naturally of a morbidly sensitive imagination; indeed so much so, that when she heard of any person having suffered severe pain, she felt twinges in the corresponding parts of her person. She speaks fluently and at great length in her sleep, and not only quotes poetry, but even caps verses, that is to say, repeats lines which begin with the final letter of the preceding one, until her memory seems exhausted. Dr. Hibbert, in endeavouring to account for such apparitions, says that "they are nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which in certain cases of bodily indisposition have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions, or, to use other words, that the pictures in the mind's eye are more vivid than the pictures in the body's eye." But Sir David Brewster goes farther, and shows, by a train of illustration into which we need not enter, 'that the "mind's eye" is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws.'

The author enumerates some curious experiments of a popular nature, which he has himself seen or made from time to time. Among these we may mention that of reading the inscriptions of coins in the dark, which is effected in this manner. Take a silver coin, and after polishing the surface as much as possible, apply an acid to the letters. This will make them rough, while the other parts remain polished. Place the coin thus prepared upon a mass of red hot iron in a dark room, and the inscription will appear perfectly legible, the letters being comparatively darker than the polished parts of the coin. The red hot iron should be concealed from the eye of the spectator. In this manner, inscriptions that have been so much obliterated as to be illegible, have been revived, as it were, upon ancient coins.

Among the many natural phenomena, which by the ignorant are looked upon as marvellous, is the celebrated spectre of the Brocken —the name given to the loftiest range of the Hartz monntains, which lies in the kingdom of Hanover. The best account of this phenomenon we have from Mr. Haue, who saw it on the 23rd of May, 1797.

'After having been on the summit of the mountain no less than thirty times, he had at last the good fortune of witnessing the object of his curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock in the morning, through a serene atmosphere. In the south-west, towards Achtermannshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it the transparent vapours, which had not yet been condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past four, he went

towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would afford him a free prospect towards the south-west, when he observed at a very great distance towards Achtermannshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. His hat having been almost carried away by a violent gust of wind, he suddenly raised his hand to his head to protect his hat, and the colossal figure did the same. He immediately made another movement by bending his body, an action which was repeated by the spectral figure. M. Hane was desirous of making further experiments, but the figure disappeared; he remained, however, in the same position, expecting its return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe, when it mimicked his gestures as before. He then called the landlord of the inn, and having both taken the same position which he had before, they looked towards Achtermannshohe, but saw nothing. In a very short space of time, however, two colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, and after bending their bodies and imitating the gestures of the two spectators, they disappeared. Retaining their position, and keeping their eyes still fixed upon the same spot, the two gigantic spectres again stood before them, and were joined by a third. Every movement that they made was imitated by the three figures, but the effect varied in its intensity, being sometimes weak and faint, and at other times strong and well defined.'—pp. 129, 130.

These persons saw in fact their own shadows painted on the vapours in the distance, upon which the shadows were thrown strongly, while the sun was rising brilliantly behind their persons. Mr. James Clarke in his Survey of the Lakes of Cumberland, gives another very striking account of aerial spectres which were witnessed in the last century, and his statement is confirmed by the attestations of two other persons.

'On a summer's evening in the year 1743, when Daniel Strickett, servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the door along with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so extremely steep, that a horse could scarcely stand upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. On the following morning Strickett and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in the full expectation of finding the man dead, and of picking up some of the shoes of the horses, which they thought must have been cast while galloping at such a furious rate. Their expectations however were disappointed. No traces either of man or horse could be found, and they could not discover upon the turf the single mark of a horse's hoof. These strange appearances, seen at the same time by two different persons in perfect health, could not fail to make a deep impression on their minds. They at first concealed what they had seen, but they at length disclosed it, and were laughed at for their credulity.

'In the following year, on the 23rd June, 1744, Daniel Strickett, who was then servant to Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills (a place near Wilton Hall, and both of which places are only about half a mile from Souterfell), was walking, about seven o'clock in the evening, a little above the house, when he saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souterfell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Recollecting the ridicule that had been cast upon him the preceding year, he continued to observe the figures for some time

in silence; but being at last convinced that there could be no deception in the matter, he went to the house and informed his master that he had something curious to show him. They accordingly went out together; but before Strickett had pointed out the place, Mr. Lancaster's son had discovered the aerial figures. The family was then summoned to the spot, and the phenomena were seen alike by them all. The equestrian figures seemed to come from the lowest part of Souterfell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then advanced in regular troops along the side of the fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain, after describing a kind of curvilineal path. The pace at which the figures moved was a regular swift walk, and they continued to be seen for upwards of two hours, the approach of darkness alone preventing them from being visible. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front, and took up the same pace as the rest. The changes in the figures were seen equally by all the spectators, and the view of them was not confined to the farm of Blakehills only, but they were seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile, the number of persons who saw them amounting to about twenty-six. The attestation of these facts, signed by Lancaster and Strickett, bears the date of the 21st of July, 1785.'—pp. 131—133.

This story was at first set down as an invention, or a mere superstitious imagination. But philosophy now explains such phenomena, by demonstrating that they must have been caused by the refraction of the atmosphere, giving the shadows of one or more living objects at some distance, and in the case of the troopers, perhaps multiplied through the intervention of a variety of vapours. They are similar to the Fata Morgana, seen in the straits of Messina, between Sicily and the coast of Italy, and to those strange approximations which the coasts of England and France are known to have made, apparently, to each other, upon more than one occasion. Mr. Latham has left us an account of one of these remarkable phenomena.

'From Hastings, on the coast of Sussex, the cliffs of the French coast are fifty miles distant, and they are actually hid by the convexity of the earth, that is, a straight line drawn from Hastings to the French coast would pass through the sea. On Wednesday the 26th July, 1798, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Latham, a Fellow of the Royal Society, then residing at Hastings, was surprised to see a crowd of people running to the sea side. Upon inquiry into the cause of this, he learned that the coast of France could be seen by the naked eye, and he immediately went down to witness so singular a sight. He distinctly saw the cliffs extending for some leagues along the French coast, and they appeared as if they were only a few miles off. They gradually appeared more and more elevated, and seemed to approach nearer to the eye. The sailors with whom Mr. Latham walked along the water's edge were at first unwilling to believe in the reality of the appearance, but they soon became so thoroughly convinced of it, that they pointed out and named to him the different places which they had been accustomed to visit, and which they conceived to be as near as if they were sailing at a small distance into the

harbour. These appearances continued for nearly an hour, the cliffs sometimes appearing brighter and nearer, and at other times fainter and more remote. Mr. Latham then went upon the eastern cliff or hill, which is of considerable height, when, as he remarks, a most beautiful scene presented itself to his view. He beheld at once Dungeness, Dover cliffs, and the French coast all along from Calais, Boulogne, &c., to St. Vallery, and, as one of the fishermen affirmed, as far west as Dieppe. With the help of a telescope, the French fishing-boats were plainly seen at anchor, and the different colours of the land upon the heights, together with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. Mr. Latham likewise states, that the cape of land called Dungeness, which extends nearly two miles into the sea, and is about sixteen miles in a straight line from Hastings, appeared as if quite close to it, and the vessels and fishing-boats which were sailing between the two places appeared equally near, and were magnified to a high degree. These curious phenomena continued "in the highest splendour" till past eight o'clock, although a black cloud had for some time totally obscured the face of the sun. pp. 135, 136.

A still more remarkable phenomenon of the same kind was witnessed by Professor Vince, of Cambridge, and another gentleman, on the 6th of August, 1806, at Ramsgate. Between that town and Dover there is a hill, over which the tops of Dover Castle may be usually seen from Ramsgate; but on the evening in question, about seven o'clock, the air being still and a little hazy, not only were the tops of the castle seen, but the whole of the castle itself, and, what is still more curious, the castle appeared as if it were situated on the side of the hill next to Ramsgate! It was in fact a complete picture of the castle painted on vapour, and thus, by the magic of refraction, transferred to the side of the hill above mentioned. Instances of ships seen reflected in the skies are very numerous, and they have been seen by spectators when the vessels thus imaged in the air were actually far below the horizon, and consequently invisible to them even through a telescope. These phenomena, as well as Mr. Scoresby's "enchanted coast," on which he saw the ruins of cathedrals and castles, which had no real existence, are satisfactorily explained by the author upon philosophical principles.

He next proceeds to the illusions of sound, and makes us acquainted with the art of ventriloquism, with the nature of musical and harmonic sounds produced from vibrations of the air, with a curious instrument called the Kaleidophone, and the machinery by means of which Vaucanson's celebrated automaton flute-player and pipe and tabor player were constructed. He gives us also a curious account of Kempelen's talking engine, which, though very imperfect, showed that it was not impossible to produce a machine which would distinctly pronounce most of the words in our language. While treating of this subject, he analyses the nature and influence of sound, and the differences of which it is susceptible, according to the elevation or depression of the position from which it comes, and by reason of the influence of day or night. Most persons have re-

marked, that sounds are heard with more than ordinary distinctness during the night. The reason of this is thus explained.

'The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities, or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favourable action of the prevailing wind. Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon, when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of the Orinocco, in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day. Some authors ascribed this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees; but M. Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinocco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night, after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere.

'When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground, and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a homogeneous medium, and every person must have observed the effects of it upon objects seen through it, which are very indistinctly visible, and have a tremulous motion, as if they were dancing in the air. The very same effect is perceived when we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red hot poker or over a flame. In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of a different density, and the refracted rays are constantly changing their direction, as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium, whether it consists of two different mediums or of one medium, where portions of it have different densities. As sound moves with different velocities through media of different densities, the wave which produces the sound will be partly reflected in passing from one medium to the other, and the direction of the transmitted wave changed; and hence, in passing through such media, different portions of the wave will reach the ear at different times, and thus destroy the sharpness and distinctness of the sound. This may be proved by many striking effects. If we put a bell in a receiver containing a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, the sound of the bell can scarcely be heard. During a shower of rain or snow noises are greatly deadened, and when sound is transmitted along an iron wire or an iron pipe of sufficient length, we actually hear two sounds, one transmitted more rapidly through the solid, and the other more slowly through the air. The same property is well illustrated by an elegant and easily repeated experiment of Chladni's. When sparkling champagne is poured into a tall glass till it is half full, the glass loses its power of ringing by a stroke upon its edge, and emits only a disagreeable and puffy sound. This effect will continue while the wine is filled with bubbles of air, or as long as the effervescence lasts; but when the effervescence be-

gins to subside, the sound becomes clearer and clearer, and the glass rings as usual when the air bubbles have vanished. If we reproduce the effervescence by stirring the champagne with a piece of bread, the glass will cease to ring. The same experiment will succeed with other effervescing fluids.'—pp. 218—220.

The vocal statue of Memnon in Egypt has puzzled many travellers, who have endeavoured to account for the sound that issues from it every morning at sunrise. This sound, for centuries considered as the greatest mystery of Egyptian priestcraft, was recently heard by an English traveller, Sir Edward Smith, who asserts that the sound does not proceed from the statue, but from the pedestal, and that it arises from the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, which are arranged so as to produce this surprising effect. The sound in question is said to resemble that of the breaking of the string of a lyre, and Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal, accounted for it in this way. "The statue being hollow, the heat of the sun heated the air which it contained, and this air issuing at some crevice, produced the sounds of which the priests gave their own interpretation." The Baron Humboldt, when in South America, examined on the banks of the Orinocco several granite rocks, from which the natives declared that they had frequently heard, towards sunrise, subterraneous sounds resembling those of the organ. Sounds like that of a string breaking have been heard by travellers in Egypt at sunrise, issuing from a monument of granite, situated near the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands. There is therefore no doubt that the music of the statue of Memnon proceeds altogether from a natural cause, though the priests of Egypt inculcated a different doctrine. The author mentions other instances of a similar description.

'The inquiries of recent travellers have enabled us to corroborate these views, and to add another remarkable example of the influence of subterraneous sounds over superstitious minds. About three leagues to the north of Tor in Arabia Petræa, is a mountain, within the bosom of which the most singular sounds have been heard. The Arabs of the desert ascribe these sounds to a convent of monks preserved miracuously under ground; and the sound is supposed to be that of the Nukous, a long narrow metallic ruler suspended horizontally, which the priest strikes with a hammer, for the purpose of assembling the monks to prayer. A Greek was said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water; and in order to give proof of his descent he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the subterranean convent. The inhabitants of Tor likewise declare, that the camels are not only frightened, but rendered furious when they hear these subterranean sounds.

'M. Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this extraordinary mountain, set out from Wodyel Nackel, on the 17th of June, at five o'clock in the morning. He was accompanied by a Greek Christian, and some Bedouin Arabs, and after a quarter of an hour's walk they reached

the foot of a majestic rock of hard sandstone. The mountain itself was quite bare, and entirely composed of it. He found inscribed upon the rock several Greek and Arab names, and also some Coptic characters, which proved that it had been resorted to for centuries. About noon the party reached the foot of the mountains called Nakous, where at the foot of a ridge they beheld an insulated peaked rock. This mountain presented upon two of its sides two sandy declivities about 150 feet high, and so inclined, that the white and slightly adhering sand which rests upon its surface is scarcely able to support itself; and when the scorching heat of the sun destroys its feeble cohesion, or when it is agitated by the smallest motion, it slides down the two declivities. These declivities unite behind the insulated rock, forming an acute angle; and like the adjacent surfaces, they are covered with steep rocks, chiefly of a white or friable freestone.

'The first sound which greeted the ears of the travellers, took place at an hour and a quarter after noon. They had climbed with great difficulty as far as the sandy declivity, a height of seventy or eighty feet, and had rested beneath the rocks where the pilgrims are accustomed to listen to the sounds.

'While in the act of climbing, M. Seetzen heard the sound from beneath his knees, and hence he was led to think that the sliding of the sand was the cause of the sound, and not the effect of the vibration which it occasioned. At three o'clock the sound became louder, and continued six minutes, and after having ceased for ten minutes it was again heard. The sound appeared to have the greatest resemblance to that of the humming-top, rising and falling like that of an Æolian harp. Believing that he had discovered the true origin of the sound, M. Seetzen was anxious to repeat the experiment, and with this view he climbed with the utmost difficulty to the highest rocks, and sliding down as fast as he could, he endeavoured with the help of his hands and feet to set the sand in motion. The effect thus produced far exceeded his expectations, and the sand in rolling beneath him made so loud a noise, and the earth seemed to tremble to such a degree, that he states he should certainly have been afraid if he had been ignorant of the cause.

'M. Seetzen throws out some conjectures respecting the cause of these sounds. "Does the rolling layer of sand," says he, "act like the fiddle bow, which, on being rubbed upon a plate of glass, raises and distributes into regular figures the sand with which the plate is covered? Does the adherent and fixed layer of sand perform here the part of the plate of glass, and the neighbouring rocks that of the sounding body?" We cannot pretend to answer these questions, but we trust that some philosopher competent to the task, will have an opportunity of examining these interesting phenomena with more attention, and describing them with greater accuracy.

'The only person, so far as I can learn, who has visited Nakus since the time of Seetzen, is Mr. Gray, of University College, Oxford; but he has not added much to the information acquired by his predecessor. During the first visit which he made to the place, he heard at the end of a quarter of an hour, a low continuous murmuring sound beneath his feet, which gradually changed into pulsations as it became louder, so as to resemble the striking of a clock; and at the end of five minutes it became

so strong as to detach the sand. Returning to the spot next day, he heard the sound still louder than before. He could not observe any crevices by which the external air could penetrate; and as the sky was serene, and the air calm, he was satisfied that the sounds could not arise from this cause.'—pp. 243—245.

The reader will be surprised at some of the feats of strength which he will find recorded, especially of Thomas Topham. This man thought nothing of rolling up in his hand a pewter plate: of breaking the bowl of a tobacco pipe by pressing it between his first and third finger; of breaking such another bowl by merely placing it under his garter and pressing the tendons of his hams against it. It is said also that he lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it; that he bent an iron poker nearly to a right angle by striking it upon his bare left arm; and taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and then pulled it almost straight again! There is an amusing experiment connected with this subject, which may be easily managed by a party of five persons. 'The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one, and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise, and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather.' At Venice the experiment has been performed in such a manner, that the party raised was lifted on the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. It is said that the experiment would have failed if a board had been interposed between the body thus lifted and the fingers of the bearers, it being necessary to its success that there should be a communication between the body raised and the bearers; but why such a communication should be necessary, or upon what principles the experiment rests, no person has yet been able to explain.

In the course of his expositions of the secrets of the automaton chess-player, and of the beauties of the moving spiders, caterpillars, and other insects, made from steel, which attracted so much admiration during the latter portion of the last, and the beginning of the present century, Sir David Brewster makes some admirable observations, by way of an anticipated reply to those persons who might be inclined to ask, what is the *use* of such ingenious perform-

ances? 'They gave rise,' he says, 'to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher orders of artists, habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, re-appeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning machines, and our steam engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambouring engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjuror who used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species.' By means of the tambouring machine here alluded to, the art of producing ornamental flowers and figures upon muslins has been so wonderfully facilitated, that it enables one person to do the work of twenty-four persons. Mr. Babbage's machine for calculating has not yet been rendered complete. But if it be finished according to the expectation of the inventor, it will be the most useful, as well as the most surprising instance of successful ingenuity upon record.

Not the least curious subject of all those which are treated in this amusing little volume, is that of spontaneous combustion. A flame may be produced by merely mixing oil of vitriol with oil of turpentine, or aqua fortis with oil of vitriol. Spirit of nitre and oil of sassafras will take fire when mixed. Galen says, that the dung of a pigeon will take fire when rotten. Finely powdered charcoal will take fire of itself. The burning cliff at Weymouth is another striking instance of spontaneous combustion, and it is very well known, that near the village of Bradley, in Staffordshire, the earth has been on fire for nearly sixty years, and has resisted all attempts to extinguish it. There is no doubt that living animal bodies are also liable to internal combustion. It is recorded of the wife of Dr. Freilas, physician to an archbishop of Toledo, that she emitted inflammable matter by perspiration. Another woman was known to vomit flames at the point of death. Bartholin, in his "Acta Medica," mentions the case of a poor woman at Paris, who drank nothing in the course of three years except spirits of wine, in consequence of which, he says, "her body contracted such a combustible disposition, that one night, when she lay down on a straw couch, she was all burned to ashes except her skull and the extremities of her fingers." But the most extraordinary cases upon record are the following ones.

'One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion, is that

of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi of Cesena, which has been minutely described by the Rev. Joseph Bianchini, a prebend in the city of Verona. This lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent above three hours in familar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers; and having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bed-room to wake her mistress; but receiving no answer, she opened the window, and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed, there was a heap of ashes. Her legs, with the stockings on, remained untouched; and the head, half burned, lay between them. Nearly all the rest of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot. A small oil-lamp on the floor was covered with ashes, but had no oil in it: and in two candlesticks, which stood upright on the table, the cotton wick of both the candles was left, and the tallow of both had disappeared. The bed was not injured, and the blankets and sheets were raised on one side as if a person had risen up from it. From an examination of all the circumstances of this case, it has been generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself; and that in her way to open the window, the combustion had overpowered her, and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could set fire to the furniture or the floor. The Marquis Scipio Maffei was informed by an Italian nobleman, who passed through Cesena a few days after this event, that he heard it stated in town, that the Countess Zangari was in the habit, when she felt herself indisposed, of washing all her body with camphorated spirits of wine.

'So recently as 1744, a similar example of spontaneous combustion occurred in our own country, at Ipswich. A fisherman's wife, of the name of Grace Pott, of the parish of St. Clements, had been in the habit for several years of going down stairs every night after she was half undressed to smoke a pipe. She did this on the evening of the 9th April, 1744. Her daughter, who lay in the same bed with her, had fallen asleep, and did not miss her mother till she awaked early in the morning. Upon dressing herself, and going down stairs, she found her mother's body lying on the right side, with her head against the grate, and extended over the hearth, with her legs on the deal floor, and appearing like a block of wood burning with a glowy fire without flame. Upon quenching the fire with two bowls of water, the neighbours, whom the cries of the daughter had brought in, were almost stifled with the smell. The trunk of the unfortunate woman was almost burned to ashes, and appeared like a heap of charcoal covered with white ashes. The head, arms, legs, and thighs, were also much burned. There was no fire whatever in the grate, and the candle was burned out in the socket of the candlestick, which stood by her. The clothes of a child on one side of her, and a paper screen on the other, were untouched; and the deal floor was neither singed nor discoloured. It was said that the woman had drunk plentifully of gin overnight, in welcoming a daughter who had recently returned from Gibraltar.'—pp. 323—325.

A large and brilliant assembly is engaged in the ball-room: a lady with a superb amethyst necklace happens to be near a lamp; a noise as loud as acannon is heard in the room, and the lady near the lamp falls lifeless on the floor. No person can imagine what is the cause

of this mysterious accident. Yet if such an accident did occur, and it is by no means beyond the range of possibility, it would be susceptible of a satisfactory explanation. The amethyst, as well as all minerals, not excepting the diamond, has transparent fluids in cavities, which are sometimes perceptible even to the naked eye. If placed near a flame, the fluid will expand, and burst the mineral with a tremendous explosion.

There are several subjects discussed in this work, which do not come strictly within the circle of natural magic. But this is of little consequence if the subjects be in themselves, as they all are without exception, interesting and useful. There are numerous wood-cuts, to illustrate the various explanations which the author has given of the operations of nature; and whether we regard the matter itself, or the style in which it is arranged, we may assert, without making invidious comparisons, that it is the most attractive work that has yet been published in the "Family Library."

ART. III.—*Letters for the Press: on the Feelings, Passions, and Pursuits of Men.* By the late Francis Roscommon. 8vo. pp. 255. London: Wilson. 1832.

WE cannot guess what advantage the author of these letters proposed to himself to gain, by the adoption of such a *nom de guerre* as that of Francis Roscommon, or indeed any fictitious appellation whatever. These things have long since gone out of fashion, and they certainly have no merit that entitles them to the honours of revival. The letters are by no means destitute of interest. They display a considerable extent of information, sound thinking, and a liberal and elegant turn of mind. Men who are much habituated to polite literature, will be glad to recognise in these effusions many of the ideas which in the course of their reading must have occasionally occurred to themselves. The style is carefully, not elaborately, wrought, the flow of the language equable and serene, and the subjects, for the most part, well selected.

Assuming that the author was troubled with *ennui*, we think that he could not have done better than employ his mind in finding expression for the thoughts with which it was stored. We, who are not inexperienced in the paths of literature, know of no employment more delightful in itself, or more incompatible with a sense of weariness, than that of embodying at our leisure the creations which come and go through the world of the intellect. It is like living in a fairy land, where we have spirits to minister to our amusement, and who attend or retire at our command. In these days literature has been so generally taken up as a trade, rather than as a congenial occupation, that it is pleasant to meet with any unhacknied writer, who appears really to have become an author from the fulness of his mind, and not for the purposes of gain. At least if he seek the latter, we fear that he has not much chance

of succeeding in his aim. This book is not calculated for the multitude. It will find its way only among the retired and contemplative members of society, who wish to read a work that will set them thinking, and really compensate their attention.

The first letter explains the difficulties arising out of his natural indolence, which the author had to combat, before he was fairly embarked on the ocean of composition. He first thought of writing poetry; but although he framed verses at seventeen, we agree with him in thinking that he was not destined to be a decided favourite with the muses. They are most capricious dames, for though they suffer the world to be inundated by verses, they have for years decreed a famine in the article of poetry. It is a singular fact, that there is not at this moment in any part of Europe, so far as we know, a single producing poet, deserving of the name. We have some persons still amongst us, who *have been* poets in their time, but that time has long since passed away, and they are as completely dead at this moment, for all the purposes of composition, as if they had never been in existence.

In his second letter we find the author engaged in inculcating a taste for the beauties of nature—a taste without which a man may be said not to know one of the greatest charms which life bestows. We fully participate in the sentiments which are here so neatly expressed.

'I am now sitting in my little parlour, and if you were here, man of business as you are, you could not help feeling enchanted. It is one of the richest mornings in spring; vegetation is bursting forth with a progress almost visible to the eye. The hawthorn hedges are nearly in full foliage, and display that tender green so delightful yet so evanescent. The lilac, the poplar, the elm, the beech, the sycamore, exhibit various degrees of forwardness; some are in bud, some in leaf, and others in that state of imperfect expansion, half bud, half leaf, which has a grace and elegance, if not a richness, to be remarked at no other time. The lively verdure of the fields is so grateful to the eye, that it could gaze upon it for ever; a delicate fragrance breathes from the sweetbriar, and from a number of the early garden flowers, and there is a peculiar scent of freshness from the opening buds of a hundred shrubs and trees. But, above all, the melody of innumerable birds sends a delicious sensation to the heart. Even now, as I sit with my window open, I can distinguish the skylark, the wren, the chaffinch, the linnet, and the thrush, in such charming confusion, that it is almost impossible to follow the notes of any of them. Besides, if I attempt it, my attention is immediately called to some other "rill of song" which bubbles up close to my ear. To a vacant mind it is "enchantment all," and I am irresistibly led to exclaim with the poet—

"Oh! Nature, how in every charm supreme,
Whose votaries feed on rapture ever new;
Oh! for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!"

'You will probably smile at all this as enthusiam, and I have no doubt you will find many to join you. There are few, as far as my observation

extends, who enjoy the beauties of nature with much zest. Persons in general can relish a poetical description of them, and feel an exhilaration of spirits when they exchange the smoky atmosphere of a town for the pure air and fresh verdure of the fields; but they cannot dwell upon them without weariness for any length of time, nor enter at all into their minute appearances. Natural scenery does very well connected with other objects, with the pleasures of company and conversation, and the animation of exercise; but take these away and it ceases to be a source of enjoyment. He, however, who has the true tone of feeling, the genuine taste, sees with indescribable emotions, not only the general appearance of objects, but graces and beauties unmarked by other eyes. He dwells with delight on the peculiar form of a tree, the rich tint of a flower, the lights and shades of a landscape, the blue depths of the sky, and requires nothing else to fill his mind:—

"The meanest flow'ret of the dale,
The simplest note that swells the gale
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

'My own taste for the beauties of the woods and fields is as old as my recollection. I have some curious reminiscences of walks with my nurse amongst groves and gardens, and of gathering daisies, butter cups, wood-anemones, and blue bells. I even yet feel the awe with which I gazed in very early life on the magnificence of the sky, when the evening sun had left behind it a gorgeous mass of brilliant colours; or when the deep azure of heaven gave prominence to piles of silver clouds, amongst which my imagination was transported to lose itself. I distinctly recollect, too, that at school I had no great relish for my tasks in fine weather; and when the sun's rays fell into our gloomy school-room, and I looked out and saw the smiling sky, I felt it hard to be shut up a great part of the day, instead of cropping king-cups in the meadows, or lying on the grass with my hand over my eyes, looking at the skylark. I have ever since had an aversion to being cooped up in a room in summer: I pant for the open air and the blue canopy. Even when I read or write, I throw my window open, that I may feel the freshness of the atmosphere, and catch the melody of the birds. Above all, I have a rooted dislike to spend the spring in a town. On more than one occasion, however, in the course of my life, I have been compelled to do this. Once in particular, from a combination of circumstances which it is not necessary to explain, I recollect having been grievously afflicted by the necessity of spending the spring months in London in no very agreeable situation, and, what rendered the matter worse, with a prospect before me of not revisiting the country for several years. I was then, too, in the prime of life, or rather in the dubious age between boyhood and manhood. With what longing thoughts I used to picture to myself the green fields, and flowers, and woods, which I had left! Even the rain, which pattered against the window of my gloomy habitation in the city, reminded me how rich the landscape looked after a shower, when the sun

"In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems."

'Near the house in which I resided, there was an old tree, which began to show some signs of returning life. I hailed its expanding buds with

rapture, and was indebted to it for a thousand delightful thoughts of home and former times. At that period, when life was new and hope young, my feelings would sometimes run into verse: it's no wonder it did so on this occasion. I present you with the stanzas, a faithful picture of my feelings, without any profession of modesty, any deprecation of criticism, or any suggestions that their faults may be attributed to the youth of the writer.

'TO A TREE, ON SEEING IT COME INTO LEAF IN THE CENTRE OF THE METROPOLIS.

'Where London's massive temples rise,
And dusky houses bound the view;
When art puts on her gayest guise,
While murky vapours in the skies
Veil nature's simple blue;

'Where morning never sheds her fires,
Save to bedeck the towers with gold,
Or flash her radiance on the spires,
When evening's warmest blush expires,
Unnotic'd and untold:

'I met thee there in budding pride,
A lonely beauty in the scene;
For, ah! 'tis long since, at thy side,
Spring saw the daisy opening wide,
Or violet's humbler mien.

'And ne'er did finch or throstle make
Within thy shade his downy nest;
His song of love did ne'er awake,
Or, hopping lightly on thee, shake
The dew-drops from thy crest.

'Methinks thy form ill suits that place,
Thy root strikes through ungenial ground;
Thou would'st have wav'd with nobler grace
Where textile forests interlace,
And freshness breathes around.

'But when I saw thee, nature's child!
A spark of joy thou didst relume
Within my breast; with transport wild
Fair fancy waved her wand, and smiled
Athwart the opening gloom.

'I saw, entranced, my native home,
My native fields thick-strew'd with flowers,
The shaggy rock, the cascade's foam,
The wild woods where I used to roam,
And amaranthine bowers.

'My cares, my griefs, were all forgot,
And peace resum'd her mild command;
Hope from thy branches told my lot,
That I should see again that spot,
And tread that smiling land.

ings and reflections, I reached the office of the printer, and watching my opportunity, when nobody was near, I safely deposited my manuscript in the box designed to receive the favours of correspondents like myself. My heart beat as I heard it drop, and reflected that I had now passed the Rubicon, and must take the consequences. For a moment I half repented what I had done. The feelings of doubt as to its success, however, passed away as rapidly as the sound which occasioned it, and the exultation of self-importance returned. I strode through the streets with all the dignity prompted by conceit operating in the dark; again looked into the shops, and again felt pity, on contrasting the counter and the hill of Parnassus. The three days which elapsed before the publication of the next newspaper, would have seemed an age, had I not spent them in the delightful reveries of hope. On the eventful morning, I saw the newsman approach the house, and running to meet him, I snatched the paper out of his hand. It was wet from the press, but I was not of course in a mood for stopping to dry it. I hastily turned to the poet's corner. I saw some verses—my heart palpitated—they were my own! What are the delightful sensations of a mother, on seeing her firstborn child, I do not know; but they can scarcely surpass those of an author, on such an occasion as this.

'"In the evening I walked to the town, eager to catch some whispers of that fame which I doubted not would be accorded to the author of such verses. I had not put my signature to them, but had subscribed the classical and pastoral name of Tityrus; and, as I approached the town, I could not help picturing in my imagination the ardent curiosity with which every body must be inflamed to discover the writer. I called on one or two of my friends, in full expectation that I should hear their opinions on so interesting a topic, knowing as I did that they were most resolute readers of the newspaper from beginning to end, advertisements included. 'Have you seen the paper to-day?' said Mr. Leonard, with an air of exultation, as I entered his drawing-room. The blood instantly rushed to my face, and I could scarcely conceal my agitation, as I replied in the affirmative. 'Then,' said he, 'you must have seen, in one corner of it, (here my agitation increased,) that my fine young friend Sedley has at last got married. I am so pleased, that I am just going to set off to pay the young couple a visit.' He then proceeded to give me the whole history of the match, expatiating upon it with so much enjoyment and prolixity, that there was evidently no place for any other topic. I therefore took my leave, secretly wishing that marriages had been interdicted, at least for one week. Individuals thought I, as I left the house, are too much occupied at home, with their own concerns; I shall find those who resort to the coffee-room more at leisure to enjoy literary beauties. This reflection banished the remembrance of my recent disappointment; my anticipations of fame returned with all their force; and I felt no doubt that I should find groups of gentlemen in the coffee-room, discussing the merits of my poetry, and relieving their curiosity to know the author by various conjectures. After debating with myself a long time, whether I should stand aloof, listening to their encomiums, or avow myself at once the writer, I reached the door just as I had determined to pursue a middle course, and announce my knowledge of the author, without disclosing his name. I entered the room with an air of more than usual pleasure, which however was a little allayed on finding few persons there. Placing myself in a snug corner,

and seizing a newspaper by way of pretext, I sat listening to the conversation which occasionally arose. Not a word, however, could I hear, but about the French and the price of stocks. Numbers left the room, and numbers replaced them, but still it was all the same—not a syllable about Tityrus or poetry. After waiting two hours, my patience became exhausted, and I quitted the place. I had entered the town in the full and eager anticipation of fame, and expecting with confidence that all the world would be trying to find out the author who had that day distinguished himself in the Poet's Corner; but I left it with the discovery, that the world went on very quietly in the old track, and were apt to be occupied with their own individual concerns, without troubling themselves with either prose or poetry, or losing their time in attempts to find out the secrets of Philo, Belinda, Juvenis, or Tityrus." '—pp. 24—29.

'Female Beauty—Falling in Love—Narrative of an Incident of this kind—The Drawing-room, a Poem,' such are the inviting subjects which occupy the fourth letter. It seems that the man meditated a treatise on the second of these themes. He had much better have left it alone, for delightful as the feeling of love may be—and a very delightful one it is to those who have truly experienced it—yet there is not a less satisfactory theme in the world for being treated in the abstract. To philosophise upon love, would be equivalent to an attempt to compress the atmosphere in the grasp of the hand. It eludes the mind at every turn, and after all it is reducible to a single word; "I love," is all that can be said in words upon such a subject; the rest must be expressed between the lovers themselves; and however interesting their thoughts and their language may be to each other, they will be very indifferent to the mass of mankind. There is nothing very particularly beautiful in the poem entitled 'The Drawing-room,' and therefore we pass from it to some reflections upon the amiable sex in general.

'I have often been struck with the large share which the relative situation of the two sexes has in the feelings, passions, actions, and events of human existence. It is the source of half the interest and pleasure of life. Men and women are a sort of mystery to each other. It is impossible that the two sexes should ever enter into each other's peculiar emotions. Separated by an impassable barrier, stamped by nature with an indelible distinction, they can, in many respects, as little imagine the nice shades, secret peculiarities, and ineffable circumstances of each other's fears and hopes, pains and pleasures, as the blind can figure to themselves the colours and appearances of visible objects. It is a remark, I think, of the admirable author of the Plays on the Passions, that nothing is so much an object of curiosity to a man as man himself. We have always an eager desire to penetrate into the feelings of men placed in situations different from our own, and particularly situations of an extraordinary character. With what interest the bulk of a nation gaze upon their king; with what anxiety they will wait to catch the least glimpse of him as he passes in his carriage; with what eagerness they will listen to the most trivial anecdote respecting him, and to the minutest

details of his words and actions. And so it is with any man of eminence or celebrity, with the poet, the orator, or the hero.

'It is the same principle of the human constitution which operates to increase the interest which the sexes feel in each other. There is always this curiosity more or less at work. But there is another principle also, as well as this principle of curiosity, which will account for some of the interest which we take in those who are in different situations from ourselves. When we look upon the hero, who returns victorious from the field, part of our gratification, no doubt, arises from a wish to penetrate into his emotions, but part also from his presence serving to suggest a thousand elevating associations of danger, and courage, and glory, of the peril and pomp of battle.

'In the same way, the general interest which the sexes feel in each other, is owing not only to a curiosity which is never appeased, but to all those tender and endearing, and stimulating associations which naturally rise up in their minds.'—pp. 58, 60.

These reflections are followed by a kind of a dissertation on matrimony, which makes us rather suspect that the author really knows very little of the real merits of that subject. We know of no general rule that can be applied to it. There are some persons who find a never-failing fund of happiness in that state, while to others it is one of never-ceasing misery. But the condition of a perpetual bachelor admits of no variation; it is uniformly much more wretched than he would wish to acknowledge.

Here is another bright and joyous series of subjects—'Recollections of Holydays at School—Rustic Parties of Pleasure—Account of an Excursion to visit the Ruins of an old Castle,'—all pleasant reading, fit for the evenings of summer, or of fine autumnal, days. Oh! for those days, when we too rambled with youthful companions over green fields, plucking the aromatic flowers, jumping over hedges and gates, now stretching on the grass, now feasting on pic-nic, now telling, now listening to, stories of banditti and ghosts, and occasionally casting a glance at the future, by way of conjecturing what we all should come to when grown to man's estate! We take it to be an indisputable proof of the goodness of this epistolarian's heart, that he recurs to his early days with so much delight—they must have been days of sunshine and innocence to have left so agreeable an impression upon his memory. 'In looking back,' he says, 'upon my life, I find few days, on the whole, happier than these; and it is perhaps the pleasant associations I have with them which, partly at least, occasion me to prefer, even now, an excursion with a few friends into the country, to almost any other amusement.' So should we.

From gay to grave. Here is an essay upon the unchangeableness of the radical properties of character, a subject upon which we completely agree with the author in every thing that he has said. The indications of character which are frequently manifested, even in a mixed company, by a single expression, or a look of anger or peevishness, are of more consequence to us, if we wish to discover

the real dispositions of the person to whom the nod or the look belongs, than is generally imagined. He who cannot restrain his fretfulness or his pride before strangers, is pretty sure to exhibit it in all its deformity amongst those whose fortune it is to see him at home, in the unrestrained intercourse of familiar life. "He has a very bad temper, but when he knows better he will alter it altogether," is a charitable wish which is very often heard, but very seldom realised. The bad temper of to-day will probably be worse rather than better to-morrow, unless religion lay her sacred mandates upon it, for we know of no other power that can effectually control the evil dispositions of mankind. It is of importance in life to know this great secret, in order that in forming connections either of friendship or of a more intimate nature, we may be able to guard ourselves from those which might prove sources of pain rather than of happiness. Let us hear the author upon this subject.

'An essay which lately fell in my way advanced the position, that the characters of men never change their radical properties, but ended by declaring, that no useful inference could be derived from the doctrine. The position itself I have had abundant occasion to verify, and, far from thinking it incapable of practical application, I scarcely know any which are susceptible of more. Our business, our studies, our pleasures, are all promoted or impeded by the tempers, the passions, the principles, the tastes of our fellow men. What effects we can produce upon these their mental qualities, to what purposes we can render them subservient, and what consequences we may rationally anticipate from them, it is of the highest importance for us to ascertain; and it assuredly must make a wide difference in our conclusions whether we proceed on the principle here stated, or speculate on the possibility of a radical change of human character. It is in the practical adoption of the latter opinion, I think, that most people err. They often imagine, for instance, that they can do wonders by reasoning and advice; they point out to a man the errors of his conduct, show him the line he ought to pursue, and urge him, by various motives, to follow it; and from the professions of reformation which the strong temporary impressions upon his mind elicits, and which may be perfectly sincere, they hope to find in him a future model of correctness. But let them not rely upon his perseverance in a course of action opposed to the fundamental properties of his character. Although striking events, or powerful appeals to his reason and his feelings may deeply affect his mind, and alter his conduct, the impression cannot last: he may do much to restrain or conceal, but he will inevitably relapse, secretly or openly, into his former self.

'Hence, when we have to employ our fellow creatures in any office, we should in general act more wisely were we to choose those who possess qualities adapted to it, than were we to attempt to bend unsuitable qualities to our purposes, by the force of motives applied for the occasion. Such motives are gradually exhausted of their strength in their conflict with the complexional properties of the individual; they require frequent renewal, a perpetual renovation, while their antagonists have an even, steady vigour, self perpetual and never relaxing. It is the variable efforts of Sisyphus against the constant, all-pervading, immutable power of gravitation.

'In this way a man may speculate upon his own character, and ascertain he will conduct himself in any given circumstances. He should never embark, therefore, in any enterprise, which would require the continual exercise of that quality. A man of indolence, fond of ease, destitute of spirit and energy, should never place himself in a situation which will make perpetual demands for activity and decision. It is the part of the wise man to avoid taking upon himself offices for which he feels conscious he is unfit; because they are sure to bring him mortification of spirit, if not open disgrace. He may, by a little address, conceal the weak parts of his character, or at least avoid giving them unnecessary prominence and publicity. He will calculate upon his own mental qualities as the instruments with which he has to act, just as he would calculate upon the strength of a piece of timber, or the power of a horse; and he will not attempt what his instruments are unfit to accomplish. "Confine your pretensions within the circle of your means," was the sage remark of Necker, "and you will then be above the reach of humiliation."

'We cannot make our qualities of either body or mind what we would. We must take them as they are, and extract from them all the good which they are capable of yielding. It is wisdom to acquiesce in the decree of Nature, for attempts to set it aside will only expose our frailties.

'In my own intercourse with society I have found this doctrine of considerable use. For instance, I have a very worthy friend, a man of sense and honour, yet, from a certain peculiarity of constitution, incapable of retaining a secret. When I first became intimate with him, I was surprised at the speedy promulgation of some circumstances which I had imparted to none but himself. I reproached him with this breach of confidence, and exerted all my rhetoric to make him sensible of the mischief which, in our relative situation to each other, such disclosures would inevitably create. He regretted his indiscretion—it was weak, it was foolish; he was fully aware of its pernicious consequences, and the future should find him a paragon of secrecy.

'All, however, was in vain. The most pressing injunctions were soon forgotten: they might seal up his mind for a few days, but his circumspection was sure to relent, ere long, in the warmth of social discourse. The proneness to impart was too radical a property of the man to be restrained by the shackles which my remonstrances had thrown around it, and which lost strength every hour. I at last gave the matter up as irremediable, and I now calculate upon the property of my friend's character in much the same way as I expect snow to melt in the sun, or wood to burn in the fire.

'Some use might be made of this doctrine by aspirants after the holy state of wedlock. When people are married, the change in their circumstances is so great, that they sometimes flatter themselves with the expectation of a wonderful transformation of character, both in themselves and in those with whom they have paired. The man, perhaps, fancies that however ill-tempered he has hitherto shown himself, he can never be out of humour with the charming creature who has trusted her happiness in his hands; and she is equally flattered by the hope that her influence will diffuse perpetual sunshine through his disposition, and, as it regards herself, that although she had been but an indifferent daughter, nobody will surpass her as an excellent wife. In short, a complete conversion of all unpleasant

qualities is to be accomplished, and clouds and tempests are to be kept at an eternal distance. When the intoxication of passion, however, is over, when the transient motives for restraint and concealment are gone, both characters will re-appear in their true colours, with little modification and little improvement. Some habits, it is true, may be changed; but the general qualities will remain, to disturb and embitter, or, on the other hand, to soothe and sweeten, domestic life.'—pp. 80—86.

If it were worth while, we might add some anecdotes, confirmatory of the view which the author has taken, of the fate that too often attends distinguished female beauty. A young woman of good figure and unpretending features, moves through society without attracting general notice. But she will be very likely, if to the ordinary qualifications she add that of good sense, to meet with one, at least, who will at once recognise in her the virtues which he would wish to find in his wife, and when fairly sought, she has no difficulty in judging between rivals—she gives herself up to one undisturbed feeling of devotion in favor of him who has thus chosen her from the mass. But the young woman whose beauty is conspicuous, who hears it everywhere said that she was the belle of the party, whose hand is engaged for every quadrille and every waltz of the whole evening, soon loses all power of giving a preference in her heart to any one of her partners. She insensibly becomes a coquette, an odious designation, which the less favoured of the sex are but too happy to have the opportunity of adding to her name whenever it is mentioned. As such she is then treated by the men, amongst whom she will find numbers who will feel a pleasure in trifling with her feelings; and she sees ball after ball, and season after season pass away, without any connection offering itself which she deems worthy of her pretensions. At length she discovers the folly of her courses, and repents them, and accepts the first offer that is made; probably—and in very many cases it certainly has been so—an offer from some person very much beneath her own station and hopes, and scarcely presentable in society.

But even when she is more fortunate—when a woman of brilliant beauty, who has long been the subject of admiration on account of her beauty, has married the man of her choice, and in every way worthy of her preference, she has still much to unlearn, and a great deal to alter, before she can subside into a happy domestic wife. She will be surprised to find that, when once married, her hand is no longer courted in the ball room. Her former admirers look upon her with perfect indifference, if not with chagrin, and whenever she revisits the former theatre of her success, she seems *de trop* —her presence could be easily dispensed with by every body. In such circumstances, a woman governed only by feelings of pride, would become discontented, morose, envious, and miserable. But if she have a spark of good sense, she will no longer think of shining anywhere but at home. That now ought to be the only scene of her triumphs; there alone she ought, and there

alone she can, in fact, expect to be successful. Instead of attempting to lay aside her charms, as matters now no longer of use to her, she should rather endeavour to improve them, and she will find that they will be more useful to her than ever. But while she is careful of her person, she should be equally attentive to her mind, and apply her attention principally to the duty of rendering her home the abode of peace and cheerfulness. These two qualities would render a cabin in Lapland Paradise itself, while the want of these would turn a Roman palace into a den of misery.

The reader will be glad to see this interesting subject well discussed in the ninth letter, and afterwards to visit the sea-side in company with this agreeable letter-writter, to take excursions with him upon the green waves, and to acknowledge with him the utility of relaxing occasionally from the toils of business and study. We recommend also to his attention the letter on 'Apathy to the usual pursuits and pleasures of life,' in which it is shown with sufficient clearness, that it is not always conducive to our happiness to see too clearly into the illusions of life. Would that the author could succeed in his laudable wish of expelling from society those most disagreeable persons, who are so completely absorbed by their own personal interests, that whether at home or abroad they seem to think of nothing else;—persons who, if you 'enter into conversation with them, will talk of their families, their business, their fame, or their fortune, but, if you start any topic of a general or abstract nature, soon let you perceive that, although they may attempt to listen, their thoughts are gone in pursuit of other topics.'

The contrast of past ages with the times in which we live, opens an unbounded field for the speculation of our author. Equally unlimited is the scope of comparison between the present age and the years that are still to come.

'Only think how, after the lapse of a thousand or two thousand years, the imagination will be inflamed by the age of George the Third! What a picturesque, poetical, and visionary sort of age it will appear to the poets and novelists of 4000! What a hoary mist will be diffused over our present language. What nature, and freshness, and purity will be discovered in the expressions of these good old times, compared to the tasteless verbiage, forced along, and exotic phrases of the forty-first century! With what delight will a retrospective reviewer of that period seize on a dusty worm-eaten volume of Hayley or Southey, or the still more illustriously obscure—myself! It is not to be doubted that every stray epic or tragedy of the present day, emerging from the oppression of contemporary malice or neglect, will be set forth as one of the finest productions of intellect.

'The great effect of time on our estimate of poetical, and even prose compositions, is unquestionable. The removal of prejudice, envy, jealousy, and other feelings, which often interfere with the appreciation of a work during the lifetime of the author, is not, however, what is most worthy of our observation. There is a change constantly going on in the

associations which words have the power of exciting, so that it is impossible for a literary work to produce the same effect, to rouse the same feelings, or even engender the same ideas, after the lapse of centuries, as it did at the time of its original appearance. After such an interval, we can no longer feel the force of peculiar idioms and expressions; the vinculum of association, which we had only to touch in the slightest manner to create a powerful emotion, has been dissolved; and we have often to wonder in what their potency consisted.

'On this account, it is impossible for us to enter fully into the moral and poetical writings of another people. In the mind of the most thorough Grecian that was ever schooled in the learned halls of Oxford or Cambridge, the train of ideas and emotions suggested by the pages of Homer or Sophocles, would bear only an imperfect resemblance to the series of impressions, which the same verses generally produced on the contemporaries and successors of these gifted poets. We may read Horace with pleasure, but our pleasure is inevitably of a very different character from that of the Romans of his own day. Nor is this effect perhaps more the result of the associations we have lost, than those we have gained. We approach the writings of past times with all those new ideas and feelings which the vicissitudes of the world, and the progress of society, have infused into our understandings and our hearts. In addition to all this, there is the agreeable consciousness of a difficulty overcome, there is the pride of learning, the complacency of being able to do what is in the power of few; and the delight in our personal attainments pours beauty over passages which originally attracted no especial regard. The attention, too, is detained by want of familiarity with the terms, longer than in the case of temporary productions; and we know that any great intentness of the mind on a train or combination of ideas, is of itself sufficient to invest them with interest. All these circumstances combine to render the impressions now produced by ancient writings, extremely different from those which they made on the original readers. "We endeavour," (according to the happy remark of Dr Ferguson,) "through the grammar of dead languages, and the channel of commentators, to arrive at the beauties of thought and elocution, which sprang from the animated spirit of society, and were taken from the living impressions of an active life."*

These remarks have drawn me from the subject with which I commenced. I was going to observe, that the differences already pointed out between the feudal and the present times, imply a wonderful change in the habits of private life. In no respect, perhaps, is it more conspicuous than in the general prevalence of a taste for literature. However superficial we may be, we are eminently a reading generation. In the present state of society, the world would be a dreary place without books. As our population has become denser, and the arts of civilization have advanced, a greater number of people have been released from the necessity of incessant labours; they have long, and regular, and uninterrupted intervals of leisure; and others are wholly supported without any personal exertion. A great many tasks and undertakings, too, are much shortened. A journey which formerly took up half a day, may be performed in half an

* 'Essay on the History of Civil Society.'

hour, or the necessity of it perhaps altogether superseded, by dropping a letter into the post office, or committing a parcel to the stage coach.

The consequence of these facilities, is a great deal of spare time on the hands of a great many people; but, fortunately, the same progress in civilization and refinement, which has furnished the leisure, has furnished in books the means of employing it. Books! There is a magic in the word to retired idlers like myself, inconceivable by you men of the world, and which almost necessarily impels us to break out into Cicero's "peregrinantur, rusticantur." To us they have all the importance that actual events have to you. The opportunity of reading a work which, although of established merit, has never before fallen into our hands, or which is fresh from the pen of a celebrated writer, is as interesting an occurrence in our little world, as the arrival of a messenger from Paris to a politician, or of a ship from the Indian Ocean to a merchant. But, what is more to my present purpose, books are certainly the great distinction of modern times. Contrast, for a moment, the few works written two or three centuries ago, and the few readers who looked into them, with the multiplicity of publications in the present day, perused by all classes, high and low, and you will feel at once the immense difference. The savage, when he is not hunting or gormandising, sleeps; the semi-barbarian, in his intervals of leisure, drinks or games; the cultivated man takes up a book. Now in our country, as in all countries, there are some of all these classes; but the changes which I have adverted to imply, I think, that the two former are diminishing in numbers, and gradually elevating themselves into the latter. May the process never stop from any other cause than its completion.'—pp. 146—152.

There are in this collection one or two letters, in which some curious instances are given of what may be called prophetic and retrospective sentiments. Every person must at some period of his life have experienced, though he may not perhaps have analysed, both of these, without being able to account for either. Presentiments of coming danger are common enough; but that retrospective sentiment, if such it may be called, which is so well described by Goethe, is much more rare. "A sentiment," says that distinguished philosopher, which exercised an invincible ascendancy over me, though I have never been able properly to express its singular effect, is the concurrence of a *recollection* with the *impression* of the moment, or the feeling of affinity between the past and the present. That sort of contemplative emotion, by which objects separated by time are combined in a single impression, imparts a fantastical colouring to the aspect of the present. I have painted this compound sentiment in many of my lighter productions. It always produces a happy effect in poetry, though it leaves in the mind a singular, inexplicable, and somewhat unsatisfactory impression." Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," has described this condition of the mind much more clearly, as "a state when we seem to feel, that the same thing which is then happening to us has happened to us formerly, though there be no other than this dim recognition." The subjects are both very curious, and the reader

will find some observations upon them, which, though far from being satisfactory, are nevertheless calculated to induce him to pay more attention to these mysteries of the mind, whenever they chance to fall under his notice.

ART. IV.—*A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America.* By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. 8vo. pp. 360. London: Wilson. 1832.

A PRETTY considerable ramble has this been, one might say. When the journey from London to Edinburgh was an affair of a fortnight, and when a voyage across the Atlantic was considered as an equivalent to transportation for life, we suppose that if any person had proposed to undertake a journey of six thousand miles, he would have been at once committed to some lunatic asylum. But now we have many tourists who traverse the globe, and think not half so much about it as one of our great-grandfathers would have thought of journeying from London to Exeter. Six thousand miles are a good stretch even for a regular book of travels, but here is an author who only calls it a ramble!

Of course his sketches, as he styles them, were not originally intended for publication. 'Subsequent considerations,' which he does not particularise, induced him, however, to change his mind upon that subject, and to send his sketches, with all their imperfections on their head, to the press. They have no peculiar elegance of style, no satirical wit, no picturesque powers of description to recommend them, and yet they will not be unwelcome to those readers who feel interested in the progress of America. The author has refrained from touching upon the domestic manners of that country, feeling that this part of the subject had been already anticipated by more than one author of eminence. Neither has he indulged in details concerning those cities and districts of the Union, which have been amply described by preceding writers. He has principally applied his attention to those portions of the American territory which are the least known, and thus endeavoured to give as much novelty as possible to his production. We may add that his remarks are in general characterised by good sense, and by a considerate regard to the real situation in which the growing republic is placed. He has not, like Captain Hall, expected to find her political institutions free from blemish, nor has he, like Mrs. Trollope, looked for the refinements of London in the precincts of Cincinnati.

Arriving at New York, where he had the fortune to see that feminine reformer of mankind, Miss Fanny Wright, whom he describes as an orator of extraordinary eloquence, he proceeded up the Hudson to Albany in the steam boat—a distance of 165 miles—for three dollars. The scenery on both banks of the Hudson is supposed to be the most beautiful in America. From Albany he

bent his way north-west by canal, touching at the finely-named, but as yet very wretched towns of Utica, Rome and Syracuse. Between the two latter places the canal is cut through a swampy forest, composed chiefly of dead trees, exhibiting a most dismal scene, and emitting an intolerable odour. Add to this the bellowing and croaking of countless bull-frogs, the incessant noise of grasshoppers, and the melancholy cry of the "whip-poor-will," and you will form some idea of the delights of this Roman or Sicilian scenery! One thing it seems they really have there of an Italian character, the fire fly, (the unpoetical natives call it the "lightning bug,") which may be seen everywhere sparkling in the depths of the forests. The handsomest town on this line is Rochester, which the canal enters by a stone aqueduct of thirty rods, across the Genessee river. 'The windows have all Venetian blinds, and generally there are one or two covered balconies attached to the front of each house. Before the doors there are small parterres, planted with rose trees, and other fragrant shrubs.'

Our traveller was now within a few miles of the Falls of Niagara, which of course he visited, but he had the tact not to inflict upon his readers any description of those celebrated thunders. We next find him canalling it again—as we suppose an American would venture to say, and ergo, why should not we?—to a city, town, or village, we cannot make out which, exulting in the harmonious name of Tonawanta, and thence to Buffalo, a considerable town on the shores of lake Erie, which promises to be one day a place of great importance, as it is the entrepot for western produce and eastern merchandise, the resort of the lake schooners, and of a great abundance of steam and canal boats. 'A few straggling Indians,' says Mr. Ferrall, 'are to be seen skulking about Buffalo, like the dogs in Cairo, the victims of an inordinate use of ardent spirits.' Surely he does not mean to insinuate that the dogs of Cairo drink whiskey!

Coasting it along the southern shore of the lake, the author landed at Portland, now called Sandusky city, in the state of Ohio, and made a pedestrian tour through the territories still reserved there to the use of the Indians. He describes the country as entirely woodland, with the exception of a few small prairies, and here and there patches of light sandy soil. Entering Crawford county, he crossed the Wyandiot prairie, which was the first of those extensive meadows he had seen; its groves and clusters of trees made it much resemble a beautiful domain. He had the felicity to be present at an Indian palaver—but it was unfortunately one of those councils held for agreeing to a price for their lands, which the state was determined to purchase, and which indicated the complete "decline and fall" of their once extensive empire. At Marion, one of the many new towns of brick rising rapidly in all parts of Ohio, he saw gazetted no fewer than three divorces, all of which had been granted on the application of the wives! 'One was on the ground of the husband's absenting himself for one

year: another, on account of a blow having been given: and the third for general neglect.' 'There are few instances,' adds the author, 'of a woman's being refused a divorce in the western country, as dislike is very generally, and very rationally, supposed to constitute a sufficient reason for granting the ladies their freedom.' Heaven help us if such a law of divorce (bad as our own is) had been in practice in England!

Our traveller describes Columbus, the capital of Ohio, as well laid out, having good taverns with excellent tables d'hôtes, consisting of wide streets, a court house, town hall, and public offices, built of brick. It is seated on the river Scioto, which is navigable for keel, flat boats, and small craft almost to its source; this river communicates by a portage with another, which falls into lake Erie; but a more convenient communication now exists in the Ohio state canal, which completely connects lake Erie with the great western waters. The territory is divided into townships, and these into sections, which are subdivided for the accommodation of purchasers. But the sixteenth section is not sold. It is reserved for the support of the poor, for education, and other public purposes. But 'there is no provision,' says the author, 'made in this, or any other state, for the ministers of religion, *which is found to be highly beneficial to the interests of practical Christianity!*' The population of Ohio was in 1770 about three thousand in all: it now amounts to nearly a million!

We pass over Cincinnati, and every thing concerning it, having been so lately "thereabout" with Madame Trollope. Neither shall we notice the remarks on Mr. Owen's establishment at New Harmony, which has been long since broken up, and which has certainly proved, that however competent he may be to preach the doctrine of co-operation, he is by no means competent to carry it into effect. It appears sufficiently clear on all sides, that this said "Harmony" was from first to last productive of nothing except discord and discontent. Mr. Owen's scheme was little better than that of Messrs. Birbeck and Flower, who died of broken hearts in consequence of the disappointments which they experienced. Our author visited the prairies of those gentlemen in the Illinois, and gives a most miserable report of the families which they have left behind them. The Illinois territory is highly interesting, by reason of the indications which it affords, of having been inhabited in former ages by a race of people altogether different from the Indians.

'On our return to Illinois from Missouri, we visited the tumuli in the American bottom, for the purpose of more closely investigating the form and disposition of the sepulchral mounds. Their shape is invariably hemispherical, or of the mamelle form. Throughout the country, from the banks of the Hudson to a considerable distance beyond the Mississippi, tumuli, and the remains of earthen fortifications were dispersed. Those of the former which have been removed, were found to contain human bones,

earthern vessels, and utensils composed of alloyed metal, which latter fact is worthy of particular notice, as none of the Indians of North America are acquainted with the art of alloying. The vessels were generally of the form of drinking cups, or ewer-shaped cans, sometimes with a flange to admit a cover. One of those which I saw in a museum at Cincinnati, had three small knobs at the bottom on which it stood; and I was credibly informed, that a dissenting clergyman, through the *esprit de metier*, undertook to prove from the circumstance, that the people who raised the mounds and fortifications must have been acquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity. How far the reverend gentleman is correct in his inference, I leave for theologians to decide.

The Indians do not claim the mounds as depositories for their dead, but are well aware of their containing human bones. They frequently encamp near them, and visit them on their journeys, but more as land marks than on any other account. They approach them with reverence, as they do all burial places, no matter of what people or nation. The Quapaws have a tradition, that they were raised "many hundred snows" ago, by a people that no longer exists; they say, that in those days game was so plentiful, that very little exertion was necessary to procure a subsistence, and there were then no wars; these happy people having then no employment, collected merely for sport these heaps of earth, which, however, since remained, and have subsequently been used by another people, who succeeded them, as depositories for their dead. Another tradition is, that they were erected by the Indians to protect them from the mammoths, until the Great Spirit took pity on his red children, and annihilated these enormous elephants. Most of the Indian nations concur in their having been the work of a people which had ceased to exist before the red men possessed those hunting grounds.

'The numerous mounds, fortifications, and burial caverns, and the skeletons and mummies that have been discovered in these catacombs, sufficiently establish the fact, that a people altogether different from the present aborigines once inhabited these regions. At what period this bygone people flourished still remains a matter of mere conjecture, for to the present time no discovery has been made that could lead to any plausible supposition.

'De Witt Clinton having paid more attention to the antiquities of America than any other person of whom I am aware, I shall here insert his description of the forts. He says, "These forts were, generally speaking, erected on the most commanding ground. The walls, or breast-works, were earthen. The ditches were on the exterior of the works. On some of the parapets oak trees were to be seen, which, from the number of concentric circles must have been standing one hundred and fifty, two hundred and sixty, and three hundred years; and there were evident indications not only that they had sprung up since the erection of these works, but that they were at least a second growth. The trenches were in some cases deep and wide, and in others shallow and narrow; and the breast-works varied in altitude from three to eight feet. They sometimes had one and sometimes two entrances, as was to be inferred from there being no ditches at those places. When the works were protected by a deep ravine or large stream of water, no ditch was to be seen. The areas of these forts varied from two to six acres, and the form was in general an

irregular ellipsis; in some of them, fragments of earthenware and pulverised substances, supposed to have been originally human bones, were to be found."

* * * * *

'"I believe we may confidently pronounce, that all the hypotheses which attribute these works to Europeans are incorrect and fanciful: 1st, on account of the present number of the works; 2nd, on account of their antiquity; having from every appearance been erected a long time before the discovery of America; and, finally, their form and manner are varient from European fortifications, either in ancient or modern times.

'"It is equally clear that they were not the work of the Indians. Until the Senecas, who are renowned for their national vanity, had seen the attention of the Americans attracted to these erections, and had invented the fabulous account of which I have spoken, the Indians of the present day did not pretend to know anything about their origin: they were beyond the reach of all their traditions, and were lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity."

'At the Bull shoals, east branch of White river in Missouri, several feet below the surface of the banks, reliqua were found, which indicated that this spot had formerly been the seat of metalurgical operations. The alloy appeared to be lead united with silver. Arrow heads cut out of flint, and pieces of earthen pots, which had evidently undergone the action of fire, were also found here. The period of time at which these operations were carried on in the place must have been very remote, as the present banks have been since entirely formed by alluvial deposits.

'Near the Teel-te-nah, (or dripping fork,) which empties itself into the La Platte, and not far distant from its junction with that river, there is an extensive cavern, in which are deposited several mummies. Some tribes which inhabit this region have a tradition, that the first Indian ascended through this aperture, and settled on the earth's surface.

'A few years since, on the Merrimac river in St. Louis county, a number of pigmy graves were discovered. The coffins were of stone, and the length of the bodies which they contained, judging from that of the coffins, could not have been more than from three feet and a half to four feet. The graves were numerous, and the skeletons in some instances nearly entire.

'In the month of June (1830) a party of gentlemen, whilst in pursuit of wild turkeys, in Hart county, Kentucky, discovered on the top of a small knoll, a hole sufficiently large to admit a man's body. Having procured lights, they descended, and at the depth of about sixty feet, entered a cavern, sixteen or eighteen feet square, apparently hewn out of solid rock. The whole chamber was filled with human skeletons, which they supposed, from the size, to be those of women and children. The place was perfectly dry, and the bones were in a great state of preservation. They wished to ascertain how deep the bones lay, and dug through them between four and seven feet, but found them quite as plentiful as at the top; on coming to this depth dampness appeared, and an unpleasant effluvia arising, obliged them to desist. There was no outlet to the cavern. A large snake, which appeared to be perfectly docile, passed several times round the apartment whilst they remained.'—pp. 147—154.

Our traveller next proceeded to Louisville, and thence to New

Orleans, where, we regret to find that he saw nothing at all objectionable in the system of slavery that was daily exemplified before his eyes. He is of opinion 'that a legislature's enacting laws for the emancipation of slaves, is as flagrant a piece of injustice as would be the cancelling of the public debt!' 'Slave holders,' he adds, 'are only share holders; and philanthropists should never talk of liberating slaves more than cancelling public securities, without being prepared to indemnify those persons who unfortunately have their capital invested in that species of property.' Here is precious doctrine, comparing property in the public funds to property in a human being! Is it not monstrous, that any man should be found at this time of day maintaining that there is no difference, in point of moral feeling, between a national security for the payment of money, and a creature formed by the Omnipotent for his own honour and glory? We suppose we must consider it as a libel on New Orleans, that the hotel and tavern keepers of that city are reported by this gentleman to afford facilities for the death of strangers by the epidemic. He says that the Orleanites pocket the loose cash of the unfortunate deceased upon those occasions! We copy his remarks upon the Texas.

'The question of the purchase of Texas from the Mexican government has been widely mooted through the country, and in the slave districts it has many violent partizans. The acquisition of this immense tract of fertile country would give an undue preponderance to the slave states, and this circumstance alone has prevented its purchase from being universally approved of; for the grasping policy of the American system seems to animate both congress and legislatures in all their acts. The Americans commenced their operations in true Yankee style. The first settlement made was by a person named Austin, under a large grant from the Mexican government. Then "pioneers," under the denomination of "explorers," began gradually to take possession of the country, and carry on commercial negotiations without the assent of the government. This was followed by the public prints taking up the question, and setting forth the immense value of the country, and the consequent advantages that would arise to the United States from its acquisition. The settlers excited movements, and caused discontent and dissatisfaction among the legitimate owners, and at their instigation insurrections of the Indians took place, which greatly embarrassed the government. At this stage of the affair Mr. Poinsett, the American minister, commenced his diplomatic manœuvres in the city of Mexico, fomenting disaffection, encouraging parties, and otherwise interfering in the internal concerns of the country. He appears, however, to have carried his intrigues beyond the bounds of discretion, as they were discovered; and he consequently became so obnoxious to the government and people of Mexico, that Jackson found it necessary to recall him, and send a Colonel Butler in his stead, commissioned to offer 5,000,000 dollars for the province of Texas.

Mr. Poinsett's object in acting as he did, was that he might embarrass the government, and take advantage of some favourable crisis to drive a profitable bargain; or that during some convulsion that would be likely to lead to a change, the expiring executive would be glad to grasp at his

offer, and thereby a claim would be established on the country, which the United States would not readily relinquish. The policy of the British government suffering the Mexican republic to be bullied out of this province would be very questionable indeed, as the North Americans command at present quite enough of the Gulf of Mexico, and their overweening inclination to acquire extent of territory, would render their proximity to the West Indian islands rather dangerous; however, it would be much more advantageous to have the Mexicans as neighbours than the people of the United States.

'The Mexican secretary of state, Don Lucas Alaman, in a very able and elaborate report made to Congress, sets forth the ambitious designs of the American government, and the proceedings of its agents with regard to this province. He also recommends salutary measures for the purpose of retaining possession and preventing further encroachments, which the Congress seems to have to taken into serious consideration, as very important resolutions have been adopted. The Congress has decreed, that hereafter the Texas is to be governed as a colony; and except by special commission of the governor, the emigration of persons from the United States is strictly forbidden. So much at present for the efforts of the Americans to get possession of the Texas; and if the British government be alive to the interests of the nation they never shall; for entertaining the hostile feelings that they do towards the British empire, their closer connection with the West Indies would certainly not be desirable.'—pp. 206—210.

From New Orleans our traveller steamed to Louisville. During the voyage his boat had the misfortune to have a boiler burst, in consequence of which between fifty and sixty persons were killed and wounded. 'The scene,' it is painful to learn, 'was the most horrifying that can be imagined—the dead were shattered to pieces, covering the decks with blood; and the dying suffered the most excruciating tortures, being scalded from head to foot. Many died within the hour; whilst others lingered until evening, shrieking in the most piteous manner. The persons assembled on shore displayed the most disgusting want of sympathy; and most of the gentlemen passengers took care of their luggage before rendering any assistance to the unfortunates.'

It is a remarkable proof of the impulse which commerce has received on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi, that whereas previous to the year 1812, the navigation of the upper Ohio was limited to about one hundred and fifty small barges, which consumed a month in ascending from the Falls of Pitsburg; and that whereas there were upon the lower Ohio and the Mississippi only about twenty barges of about 100 tons each, which occupied more than three months in ascending from Orleans to Louisville, seldom more than one voyage to Orleans and back having been performed within the year; there are now upon both rivers more than 300 vessels, the greater proportion of which average from 250 to 500 tons, and the voyage between New Orleans and Louisville is now completed within eight days!

For Kentucky and the Kentuckians, let the following report speak.

'The climate of Kentucky is favourable to the growth of hemp, flax, tobacco, and all kinds of grain. The greater portion of the soil is rich loam, black, or mixed with reddish earth, generally to the depth of five or six feet, on a limestone bottom. The produce of corn is about sixty bushels on an average per acre, and of wheat about thirty-five, cotton is partially cultivated. The scenery is varied, and the country well watered.

'The Kentuckians all carry large pocket knives, which they never fail to use in a scuffle; and you may see a gentleman seated at the tavern door, balanced on two legs of a chair, picking his teeth with a knife, the blade of which is full six inches long, or cutting the benches, posts, or anything else that may lie within his reach. Notwithstanding this, the Kentuckians are by no means more quarrelsome than any other people of the western states, and they are vastly less so than the people of Ireland. But when they do commence hostilities, they fight with great bitterness, as do most Americans, biting, gouging, and cutting unrelentingly.

'I never went into a court-house in the west in summer, without observing that the judges and lawyers had their feet invariably placed upon the desks before them, and raised much higher than their heads. This, however, is only in the western country; for in the courts at Orleans, New York, and Philadelphia, the greatest order and regularity is observed. I had been told that the judges often slept upon the bench; but I must confess, that although I have entered court-houses at all seasons during the space of fifteen months, I never saw an instance of it. I have frequently remonstrated with the Americans on the total absence of forms and ceremonies in their courts of justice, and was commonly answered by, "Yes, that may be quite necessary in England, in order to overawe a parcel of ignorant creatures, who have no share in making the laws; but with us a man's a man, whether he have a silk gown on him or not; and I guess he can decide quite as well without a big wig as with one. You see, we have done with wiggery of all kinds, and if one of our judges were to wear such an appendage, he'd be taken for a merry andrew, and the court would become a kind of show box—instead of such arrangements producing with us solemnity, they would produce nothing but laughter and the greatest possible irregularity.

'I was present at an election in the interior of the state. The office was that of representative in the state legislature, and the candidates were a hatter and a saddler; the former was also a militia major, and a Methodist preacher, of the Percival and Gordon school, who eschewed the devil and all the backsliding abominations of the flesh, as in duty bound. Sundry "stump orations" were delivered on the occasion, for the enlightenment of the electors; and towards the close of the proceedings, by way of an appropriate finale, the aforesaid triune-citizen and another gentleman, had a gouging scrape on the hustings. The major in this contest proved himself to be a true Kentuckian; that is half a horse and half an alligator; which contributed not a little to ensure his return. After the election, I was conversing with one of the most violent opponents of the successful candidate, and remarked to him that I supposed he would rally his forces at the next election to put out the major; he replied, "I cannot tell that." I said, "Why? will you not oppose him?" "Oh!" he says, "for that

matter, he may do his duty pretty well." "And do you mean to say," continued I, "that if he should do so, you will give him no opposition?" He looked at me, as if he did not clearly comprehend, and said, "Why, I guess not."

'The boatmen of the Ohio and Mississippi are the most riotous and lawless set of people in America, and the least inclined to submit to the constituted authorities. At Cincinnati I saw one of these persons arrested, on the wharf, for debt. He seemed little inclined to submit, as, could he contrive to escape to the opposite shore, he was safe. He called upon his companions in the flat boat, who came instantly to his assistance, and were apparently ready to rescue him from the clutches of this trans-Atlantic bum-bailiff. The constable instantly pulled out, not a pistol, but a small bit of paper, and said, "I take him in the name of the States." The messmates of this unfortunate navigator looked at him for some time, and then one of them said drily, "I guess you must go with the constable." Subsequently, at New York, one evening returning to my hotel, I heard a row in a tavern, and wishing to see the process of capturing refractory citizens, I entered with some other persons. The constable was there unsupported by any of his brethren, and it seemed to me to be morally impossible that, without assistance, he could take half-a-dozen fellows, who were with difficulty restrained from whipping each other. However, his hand seemed to be as potent as the famous magic wand of Armida, for on placing it on the shoulders of the combatants, they fell into the ranks, and marched off with him as quietly as if they had been sheep. The rationale of the matter is this; those men had all exercised the franchise, if not in the election of these very constables, of others, and they therefore not only considered it to be their duty to support the constable's authority, but actually felt a strong inclination to do so. Because they know that the authority he exercised was only delegated to him by themselves, and that in resisting him, they would resist their own sovereignty. Even in large towns in the western country, the constable has no men under his command, but always finds most powerful allies in the citizens themselves, whenever a lawless scoundrel or a culprit is to be captured.'—pp. 241—247.

Mr. Ferral next paid a visit to Virginia and Pensylvania, both of which states, as all the world knows, are in a high state of improvement. We were much amused by the author's report of a political conversation, which took place in a tavern at Mount Pleasant; we apprehend that the Americans had all the good sense of the question upon their side.

'I crossed the Monongahela at William's Port, and the Youghaghany at Robstown, and so on through Mount Pleasant, to the first ridge of mountains called "the Chesnut ridge." I determined on crossing the mountains on foot; and after having made arrangements to that effect, I commenced sauntering along the road. Near Mount Pleasant, I stopped to dine at the house of a Dutchman by descent. After dinner, the party adjourned, as is customary, to the bar-room, when divers political and polemical topics were canvassed with the usual national warmth. An account of his late Majesty's death was inserted in a Philadelphia paper, and happened to be noticed by one of the politicians present, when the

landlord asked me how we elected our king in England. I replied, that he was not elected, but that he became king by birthright, &c. A Kentuckian observed, placing his leg on the back of the next chair, "That's a kind of unnatural." An Indiaman said, "I don't believe in that system myself." A third, "Do you mean to tell me, that because the last king was a smart man, and knew his duty, that his son, or his brother, should be a smart man, and fit for the situation?" I explained that we had a premier, ministers, &c.; when the last gentleman replied, "Then you pay half-a-dozen of men to do one man's business. Yes, yes, that may do for Englishmen very well; but I guess it would not go down here—no, no, Americans are a little more enlightened than to stand that kind of wiggery." During this conversation, a person had stepped into the room, and had taken his seat in silence. I was about to reply to the last observations of my antagonist, when this gentleman opened out with, "Yes! that may do for Englishmen very well." He was an Englishman, I knew at once by his accent, and I verily believe the identical radical who set the village of Bracebridge by the ears, and pitched the villagers to the devil, on seeing them grin through a horse collar, when they should have been calculating the interest of the national debt, or conning over the list of sinecure placemen. He held in his hands, instead of "Cobbett's Register," the "Greenville Republican." He had substituted for his short sleeved coat, "a roundabout." He seemed to have put on flesh, and looked somewhat more contented. "Yes, yes," he says, "that may do for Englishmen very well, but it won't do here. Here we make our own laws, and we keep them, too. It may do for Englishmen very well, to have the liberty of paying taxes for the support of the nobility. To have the liberty of being incarcerated in a gaol, for shooting the wild animals of the country. To have the liberty of being seized by a pressgang—torn away from their wives and their families, and flogged at the discretion of my Lord Tom, Dick, or Harry's bastard." At this, the Kentuckian gnashed his teeth, and instinctively grasped his hunting knife; an old Indian doctor, who was squatting in one corner of the room, said, slowly and emphatically, as his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated, and his lip curled with contempt:—

"The Englishman is a dog,"—while a Georgian slave who stood behind his master's chair, grinned, and chuckled with delight, as he said, "Poor Englishman, him meaner den than black niggar." "To have," continued the Englishman, "the liberty of being transported for seven years for being caught learning the use of the sword or the musket. To have the tenth lamb, and the tenth sheaf seized, or the blanket torn from off his bed, to pay a bloated—a plethoric bishop or parson. To be kicked and cuffed about by a parcel of Bourbon gendarmerie.—Liberty!—why, hell sweat——," Here I slipped out at the side door, into the water melon patch. As I receded, I heard the whole party burst out into an obstreperous fit of laughter. A few broken sentences reached my ear, such as "hacked out," "damned aristocratic." I returned in about half an hour to pay my bill, when I could observe one or two of these doughty politicians who remained, leering at me most significantly. However, I —"smiled, and said nothing.'"—pp. 295—299.

This conversation forms a very suitable introduction to the author's observations upon the state of the working classes at New York.

'When I was at New York about fifteen months before, I was informed that the working classes were being organised into regular bodies, similar to the "union of trades," in England, for the purpose of retaining all political power in their own hands. This organization has taken place at the suggestion of Frances Wright, of whom I shall again have occcasion to speak presently, and has succeeded to an astonishing extent. There are three or four different bodies of the "workies," as they call themselves familiarly, which vary somewhat from each other in their principles, and go different lengths in their attacks on the present institutions of society. There are those of them called "agrarians," who contend that there should be a law passed to prohibit individuals holding beyond a certain quantity of ground; and that at given intervals of time there should be an equal division of property throughout the land. This is the most ultra, and least numerous class, the absurdity of whose doctrines must ultimately destroy them as a body. Various handbills and placards may be seen posted about the city, calling meetings of these unions. Some of these handbills are of a most extraordinary character indeed. I shall here insert a copy of one which I took from a wall, and have now in my possession. It may serve to illustrate the character of these clubs.

'"*The Cause of the Poor.*

'"The mechanics and other working men of the city of New York, and of these, such and such only as live by their own useful industry, who wish to retain all political power in their own hands,—

'"Who are in favour of

'"A just compensation for labour;

'"Abolishing imprisonment for debt;

'"An efficient lien law;

'"A general system of education; including food, clothing, and instruction, equal for all, at the public expense, without separation of children from parents;

'"Exemption from sale by execution of mechanics' tools and implements sufficiently extensive to enable them to carry on business;

'"And who are opposed to

'"Banks and bankers;

'"Auctions and auctioneers;

'"Monopolies and

'"Monopolists of every description;

'"Brokers,

'"Lawyers, and

'"Rich men, for office, and to all those, either rich or poor, who favour them;

'"Exemption of property from taxation;—

'"Are invited to assemble at the Wooster-street Military Hall, on Thursday evening next, 16th Sept., at eight o'clock, to select by ballot, from among the persons proposed on the 6th instant, candidates for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senator, and a new Committee of Fifty,' and to propose candidates for Register, for Members of Congress, and for Assembly. By order of the Committee of Fifty,

'"John R. Soper, *Chairman.*

'"John Tuthill, *Secretary.*'"—pp. 328, 329.

It is a very great pity that Miss Fanny Wright did not become the lawful wife of Mr Owen, as on two points, at least, they might have been supposed capable of being in complete harmony—that of enthusiasm in the cause of universal equality, and of hatred to every form of religion. It seems to be the doctrine of both, 'that

mankind have nothing whatever to do with any but this tangible world; that the sole and only legitimate pursuit of man, is terrestrial happiness; that looking forward to an ideal state of existence, diverts his attention from the pleasures of this life, destroys all real sympathy towards his fellow creatures, and renders him callous to their sufferings.' When Miss Wright first began to lecture, it was very generally imagined that she would meet with no support whatever. When our author first went to New York, he found her the idol of the place, and the large room in which she lectured, was filled to excess. The English reader will be surprised to hear of the lady's success in procuring converts to the ranks of atheism. The following passage is extracted from the New York Enquirer.

'"The parting address of Miss Wright at the Bowery theatre, on Wednesday evening, was a singular melange of politics and impiety, eloquence and irreligion—bold invective, and electioneering slang. The theatre was very much crowded, probably three thousand persons being present; and what was the most surprising circumstance of the whole, is the fact, that about one half of the audience were females—respectable females.

'"When Fanny first made her appearance in this city as a lecturer on the new order of things, she was very little visited by respectable females. At her first lecture in the Park theatre, about half a dozen appeared, but these soon left the house. From that period till the present, we had not heard her speak in public; but her doctrines, and opinions, and philosophy, appear to have made much greater progress in the city than we ever dreamt of. Her fervid eloquence—her fine action—her soprano-toned voice—her bold and daring attacks upon all the present systems of society—and particularly upon priests, politicians, bankers, and aristocrats, as she calls them—have raised a party around her of considerable magnitude, and of much fervour and enthusiasm."

* * * * *

'"The present state of things in this city is, to say the least of it, very singular. A bold and eloquent woman lays siege to the very foundations of society—inflames and excites the public mind—declaims with vehemence against every thing religious and orderly, and directs the whole of her movements to accomplish the election of a ticket next fall, under the title of the 'working man's ticket.'* She avows that her object is a thorough and radical reform and change in every relation of life—even the dearest and most sacred. Father, mother, husband, wife, son and daughter, in all their delicate and endearing relationships, are to be swept away equally with clergyman, churches, banks, parties, and benevolent societies. Hundreds and hundreds of respectable families, by frequenting her lectures, give countenance and currency to these startling principles and doctrines. Nearly the whole newspaper press of the city maintain a death-like silence, while the great Red Harlot of infidelity is madly and triumphantly stalking over the city, under the mantle of 'working men,' and making rapid progress in her work of ruin. If a solitary newspaper raise a word in favour

* '"The 'Education ticket,' that of the 'workies,' carried every thing before it in New York and the adjoining states, at the election of members of congress.

of public virtue and private morals, in defence of the rights, liberties, and property of the community, it is denounced with open bitterness by some, and secretly stabbed at by them who wish to pass for good citizens. Miss Wright says she leaves the city soon. This is a mere ruse to call her followers around her. The effect of her lectures is already boasted of by her followers. 'Two years ago,' say they, 'twenty persons could scarcely be found in New York who would openly avow infidelity—now we have twenty thousand. Is not that something?"

'"We say it is something—something that will make the whole city think."'—pp. 330—333.

The author concludes with informing his readers, that he observed two eminently remarkable things in America: the one is, that every American, from the highest to the lowest, thinks the republican form of government the best; and the other, that the seditious and rebellious of all countries become there the most peaceable and contented citizens. The reason is obvious in both cases. The republican form of government, wherever it can be carried into effect, gives every man in the state a direct interest in the welfare and peace of the whole community. He has no abuses to complain of, for in America, at least, he has no pensioners to pay, no ridiculous pageantry to support, no established church to maintain, no oppressive public debt to answer for, no standing army to fear and to uphold, no system, in fact, to prop up, of an artificial and superfluous nature. The rebel subject of a monarchy when he flies to America, finds realised there all the freedom that his imagination could have pictured out, and even if he loved conspiraces for their own sake, he could find no matter to work upon in a country where there is no public grievance to be removed; or if there be any grievance of the kind, there is none so great that it may not be remedied by the people themselves, either through the medium of the elections, or through that of a convention.

ART. V.—*Irish Minstrelsy; or Bardic Remains of Ireland; with English Poetical Translations. Collected and Edited, with Notes and Illustrations*, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Robins. 1832.

IT is now, we should suppose, very generally admitted, that so far back as any record exists, Ireland had made considerable progress both in poetry and music. Much of its ancient music has been preserved, and will be for ever admired: its poetry has not been so fortunate; the greater part of it has perished, and what remains is not, it must be confessed, of a character entitling it to immortality. The editor of these volumes is indeed of a different opinion. If we are to yield our faith implicitly to his opinion, there were numerous bards in Ireland before the commencement of the twelfth century, who rivalled the most celebrated poets of Greece and Rome. He gives us their names, with enthusiastic commentaries upon their

respective merits, and thus winds up his eulogy upon them all: 'They are not imaginary personages, like many, called into fabulous existence by the zeal of some neighbouring nations, in asserting claims to early civilization and literature, but men long celebrated in the annals of their country.' It is rather unfortunate that Irish celebrity is of a remarkably confined nature: according to this writer, a bard may have been deified in that country, whose glory was never known beyond the limits of his own native village. For who, we ask, has ever heard of Bishop Feich, 'whose poem, first published by the learned Colgan, is in the hands of every Irish scholar?' Who, even among men well versed in antiquarian lore, has ever envied the renown of Amergin, Cinfaela, Adamnan, and Angus? These are but a few of the "celebrated" bards of ancient Ireland. Mr. Hardiman reckons some twenty others, who flourished before the invasion of Henry the Second. 'They do not profess,' he observes, with a contemptuous air, any 'of the wild, barbarous fervour of the Scandinavian Scalds; nor yet the effeminate softness of the professors of the "gay science," the troubadours and lady-bards of the period to which we are now arrived.' We own that we very much wish they had exhibited a little of the 'barbarous fervour' of the Scandinavian Scalds, or even a portion of the tenderness which marks the poetry of the troubadours. If they had, we fancy that we should have known more about them than we do at this moment, or probably ever shall. 'The simplicity of expression, and dignity of thought, which characterise the Greek and Roman writers of the purest period, pervade the productions of our bards: and at the present day, they are particularly valuable for the important aids which they furnish, towards elucidating the ancient state of this early peopled and interesting island.' We wish most cordially that we could confirm these assertions. Such researches as we have made, have not enabled us to discover the classic dignity of thought above alluded to, and we have never yet met with a single important fact of ancient Irish history, which has received elucidation from the early bards of that country.

Let it not be supposed that we are animated by any anti-Irish spirit in making this avowal. We are sincerely attached to that country, and admire the genius by which many of her children have been, and continue to be, distinguished. But we are not, therefore, prepared to coincide with every over-zealous antiquary, who seeks to exalt the literary character of Ireland beyond its due elevation. It is a most effectual mode of exposing her real pretensions to ridicule, to attempt the establishment of an ancient catalogue of poets deserving of celebrity, whose names have never penetrated beyond the province, or perhaps the village, in which they were born.

In more modern ages, however, it would be unjust to deny, that several poets entitled to be considered as highly distinguished, have arisen in Ireland. During the reign of Elizabeth, the oppressions

which were exercised in that country by her officers, drew forth many an indignant verse, couched in the most energetic language. During the last two centuries, from thirty to fifty poets, all of whom wrote in their native dialect, are mentioned as deserving of admiration. Speaking generally of these minstrels, we are afraid that the venerable Charles O'Connor, in his dissertation, too truly characterised them, when he said,—"The art of poetry declined as the nation itself declined; but still some eminent poets appeared, from time to time, but diverted in most instances from the ancient moral and political uses, to the barren subjects of personal panegyric." This is the fact. Of the numerous compositions that have reached our day, by far the greater number were written in praise of particular individuals—a species of tribute that seldom possesses any value, except for those, or the immediate connexion of the persons, to whom it is offered. When we add to this, that much even of the boasted beauty of Irish poetry depends upon what Horace calls, a certain *curiosa felicitas* of expression, and that appertaining to a language no longer in common use, we may easily comprehend why the Irishmen who understand that language are enthusiastic in their admiration of productions, with respect to which all the rest of mankind feel the most perfect indifference.

There are, however, several of these poems that well deserve the attention which they have received from Mr. Hardiman. He has preserved them in the native tongue, in which they are beautifully printed in the present volumes; and he has been enabled, by the late Mr. Thomas Furlong, (whose talents were too soon snatched away from his native country,) by Mr. H. G. Curran, the Rev. W. H. Drummond, Mr. J. D'Alton, (well known as a distinguished Irish antiquary,) and Mr. E. Lawson, to accompany them with poetical translations of great merit. The most distinguished of the bards, whose compositions are here printed and translated, was Carolan, whose name is perhaps the only one that is well known at this side of the channel. He was born about the year 1670, in the county of Meath, of a very good family, which was reduced to poverty by the troubles of the seventeenth century. His poetical and musical genius obtained a ready admission for him wherever he chose to go, and he was received in some of the best houses in Ireland, rather as a welcome visiter than an itinerant bard. He became blind in his eighteenth year, from the effects of the small pox, and then, for the first time, learned the harp. Such was his proficiency upon that instrument, in his twenty-second year, that he determined to adopt the musical profession, and having been supplied by a friend with a horse and an attendant, he began his avocation by visiting the houses of the gentry; having received the most generous encouragement, he soon added to his musical fame a reputation for poetry, and in the course of his career he composed an immense number of songs, which were celebrated all over Ireland. Too many of them are, however, mere panegyrics,

which are no longer of any interest. His fame as a poet rests chiefly on his amatory verses; as a composer of music, he had no rival in Ireland. He is said to have produced altogether about two hundred musical pieces, to almost all of which he adapted verses of his own. Several of these pieces, and about one half of the verses, have been irrecoverably lost.

The end of Carolan, the honours paid to him after his decease, and the impotent vengeance taken by an atrocious Orangeman against his remains, are too characteristic of the country and the times to be omitted. Having spent most of his days in the province of Connaught, and chiefly at Alderford, the residence of his great patrons, the M'Dermott family, his health began to decline about the year 1737, when he was in his sixty-seventh year. But he was, from the commencement of his wandering life, a zealous friend of the whiskey bottle, which at length undermined his constitution. Feeling that his end was drawing near, he proceeded towards Alderford, from near Balinamore, where he had been staying, accompanied by several gentlemen, and a concourse of the country people, by whom his name was held in the highest veneration. Immediately after arriving at Alderford, he took his harp, and expended all his remaining energies in playing his well known "Farewell to Music," in a strain of tenderness that deeply affected everybody who heard him. Nature was exhausted by the effort, and he was removed to his bed, where he lay for some days, occasionally rousing his spirit by an appeal to the bottle. 'A few hours before his death,' says Mr. Hardiman, 'while in the act of stretching forth his hand for the cup, as he humorously said, to give it his farewell kiss, he rolled out of bed on the floor. His female attendant having replaced him in bed, he observed to her with a smile:—"Maudy, I have often heard of a person falling when going to the field, but never knew one to fall while lying, but myself." Upon his death, no fewer than sixty clergyman of all denominations attended to pay the last mark of respect to the bard; they occupied all the houses in the neighbourhood, and the people erected tents in the fields round Alderford House.' The harp was heard in every direction. The wake lasted four days. On each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was replenished as often as emptied. Old Mrs. M'Dermott herself joined the female mourners who attended, to weep, as she expressed herself, "over her poor gentleman, the head of all the Irish music." On the fifth day, his remains were brought forth, and the funeral was one of the greatest that for many years had taken place in Connaught. His grave was opened in 1750, for the purpose of receiving the remains of an Irish clergyman, who had expressed a singular wish to be buried with the bard, upon which occasion his scull was taken up, and placed in a niche over the grave, where it remained an object of veneration, until the year 1796, when a northern Orangeman came to the church, and desired to see it. Upon being shown to him, he took his opportunity of discharging a loaded pistol at it,

by which it was shattered to pieces! We suppose that there is not upon record a more infamous display of party feeling than this. A musical commemoration of Carolan was, with the peculiar enthusiasm of Irishmen, held twice in the same week, in 1809; but it has never since been repeated!

Mary Maguire, to whom the following stanzas, translated from Carolan, by Mr. Furlong, are addressed, was afterwards the loved wife of the bard. She was a lady of good family, and though rather proud and extravagant, he was tenderly attached to her.

'Oh! that my love and I,
From life's crowded haunts could fly
To some deep shady vale by the mountain,
Where no sound might make its way,
Save the thrush's lively lay,
And the murmur of the clear flowing fountain;
Where no stranger should intrude
On our hallow'd solitude,
Where no kinsman's cold glance could annoy us;
Where peace and joy might shed
Blended blessings o'er our bed,
And love! love! alone still employ us.

'Still sweet maiden may I see
That I vainly talk of thee,
In vain in lost love I lie pining;
I may worship from afar
The beauty-beaming star,
That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining;
But in sorrow and in pain,
Fond hope will remain,
For rarely from hope can we sever,
Unchanged in good or ill,
One dear dream is cherished still,
Oh! my Mary! I must love thee for ever.

'How fair appears the maid,
In her loveliness arrayed,
As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour,
Her ringlets richly flowing,
And her cheeks all gaily glowing,
Like the rose in her own blooming bower;
Oh! lonely be his life,
May his dwelling want a wife,
And his nights be long, cheerless, and dreary,
Who cold or calm could be,
With a winning one like thee,
Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.'—pp. 9 - 11.

Carolan, however, had another mistress, named Bridget Cruise, to whom he addressed an ode, said to be his *chef d'œuvre*, though in the translation it appears rather a mediocre affair. There is an odd song here, entitled 'Whiskey is the potion that can cure every ill,' and running thus—

'If drowsy or if dull,
At the bottle take a pull,'

with which (though it is doubtful whether the song really belongs to Carolan) an amusing tradition is connected. The bard is said, in one of his excursions, to have visited an old friend, whom he found confined to his bed, under the pressure of most melancholy feelings, and to have played and sung to him the music and words of this song. The effect is said to have been miraculous; the invalid was instantaneously restored to health, his melancholy was completely dispelled, the man got up, joined the festive board, and was "sick no more." The song ends thus:—

'And the weak one who complains,
Of his weary aches and pains,
If the bottle well he drains,
Shall be sick no more.'

Most of our readers have probably heard of that truly Irish song, "The humours of Donnybrook fair." It is supposed to have been suggested by the following song, entitled 'Shane Glas,' literally "Green Jack," which has been attributed, though upon no certain grounds, to Carolan.

'Have you gaz'd at Shane Glas as he went to the fair,
How lively his step, and how careless his air,
With his breast full of favours from many a lass;
Oh! there's not a sweet girl that appears on the green,
But simpers and blushes whereever he's seen:
They cry he's the boy, our darling and joy,
Still ready to sport, or to court, or to toy.
Then maids of the mountain there's for you, Shane Glas.

'Without verses, no poet can boast of the name;
Without music, no harper the title can claim—
No lover, thro' life without quarrels can pass;
The gallant whose head is not smash'd for the fair,
Is a boaster unworthy their favours to share:
Then Shane is the lad, that his bruises has had,
For the girls and drinking have made him half mad,
Then maids of the mountain there's for you, Shane Glas.

'Have you chanc'd on your way handsome Sally to meet,
With her gown snowy white, and her nice little feet,
When she's bound to the fair or returning from mass;
With her smile so bewitching, her glances so bright,
And her bosom so temptingly fair to the sight:
Oh! might I but find, the sweet girl to my mind,
In yonder green holly-wood gently reclined,
What joy would it bring to the heart of Shane Glas.'

—pp. 79—81.

To this song we must add, as a suitable companion, a bacchanalian composition, in which the reader will find an admirable description of an Irish feast. It is supposed to have been written in

the seventeenth century, by John O'Neachtan, who wrote several songs in his native language. This spirited and hospitable address must be imagined to be delivered by the chairman of a convivial meeting. It is entitled Maggy Laidir, a name popularly understood to mean old Ireland.

'Here's first the toast, the pride and boast,
Our darling Maggy Laidir;
Let old and young, with ready tongue,
And open heart applaud her.
Again prepare—here's to the fair,
Whose smiles with joy have crown'd us;
Then drain the bowl for each gay soul,
That's drinking here around us.

'Come friends, don't fail to toast O'Neill,
Whose race our rights defended;
Maguire the true, O'Donnell too,
From eastern sires descended;
Up! up again—the tribe of Maine,
In danger never failed us;
With Leinster's spear for ever near,
When foemen have assailed us.

'The madder fill with right good will,
There's sure no joy like drinking;
Our bishop's name this draught must claim,
Come, let us have no shrinking;
His name is dear—and with him here,
We'll join old Father Peter;
And as he steers thro' life's long years,
May life to him seem sweeter.

'Come, mark the call, and drink to all
Old Ireland's tribes so glorious,
Who still have stood in fields of blood,
Unbroken and victorious:
Long as of old, may Connaught hold
Her host of peerless beauty;
And Leinster show, to friend and foe,
Her sons all prompt for duty.

'A curse for those who dare oppose
Our country's claim for freedom;
May none appear the knaves to hear,
Or none who hear 'em heed 'em;
May famine fall upon them all,
May pests and plagues confound them,
And heartfelt care, and black despair,
Till life's last hour surround them.

'May lasting joys attend the boys
Who love the land that bore us;
Still may they share such friendly fare
As this that spreads before us.

May social cheer, like what we've here,
For ever stand to greet them;
And hearts as sound as those around,
Be ready still to meet them.

'Come, raise the voice! rejoice, rejoice,
Fast, fast, the dawn's advancing;
My eyes grow dim, but every limb
Seems quite agog for dancing:
Sweet girls begin, 'tis shame and sin
To see the time we're losing;
Come lads, be gay, trip, trip away,
While those who sit keep boozing.

'Where's Thady Oge? up, Dan, you rogue,
Why stand you shilly shally;
There's Mora near, and Una's here,
And yonder's sporting Sally:
Now frisk it round—aye, there's the sound
Our sires were fond of hearing:
The harp rings clear—hear, gossip, hear!
O sure such notes are cheering.

'Your health, my friend! till life shall end,
May no bad chance betide us;
Oh! may we still, our grief to kill,
Have drink like this beside us.
A fig for care! but who's that there
That's of a quarrel thinking?
Put out the clown, or knock him down,
We're here for fun and drinking.

'Tie up his tongue—am I not sprung
From chiefs that all must honour;
The princely Gaël, the great O'Neill,
O'Kelly and O'Connor;
O'Brien the strong, Maguire whose song
Has won the praise of nations;
O'More the tough, and big Branduff,
These are my blood relations!!!'—pp. 155—163.

We have here a number of other favourite compositions of a sentimental kind, belonging to different ages, and in many instances to bards whose names have not been preserved, at least not in connection with their productions. It is of these songs that the collector has most reason to be proud. He contends, and we think he is justifiable in doing so to a certain extent, that they frequently resemble the compositions of the East in grace, softness, and refinement of metaphor and expression. It is conceived that there is a strong resemblance between the language of Arabia and that of Ireland, a circumstance which, if true, would afford a plausible ground for believing, as the early annals of Erin relate, that the ancient Irish were of Eastern descent. However this may be, it is certain that Lord Byron, as well as Mr. Moore, have recognised a strong

resemblance between the poetical genius of the Irish poets and orators, and those of Asia. The reader will perhaps be less inclined to entertain doubts upon this subject, after he has read the following passage, extracted from Mr. Hardiman's introduction to that portion of his work dedicated to sentimental song. 'Amidst all the misfortunes of Ireland,' he remarks, 'and it has had its share, the iron hand of oppression through a long series of years, has never been able to erase from the land the more tender sympathies of the heart. The devotion and affection for the fair, which have ever characterised our youth, are still fondly cherished by them with chivalrous enthusiasm. Sentiments of virtuous love were never more delicately or fervently expressed, than in the ancient relics of the pastoral muse of Ireland. The language in which they are conveyed is chaste, elegant, and pure, and the imagery which they present is a faithful delineation of the most captivating features of natural scenery and rural beauty. The blossom, bloom, and fragrance of the flowery ornaments of the garden and field—the charming verdure of our island green—the murmur of the waterfall—the sparkling of the dew—the plumage of the swan, and the mildness of the dove—the sweet notes of the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the thrush, and the liquid gold of the bee, perpetually occur, and continue to heighten the rich descriptions of female beauty contained in these rural effusions.' Here is a strain of Irish eloquence perfectly oriental.

The editor assures us, that only one of these sentimental songs has hitherto been printed, though the translations of a few have been current for some time in Ireland. he following composition, entitled Bridget Fergus, is a Mayo song, written in honour of the most beautiful woman in Connaught, by two bards, MacNally and Fergus, the latter of whom added the third and fourth stanzas.

'What chief of Erin's isle with coldness could regard,
When wandering o'er
Our western shore,
The flower of Rahard!
Her eyes so blue,
Like glistening dew;
On summer rosebuds seen;
Her smiles so bright,
Her heart so light,
Her majesty of mien!

'What wonder Erin's sons should be spell bound in her gaze,
For when I chance
To catch her glance,
I startle in amaze.
A swanlike grace
Her neck displays;
Her eye that witchery tells!
Her budding breast,
But half confest,
Like living marble swells.

'Should sickness weigh your frame, or sorrow cloud your mirth,
Once look upon
This lovely one,
This paradise on earth;
Her winning air,
Her tender care,
Will put e'en death to flight;
For though her eyes
Beam witcheries,
Her angel soul's more bright.

'Her lips, more sweet than honey, a pouting freshness warms,
While all must own
That beauty's throne
Is centered in her charms;
Though thousands prove
The force of love,
Deep cherished in her sight,
A morning star
She shines afar,
On all with equal light.

'Since the birth-day of creation this sacred earth ne'er bore
A heavenly mind
So fairly shrined,
As her's whom I adore;
Just like the rose
The blush that glows
O'er all her kindling cheeks;
The dewy thyme
In all its prime,
Seems breathing where she speaks.

'Oh! that my fair and I were in some lonely place,
Whose woods and groves
Might hide our loves,
And none our wanderings trace:
That bliss untold
Beyond the gold
Of nations, would I prize;
For ever there,
Her love to share,
And triumph in her eyes!'—pp. 205—207.

The Irish have more than one popular song, to which they give the favourite name, Eileen a Roon, literaly meaning, "Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart." The melody of this song is exquisitely beautiful, indeed so much so, that Handel is said to have declared that he would rather have been the author of that air, than of his best musical compositions. We have never seen the tables more adroitly turned upon an adversary than in a note appended to this song, where the editor contends against Burns for the Hibernian origin of Eileen a Roon. Burns said that it was in fact the Scotch tune of Robin Adair. 'Admitted,' says Mr. Hardiman, 'but don't you know,' he asks, 'that Robin Adair was an Irishman?—

and then, with true Irish enthusiasm, he gives Robin's pedigree! and proves, moreover, that he was a member of the Irish parliament. The truth we take to be, that the wandering minstrels of the two countries have made more than one melody common to both. The song of Eileen a Roon, which we subjoin, is not the original one, which is infinitely more simple; but we give it as a more elaborate performance.

'Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen a Roon!
My eyes only ache to see
Eileen a Roon!
My ears banquet on thy praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days!
Source of all my happiness!
Eileen a Roon!
My dove of all the grove thou art,
Without thee sickness wastes my heart;
Who can alone the cure impart?
Eileen a Roon

'Break not for king or throne,
Eileen a Roon!
The vows that made thee mine alone;
Eileen a Roon!
Venus of my ev'ry vow,
Brightest star on heaven's brow!
My Helen—without stain art thou,
Eileen a Roon!
My rose—my lily—both confest,
My treasure—all I wish possest;
The hearted secret of my breast,
Eileen a Roon!

'With thee o'er seas I'd sport my way,
Eileen a Roon!
Never—never from thee stray,
Eileen a Roon!
I'd wander o'er thy honied lip,
With love tales charm thee on the deep,
Then lull thee on my breast to sleep,
Eileen a Roon!
To vallies green I'd stray with thee,
By murmuring rill and whispering tree,
The birds will our wild minstrels be,
Eileen a Roon!

'With more than human passion warms,
Eileen a Roon!
I'd fold thee in these raptured arms,
Eileen a Roon!
Press thee—kiss thy bosom's snow,
Round thee all my fondness throw;
Joys that only lovers know,
Eileen a Roon!

Heaven beams in all thine eye,
Spotless star of modesty!
Ere I deceive thee—may I die,
Eileen a Roon!'
—pp. 211—215.

Molly Astore is another "heavenly air," as Burns calls it, which, to the credit of his taste, he endeavoured to appropriate to his own country. General Vallancy, an Englishman, was so enamoured of this melody, that he traced the name to Pagan times. He says, upon the authority of Diodorus Siculus, that "Bell, or Baal, was the Jupiter of the east, whose wife was Astarte; and that these were the Irish Beal and Astore-th, the latter pronounced Astore." Without going so far back for a derivation, it seems to be admitted on all hands to have been the production of the purest era of Irish song. The late George Ogle, member for Wexford, adapted to it the very pleasing song, "As down by Banna's banks I strayed," and Sheridan, the song beginning, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed." Moore's song, "The harp that once in Tara's halls," is also well known as an adaptation to this enchanting melody. We give the translation of the original Irish stanzas.

'Oh! Mary, dear! bright, peerless flower,
Pride of the plains of Nair,
Behold me droop through each dull hour,
In soul-consuming care.
In friends—in wine—where joy was found,
No joy I now can see;
But still while pleasure reigns around,
I sigh—and think of thee.

'The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,
When summer warms the skies,
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
And flowers around us rise:
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,
And she sings where the sun beams shine.
Her voice is sweet—but Mary, dear,
Not half so sweet as thine.

'From town to town I've idly strayed,
I've wander'd many a mile,
I've met with many a blooming maid,
And own'd her charms the while:
I've gaz'd on some that then seem'd fair,
But when thy looks I see,
I find there's none that can compare,
My Mary, dear, with thee!'—pp. 243—245.

There are some verses scattered in the notes, little gems, by the way, from which it would appear that the old Irish bards were well acquainted with the Greek poets, especially Anacreon. The reader will be pleased with two specimens of these compositions. The first is obviously Anacreontic.

'See the ripe fruit—oh! were I such,
That mellow hangs from yonder spray,
To win your eyes, to woo your touch,
And on your lips to melt away!

'Were I a rose, in some fair bower,
By thee selected from the rest,
To triumph in thy choice an hour,
And die—upon thy snowy breast.'—pp. 344, 345.

The second is addressed to Blanaid, a celebrated Irish beauty of antiquity, whose interesting history and tragical end may be seen in Keating.

'Adown her back in curls are roll'd
Her yellow hair, like beams of gold,
Her downy hands, her full blue eyes,
Her teeth like fine-set ivory—
Such is my lovely maid.

'Like kindling flame her blushing cheek,
Swan-like her majesty of neck,
Her bosom white as earthless snow,
Are few of all the charms that glow
In my beloved Blanaid.'—p. 345.

The Jacobite relics of Ireland, though not quite so numerous as those of Scotland, afford evidence of the strong attachment which bound the Irish to the fortunes of the house of Stuart, even after its star had descended for ever. They relate chiefly to James the Second and his descendants. The exiled king fled to Ireland, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm; the Irish fought gallantly under him, but his name has passed into a proverb for a coward, since the day of his ignominious flight. Hence the insurrections in Scotland of 1715 and 1745, excited no sympathetic feeling in Ireland. But even then, and for a long period after, the bards of that country were fond of composing songs in honour of the exiled race; not so much, perhaps, from any sincere feeling of loyalty towards the Stuarts, as from a desire to express indirectly their hatred of the house of Hanover, by praising, and praying for the return of the fallen dynasty. 'These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards,' says Mr. Hardiman, 'the people treasured up in their memories; and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings little short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations, which afterwards entailed so much misery on the country.' They are associated with some of the most charming melodies of Ireland.

The following spirited song, 'The expected of Ireland,' appears to have been translated by Mr. H. G. Curran. We need only

premise, that 'Ben Edar' is the ancient name for the hill of Howth; that Sliev-na-mon and Knock Greny are the names of two celebrated hills in Tipperary and Limerick; that Donald was an understood name for the exiled prince, and that by Una and Sabia Ireland was signified. The line, 'The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping,' alludes to Garret Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Desmond, who was killed in 1582. 'He is supposed by the country people, even to this day, to be bound to an enchanted pillar in Lough Gur, a lake nine miles south of Limerick. They report, that at the end of every seven years he may be seen riding on the lake, mounted on an enchanted charger; and that when his horse's shoes, which are made of silver, shall be worn out, he will return to life, and destroy the enemies of Ireland.'

'I turn to the hills with the dawn as I awaken,
And sickens my soul o'er its promise deferr'd,
The wave with no heart's exultation is shaken,
No cannon's deep voice o'er Ben-Edar is heard.
Oh, speed to sustain us! Oh, leave not the crown
Of green Erin, the brow of her tyrant to press!
On her names of renown
Her invaders look down,
And the Gael's aching heart sinks with shame and distress.

'The hope of your coming o'er Erin has brightened,
In wakefulness present—in vision displayed,
Until in your promise her shackles seem lightened,
And rent from her bosom the shroud that arrayed.
Oh, gleam but your swords on the goats to advance!
Bid our Charles in the front his position to take,
And at liberty's glance
A wide host from their trance
Over bright Sliev-na-mon and Knock Greny will wake.

'Oh, fly to our shores, and should weapons be wanted,
Our hands in the blood of the despot we'll dye;
They'll come from Kildare, and from Dingle, undaunted,
For Connaught with Ulster in glory will vie:
Every spot of the land burning spirits will send,
And Oh, when regenerate they leap from the chain,
What shield may defend
Those who taught them to bend,
When with Una her Donald's united again.

'The clan of O'Neill, with the sword ready gleaming,
Will come with MacCarthy, the prince of the Gael;
And O'Sullivan's banner from Bear-haven streaming,
MacMahon, our strong one that never could fail,
On MacMorogh of Leinster the scourge shall be laid,
Blarney's lord his disgrace with McAwliffe will share,
When her ranks are arrayed,
With the pole and the blade,
Then shall Sabia rejoice and her tyrants despair.

'The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping,
Shall thrill to the war-cry—his spirit shall come;
The day-spring, whose radiance illumines our weeping,
Will glare like a sun-stroke on them to consume;
In their darkness of soul they shall turn from the ray
That arises, their dream of despondence to break,
When the pageant display,
And the banquet decay,
Oh, swift be the bolt Erin's vengance to wreak!'—vol. ii. pp. 37—41.

Another eminently popular Jacobite song in Ireland, is that entitled 'Grana Weal,' or, more correctly, 'Graine Uile,' alias Grace O'Maley, the daughter of Owen O'Maley of the Oules, an ancient Irish chieftain. This lady holds a distinguished place in the annals of Connaught, where the people even still relate many anecdotes of her undaunted courage, and of the exploits which she performed chiefly by sea. Her name has been frequently used by the Irish bards as a synonime for Ireland. The song here quoted was written in Irish by John MacDonnel, of O'Keefe's country, near Charleville, in the county of Cork, a gentleman who combined the most profound erudition with all the graces of an elegant taste, and a fertile imagination. The version is from the pen of Mr. D'Alton.

'O thou that art sprung from the flow'r of the land,
Whose virtues endear and whose talents command;
When our foemen are banished, how then wilt thou feel,
That the king of the right should espouse *Grana Weal.*

'O'er the high hills of Erin what bonfires shall blaze,
What libations be poured forth!—what festival days!
While minstrels and monks with one heart pulse of zeal,
Sing and pray for the king and his own *Grana Weal.*

'The monarch of millions is riding the sea,
His revenge cannot sleep, and his guards will not flee;
No cloud shall the pride of our nobles conceal,
When the foes are dispersed that benight *Grana Weal.*

'The mighty in thousands are pouring from Spain,
The Scots—the true Scots shall come back again;
To far distant exile no more shall they steal,
But waft the right king to his fond *Grana Weal.*

'Raise your hearts and exult, my beloved, at my words,
Your eyes to your king, and your hands to your swords!
The Highlands shall send forth the bonnetted Gael,
To grace the glad nuptials of *Grana Weal.*

'And Louis, and Charles, and the heaven-guided Pope,
And the king of the Spaniards shall strengthen our hope;
One religion—one kindred—one soul shall they feel,
For our heart-enthroned exile and *Grana Weal.*

'With weeping, and wailing, and sorrow, and shame,
And anguish of heart that no pity dare claim;

The craven English churls shall all powerless kneel
To the home-restored Stuart and *Grana Weal.*

'Our halls will rejoice with friendship and cheer,
And our hearts be as free from reproach—as from fear;
The hungry adventurer shall pine for the meal,
He long lapped from the life stream of *Grana Weal.*

'Ah! know'st thou the maiden all beauteous and fair,
Whom her merciless foes have left plundered and bare?
The force of my emblem too well canst thou feel,
For that suffering lone one is our *Grana Weal.*

'But our nobles shall bring back the true king again,
And justice long slighted will come in his train;
The bullets shall fly—and the cannons shall peal,
And our Charles victorious espouse *Grana Weal.*'—

vol. ii. pp. 65—69.

Besides the compositions of which we have already given specimens, Mr. Hardiman has comprised in this collection a considerable number of odes and elegies. We must content ourselves with one of these, an 'Ode to the Milesians.'

'God shield you, champions of the Gael,
Never may your foes prevail;
Never were ye known to yield,
Basely in the battle field.

'Generous youths, in glittering arms,
Rouse at glory's shrill alarms;
Fight for your green native hills,
And flowery banks of flowing rills.

'Ireland, to avenge or save,
Many a conflict you must brave;
And on rough crags in storms and snows,
Snatch a short though sound repose.

'Slow to wrest your father's land
From the foreign spoiler's hand;
You forget its fields of flowers,
Its stately palaces and towers.

'Not for lack of heart or nerve,
Bloated foreigners we serve;
Would to heaven, united all,
We resolved to stand or fall.

'Oh, grief of heart! proscribed at home,
Dispersed, our chiefs and princes roam
Through gloomy glens and forests wild,
Hunted like wolves—banditti styled.

'While a rude remorseless horde,
O'er our lovely vallies lord;
Their vengeful hosts, who round us close,
Rob my long nights of sweet repose.

'Nor till you prostrate them in gore,
Can rapture thrill my bosom's core;

Empurpled squadrons bright in arms,
Your perils rack me with alarms.

'No less will glut their savage hate,
Than root and branch to extirpate:
God guide and guard you day and night,
And chiefly in the dreadful fight.

'Forth warriors, forth, with heaven to speed,
Proud in your country's cause to bleed;
They best may hope the victor's wreath,
Whose watch word's "liberty or death."'

vol. ii. pp. 281—295.

If we are to believe Mr. Hardiman, and there is no reason why we should not, there are still among the Irish, in their native language, the fragments of several heroic poems, much in the style of those which Macpherson imitated and manufactured in the name of Ossian. An abbot of Boyle, Donogh O'Daly, composed in the thirteenth century several hymns of great merit, which are to this day frequently sung by the peasantry. Poems of a historical nature are also extant in the native language, and indeed from the account which the editor gives of the mines of Hibernian poetry which still remain unexplored, it must be concluded that these volumes afford us but a very small portion of the treasures which the prolific genius of that country has left in the hands of the "true sons" of Ireland. We trust, therefore, that he will persevere in his labours, and that he will receive in every part of the united kingdom that liberal patronage, to which his volumes are so well entitled.

ART. VI.—*An Outline of the Smaller British Birds, intended for the Use of Ladies and Young Persons.* By Robert Slaney, Esq. M. P. 12mo. pp. 143. London: Longman, &c. 1832.

IT gives us great pleasure to see a gentleman of Mr. Slaney's station in society, devoting his leisure hours to natural history. It is a proof of the widely increasing interest which is now taken by the educated classes in subjects of this description, that such a person as the member for Shrewsbury should not only have given his mind to these researches, but have also communicated the results of his industry to the public. We trust that his example will be contagious, and that individuals in the higher walks of life who are endowed with intellectual qualifications, will not waste them in trashy fashionable novels, but employ them in literary or philosophical pursuits, of a more interesting and more useful nature. There are very few persons resident in the country particularly, who may not have it in their power to contribute valuable facts to the fund of natural history, if they would only give themselves the trouble of noting down the observations, which they can scarcely help constantly making upon the countless objects that are daily exposed to their view.

Mr. Slaney's little work is one evidently written out of the abundance of pleasure, which he felt in watching the habits of the

feathered tribes, those beautiful animators of our woods and fields, the minstrels of our hedges. It is a commonplace remark, but, nevertheless, a very true one, that 'many persons, either from the want of the habit of observation, or from not having their attention early directed to the familiar objects around them, lose a variety of innocent pleasures which they might otherwise enjoy.' Strange as it may seem, there are few even among those who live all the year round in the country, who are able to distinguish between our native birds, and those which are mere visiters from distant climates. To the female sex especially, habits of accurate observation with reference to all subjects of natural history, would be eminently valuable. Nor are they at all difficult to be acquired. They really require no severe study, no hard names, no technical acquirements of any kind, nothing more than vigilant attention, which if once given for a season, would never afterwards relax; so interesting—nay, so indispensable to their enjoyments would they find it, when rendered familiar by practice.

Between the missel thrush, which is the largest British songster, and the golden-crested wren, there are about seventy birds, varying in size, form, habits, structure, and note, some of which are constantly with us, others are seen here only during a portion of the year. They may be popularly divided into three sets, winter visiters, summer visiters, and sojourners. The smaller winter visiters come to us in autumn, and leave us in spring. They migrate from the colder climates of the north, where in the summer they build their nests and rear their young. But as the frost and snow during the autumn and winter lock up all their native sources of nourishment, they direct their flight to our milder skies, where they contrive to pick up an abundant subsistence. They are all hard-billed birds, and therefore fitted to feed on seeds, berries, and fruits, which they find in our hedges: and they are chiefly gregarious, as if they found it necessary to band themselves together against the inclemency of the season. They come in thousands from the bleak mountains of Norway and Sweden, led by the fieldfare, a large and handsome thrush, whose chatter may frequently be heard very high in the air. He is generally accompanied by the red-wing, who is scarcely to be distinguished from our common thrush, and they may be seen feeding together among the hawthorn trees and ivy bushes. Next come the starlings, many of whom breed here. They are fond of keeping company with the rooks; they assemble in large flocks, and may be distinguished by their active, inquisitive habits. They roost upon the reeds, near the water side. The crossbill is a beautiful bird, who visits us only once in several years, and remains but for a short time. His plumage glistens with tints of red, copper-coloured, and green. They are commonly called "German parrots," and not improperly, as they hang by the claws, sometimes with the head downwards, and sometimes drawing themselves up by the beak. The snow-

bunting, clad partially or wholly in its pure snow-white plumage, is occasionally seen in very severe winters in the company of larks and other birds. Nothing short of a most inclement season will compel him to emigrate, as he is the only living creature that visits the pole. The mountain finch, whose mottled plumage of bright bay and black is singularly beautiful, often joins in society with one of our common sojourners, the chaffinch; and though one half of the flock may be foreigners, and the other natives, they mingle and feed together without distinction. We must allow Mr. Slaney to introduce some of our summer visiters to the notice of the reader.

'They come to us in the spring, as the weather becomes warmer, the earth clothed with vegetation, and the air and surface of the ground begin to teem with insect life: when the chrysalis bursts its case, the worm, and slug, and caterpillar, "and every creeping thing after his kind," come forth; then appear, led by an unseen hand, myriads of soft-billed warblers from distant lands, formed to thin the insect race, and whose services warmly deserve our gratitude and protection.

'From March till May ten thousand busy pinions ply the air, by day and night, and bring these melodious visiters from all the southern countries, where the parching heat at this season renders their food difficult to procure. As they arrive, they disperse throughout the country,—

"They to their grassy couch, these to their nests."

Each grove and shrubbery, each "bosky dell from side to side," each heath and upland common, each hedge and garden, and petty rural homestead, receives some of these wandering minstrels.* It is probable they return, if undisturbed, year after year to the same haunts; and perhaps revisit with as much pleasure as ourselves the well-known scenes of their youth—

'"When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart pictured what the fancy drew."

'We may smile at the idea of fancy or feeling in a bird; yet those who have closely watched these beautiful beings, will readily believe that there is as much difference in their dispositions as Cowper found in the temper of his hares. The "mellow lark who at Heaven's gate sings" must be endowed with instincts superior to those of the "poor beetle that we tread upon." Memory birds possess in a considerable degree.† Swallows will choose out the same nook for their nest year after year. That elegant little bird, the common fly-catcher, is attached to the same spot. A pair built for three summers successively in the same place, close to the writer's study window;

---

* '"It has always appeared to me," says an eminent writer and accurate observer, "that the two great sources of change of place of animals was the providing of food for themselves, and resting-places and food for their young. Swallows and bee-eaters decidedly pursue flies over half a continent. And a journey from England to Africa is no more for an animal that can fly with the wind one hundred miles an hour, than a journey for a Londoner to his seat in some distant province." —*Salmonia.*'

† 'M. Buffon mentions a bullfinch which had its cage upset by a rabble of low people, and used to fall into fits when *ill-dressed* persons approached it.'

and their chase for gnats and other insects was under his view, as he sat reading: and for a considerable period the parent birds, "from early dawn till latest eve," might be observed catching assiduously our English muskitoes.

'It is not likely, in the vast solitudes and extensive forests of Africa (whither many, probably, retire in winter), that our summer visiters are much pursued or frightened by men. This habit which they possess, of returning to the same haunts year after year, might therefore be turned to account by partially taming them; at least their fear of the human shape might be greatly lessened if the annual guest of the same shrubbery was undisturbed and protected; his progeny (in due succession likewise our guests) would lose their dread of man. Birds in confinement evidently know the figure and voice of those who are kind to them;* and wild birds know their enemies, if not their friends, and will gradually become comparatively familiar with those who do not hurt them.

'Would it be an unbecoming or ungrateful task for the gentler sex to extend their kind offices even to these innocent and delicate beings, and to prevent, as far their influence extends, the nests of the summer birds from being taken? These aerial travellers do no hurt to any one, they do much good to many; they amply pay our slight protection by their melody; and if we rob their nests, we can seldom feed or rear their young.

'We venture, moreover, to recommend to our female friends the observation (we had almost said the acquaintance) of those whom their goodness has preserved; lessons of maternal love may be learned even from the birds. If industry is admirable in the bee, so is it in the little wren;† and we persuade ourselves, when their protectress walks forth in the fresh morning, and is saluted by a hundred tuneful voices of joy and gladness, that melody will be still sweeter as it springs from happiness to which she has contributed.

'About twenty song birds of passage come to us, and rear their young in our island. Of these some are local species, and some but partially and thinly scattered.

'These guests of summer remain to enjoy our finest weather, when the warmth of the climate, and the richness of vegetation, and the harmony of nature, invite us abroad. We think that our fair readers might double the pleasure of their walks if they knew each note of their tiny visitants, and distinguished the form and plumage of every feathered songster.

'They may perchance, in the lives of these fragile beings, see an epitome of their own destiny! Gaily and gladly they enter on new scenes in spring; the buds and the blossoms surround them; the sounds of joy and happiness are on every side; and the voice of flattery and fondness is sweeter than all! Yet a little while, and they are matrons, bending in solicitude over their infant progeny; full of anxiety and care for lives dearer than

---

* 'An interesting account of several summer visitants in Sweet's "British Warblers," where accurate directions for preserving them in health through the winter are given.'

† '"A golden-crested wren," says Mr. Montagu, "fed her young thirty-six times an hour; and this continued for sixteen hours a day. I could always perceive by the animation of the young brood when the old one was coming—probably some low note indicated her near approach, and in an instant every mouth was open."'

their own! A few summer days elapse, and the yellow leaves of autumn begin to wither on the boughs, and the winds sigh mournfully around them, and the nearest and dearest ties are broken; and, as the cloudy shroud of winter approaches, they take their long journey to distant worlds, beyond this dim horizon!'—pp. 9—13.

This is all very prettily expressed. It reminds us of the interesting style in which White of Selborne and Wilson have generally contrived to clothe their observations. Among these summer visiters is the yellow wren, who may often be seen among the boughs of the willow, hunting for insects, hopping around the pea-rods, and the currant bushes. He arrives about the middle of April, and may be rendered so tame as to take milk out of a tea-spoon held towards it. The wren called the chiff chaff, from the peculiar note which he utters, especially when angry, comes to us sometimes before the trees are in leaf. His back is of a greenish brown, and there is a yellowish streak above and below the eye. The wood wren is distinguished by a yellow throat and cheeks, and a yellow line through the eye. It may be also known by its singular note, which seems to express the word "twee," drawn out to some length, and repeated five or six times successively. It then shakes its wings, and hence it is sometimes called the shaking bird of the woods. It arrives in April, and leaves us towards the end of August. We need not dwell on the nightingale, as every body must have remarked its enchanting song. His plumage is a sober tawny brown, but his form is very light and elegant. It is remarkable that the nightingale is not found north of Shrewsbury in the west, or of Doncaster in the east; that it is not frequently found in Devonshire or Cornwall; and that it is not seen but where cowslips grow plentifully. Second to the nightingale as a songster, is the greater pettychaps, of light olive brown on the back, and distinguished by a whitish streak from the bill over the eyes. "Its notes," says Montagu, "are sweetly and softly drawn; others quick, lively, loud, and piercing, reaching the distant ear with pleasing harmony, something like the whistle of the blackbird, but in more hurried cadence." Mr. White, in his usual characteristic style, describes it as "active and restless, like the willow wrens; it hops from bough to bough, examining every part for food; it also runs up the stems of the crown imperials, and, putting its head into the bells of those flowers, sips the liquor which stands in the nectarium of each petal."

Scarcely inferior to the note of the nightingale is that of the nock nightingale, who may be known by the black cap which he wears on the top of his head. He is a depredator of black currants and raspberries, and mostly haunts orchards and gardens. It nocks the notes not only of the nightingale, but also of the black-bird and great pettychaps so well, that it is impossible sometimes o suppose that the sounds are mere imitation. The white-throat eems to be a great favourite with Mr. Slaney.

'Our readers (if they ever mark "the wild-bird's note") must have listened to one little songster, who often carols forth his sweet and swelling song at a time when almost all others are silent—in the mid-day heat of sultry summer. The cattle, reposing in the shade, chew the cud,—the tuneful minstrels of the morning and the evening have forgotten their lay,—and all nature seems silent and at rest;—then the little grey-coated whitethroat pours forth, at intervals, from the hedges around our gardens and dwelling, his song;* sometimes cheerful, hurried, and swelling into apparent exertion, and then softening into a plaintive close. The monotonous yellow bunting alone responds to him: sitting on the top of some thorn by the road-side or dusty hedge, covered with the traveller's joy, he repeats his well-known three melancholy notes.†

'It is singular how some well-known sound,—even the song of this little bird,—associated with remembrances of other scenes and times, will awaken long trains of thought in the minds of men. We remember, a few years since, under circumstances of some depression, alone in a sultry day, (when walking between the Hague and the village of Scheveling, on the bleak shores of Holland,) hearing unexpectedly the song of this warbler of home; and the note brought back in a moment, clear as a mirror to the mind's eye, cherished scenes across the waters, and the forms and voices of those who gave them value.'—pp. 19, 20.

One of the handsomest summer visiters we have, is the redstart, which is distinguishable from most of the other warblers by his elegant shape and gaudy plumage. He is generally found in the vicinity of old walls, in the crevices of which he builds his nest. He is an active, restless bird; when perched, he shakes his tail with a rapid and singularly tremulous motion. His song, though brief, is full of sweet and pleasant notes. Mr. Slaney's remarks upon this bird are delightfully written.

'If we visit, in the summer season, any of those old castles or monastic ruins which give so much additional interest to many parts of our country, whilst the daws respond to each other with their appropriate melancholy call, as we walk round the ruined walls and fallen fragments, this elegant bird will often flit before us; and, standing on a broken battlement or moss-grown pillar, shake his bright plumage, as if in triumph over the works of man!

'It is said, "that when it first arrives in spring, it mounts to the top of the loftiest trees, where it will sit and sing for hours, beginning at day-break." This species is singularly attached to its nest: we remember one, which had made its nesting-place in a garden wall, being discovered by a young lady, who used to visit it daily, and who dextrously caught the old bird, when sitting, and carried it, with great tenderness, into the house, to

---

* 'The whitethroats, on some sunny day in April, are often heard in almost every plantation or coppice, though none were to be seen the day before; their note is a sign many other songsters are arrived.'

† 'The cow-boys, according to Mr. Main, have, from their own feelings, composed words to his short song:—

"A lit-tle bit of bread, but no cheese."

'*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*'

show her sister; and then replaced it on the nest. Nowithstanding this, and that the eggs and young ones were afterwards frequently handled, the redstart reared her progeny safely; and the young lady, who may think she had some hand in the matter, looks for the arrival of her friends every summer.* Mr. Sweet says that, "in confinement, the redstart will sing by night as well as by day, if a light be kept in the room where it is: it will soon get very tame, and be much attached to the person that feeds it: if brought up from the nest, it may be taught to sing any tune that is whistled to it. One that I was in possession of," continues he, "learned to sing the Copenhagen waltz, only it would sometimes stop in the middle of it and say, 'Chipput,'—a name by which it was generally called, and which it would always repeat every time I entered the room where it was, either by night or day." '—pp. 24—26.

We have ourselves often mistaken the sibilant ringing cry of the grasshopper warbler for that of the field cricket. Its plumage is of an oil-green, well suited to the purposes of concealment amid the grass. It is a very timid bird, and it has the extraordinary power, by a kind of ventriloquism, to cause the sound of its voice to proceed, at one time as it were from the immediate neighbourhood of the listener, and the next moment to make it resound as from a distance, the bird all the while remaining in the same place. The sedge-warbler, though he conceals himself as much as possible in the closest reeds and bushes, may be heard during the summer evenings, warbling in true Italian style. "Its whole excellence consists," says a writer in the Magazine of Natural History, "in the variety and extremely ridiculous rapidity of his execution. It is impossible to give any thing like an intelligible description of his long-continued extravaganza: spirited, changeful, precipitously running over every note and half-note within the compass of his pipe, quicker than even attention can follow."

As many birds, not remarkable either for plumage or song, are excellent fly catchers, Mr. Slaney recommends that they should be domesticated in those climates in which the mosquitoes are so excessively troublesome. 'Then,' he observes, 'instead of a person of rank coming forth, bearing a hawk (the emblem of gentility) as in old times, every one of gentle blood in warm climates would be accompanied by his little plumed protector, who, perched on his patron's shoulder, would destroy and drive away his insect enemies; or in the sultry mid-day, stand centinel over his slumbers. Thus would the weak assist the strong, and the strong would be bound in gratitude to give shelter to the weak. We have ourselves seen times and places, where a brace of good fly-catchers would have been worth a king's ransom.' So have we.

' "The flycatcher," says White, "is, of all our summer birds the most mute and the most familiar; it also appears the last of any. It builds in a vine or sweetbriar, against the wall of a house, or on the end of a beam or plate, or in the hole of a wall, and often close to the post of a door,

* 'We do not recommend this practice to our young friends.'

where people are going in and out all day long. This bird does not make the least pretension to song, but uses a little inward wailing note when it thinks its young in danger from cats or other annoyances. It breeds but once, and retires early." It will build for several successive years in the same tree, if not the same place. One of them made its nest, for two years following, under the writer's study window, in a pear tree. It was very amusing to watch the old bird first catching her prey, and then feeding her young. If, however, she perceived she was watched, she would wait with her mouth full a long time, till the observer disappeared. This bird would probably have built many summers in the same place, but the gardener, who was cutting some boughs near, destroyed the poor fly-catcher's nest, "*because he knowed how all small birds ate his peas.*" —p. 36.

We were going to say that every body is acquainted with the swallow, but in fact there are few who know that there are four kinds of swallow, perfectly distinct in plumage and habits. There is the sand-martin, who excavates his nest in a sand-bank; the twittering blue-bodied swallow, who builds in our chimnies; the house martin, who nestles in the upper angle of a window, or under the jutting roof; and the long-winged active swifts, known by their dark plumage, and their circling in calm evenings at a great height. They all live upon insects. The chimney swallow is a perfect pattern of maternal affection: from morning to night, during the whole summer, she is continually skimming close to the ground, hunting for flies for her young brood. Bewick gives an amusing account of a swallow that had become quite attached to the children by whom he was reared. They used to go out to the fields together, the bird being permitted to fly wherever he wished; but he kept always circling above them wherever they went. When one of the children caught a fly, he called the swallow with a whistle, when it immediately descended, and perched on the hand of the child who had the fly prepared for him. But the reader who wishes to become acquainted with the different tribes of swallows must consult Mr. White, who gives a most interesting as well as accurate account of their habits.

That pretty bird the wry-neck, so called from its singular mode of turning its head over its shoulder alternately, is named in Gloucestershire the cuckoo's maid, as it is supposed to be an attendant on that herald of the summer. Its note is not unlike the bleating of some small small hawks in the spring. So many authors have written about the cuckoo that we pass it over. The dor hawk was formerly called the goat-sucker, a name which it by no means deserves. It is a very harmless bird, about the size of the cuckoo, which lies concealed in some sequestered dell during the greater part of the day, and comes forth in the evening with a humming sound, like that of a wheel going round rapidly. It flies about in the twilight like a swallow, hawking after beetles and other nocturnal insects. Of the three kinds of wag-tails, one, the common black and white, or pied wag-tail, always remains with us. The bird with the yellow

breast and fine grey back visits us in autumn, remains during the winter, and leaves us in spring for the north. The third, of a fine sulphur colour, arrives in spring, stays during the summer, and departs in autumn for the south.

'It is often seen among sheep, and is hence called by Buffon *bergeronette de printems*, or little shepherdess of the spring. Sometimes they are seen in flocks of twenty, or more, dispersed over half a field; chasing the insects, picking up what is to be found, chirruping to each other, and balancing up and down on their legs. The two latter species, though to a certain degree migratory, do not, probably, entirely leave our country. All these birds are remarkably active, cheerful, and engaging in appearance. They run merrily along the margins of our small streams; sometimes coursing over an island of water-cresses, or other aquatic plants, in search of insects, or disporting on the shaven grass-plots near our houses. What quick observant eyes each of these birds possesses! no little smooth caterpillar, though no bigger than a midge, hanging on the lower side the stem of a grass, escapes their prying search!

'We have often paused to look at a pool, or slow stream, almost matted over with that beautiful flower the white water lily. The common moor hen walks across it, flirting up her tail, and pecking here and there. The water rail lightly treads upon it, as her proper path, and eyes all her foes on shore in security. And the wagtails, pacing leisurely on the broad leaves (their well-spread carpet), look curiously into every flower as they pass.'—pp. 66, 67.

Among the sojourners or resident birds, who remain faithful to us at all seasons, are the robin and the wren. The former seems to have a familiar name in every country: about Bornholm he is called Tomme Liden; in Norway, Peter Ronjmad; in Germany, Thomas Gierdet; and with us, Robin Redbreast. His song, as well as his appearance, are particularly pleasing. The following observations on some others of our resident birds will be read with pleasure.

'There are four little dwellers with us, to which we would call the attention of our young friends before we speak of others; they each constitute a family separate from all the rest in formation and habits. The first is the Nuthatch, a little bird with a grey back, buff-coloured breast, and black streak through the eye down the neck; he is like a woodpecker in miniature, being scarcely larger than a sparrow. This little fellow chiefly frequents woods; he fixes a nut firm in a chink, and turns on all sides to strike it with advantage. "It is no uncommon thing to find, in the autumn, in the crevices of the bark of an old tree, a great many broken nut-shells, the work of this bird, who repeatedly returns to the same spot, for this purpose."* Mr. White often used to carry nuts, and place them in the crack of a gate-post, for his hacking friend to break them.† Its hammering noise relieves the silence of the woods, and may be heard a furlong off. It chooses the deserted habitation of a woodpecker, in some tree, for a nest, and skilfully contracts the hole by a plaster of clay. No

* 'Montagu.' † 'Selborne.'

persecution will drive this little bird from its nest, when sitting, which it defends to the last, and will sooner be taken than quit its eggs.* In that amusing work, the *Magazine of Natural History*, is an article on the manners of the nuthatch. The one described was a captured bird: in spite of a wound in his wing, he became familiar, fed immediately, attacked a lark in the same cage, and kept the house alive by battering "the frame of his prison, the sound of which, both from the loudness and prolongation of noise, was only to be compared to the efforts of a fashionable footman, on a fashionable door, in a fashionable square.†" Buffon says this bird fortifies the clay rampart of his nest with bits of stone; hence he is called *picmaçon*. The peasants of France have a tale, that if the male bird meet the female wandering from home, he beats her; whence they have a proverb, and call a husband who conducts his domestic affairs sagely, by the name of this bird. Buffon, however, with the gallantry of his nation, rescues our nuthatch from this sad imputation, and shows, that (not understanding good manners) these rude peasants have mistaken the warm caresses of affection for correction! ‡ The nuthatch runs up or down the side of a tree, with ease, and holds an intermediate place between a woodpecker and titmouse.

'The other diminutive dweller we are about to notice, is the Tree Creeper, a singular and elegant little bird, covered with streaks of black and brown, with a breast of silvery white; the bill is slender and beautifully curved. It is always creeping up and down the limbs and trunks of trees in search of insects, its only food, and searches particularly all the mossy places, so that it might be called the moss-hunter: its motion is interrupted, creeping a few inches quickly, then stopping, looking sharply on each side, and then again proceeding; it has a monotonous and weak note, and when first we see it, we fancy there is a mouse upon the tree; it is not rare, but, if observed, immediately creeps to the other side of the tree or bough, and turns from him as the spectator follows it. Next to the golden-crested wren, it is one of the most industrious enemies of the dormant insect race; and if turned together into a green-house they would soon disturb and destroy the latent insects and their eggs. *We remember having heard of a pack of ants* being turned loose in a currant bush, upon the caterpillars, and confined to their quarters by a ring of tar round the stem. It is said, they hunted over every spot, and cleared the tree in a most effectual manner! Our creeper never perches on a twig; but, when disturbed, flits to another tree, hooks himself on the bark, and ascends it, often in a spiral direction. By following him gently round, he may be made to work his way up like the thread of a corkscrew. §

'The other birds we are considering, who sojourn always in our land, are, with the few exceptions alluded to, hard-billed, and able to obtain their food at all seasons: nor is there one among them whose habits are not full of interest to a watchful observer, and may give additional pleasure to a country walk. They differ from each other more than the different nations of the earth, have different languages, costumes, food, and customs, and are more pertinacious to their habits even than the unchangeable Chinese (who have, however, very nearly reduced reason to instinct).

---

* 'Montagu.' † 'Mag. of Nat. Hist. No. iv.'
‡ 'Buffon, Sitelle.' § 'Wilson, ii. p. 147.'

Successive generations dwell together in the same woods or fields, and yet never in a free state, or borrow a habit or permanently adopt a note from their neighbours.

'The Blackbird and Thrush, assimilated in several points, build in the same bush, live in the same place, sing from different parts of the same tree, still their songs and their nests differ in the same way as they did thousands of years ago; yet it seems ascertained by experiment, that many birds have the faculty of imitation, and that their song is learned from their parents; so that, when taken before their notes are fixed, young birds take the song of a bird placed near them as a finishing governess;* or, without such education, have a very imperfect song.† Neither was it ever known that wild birds paired with others than their own tribe; the brilliant plumage and melodious voice of the goldfinch has no charms for the sober linnet, who prefers the society of his dusky mate.

'Though our feathered friends do not adopt the customs of foreigners, they can adapt themselves to a change of circumstances. The swallow did not always build in chimnies, nor the swift nor jackdaw in the roofs of houses, or the towers of churches; chimneys and churches, compared with swallows and jackdaws, are but modern introductions to our island. So, in making their nests, birds will take to a new material which falls in their way, and we know, to our cost, how soon they betake themselves to a new grain or fruit introduced into our gardens.‡ We know not whether different races of birds understand each other's language; they certainly comprehend the note of alarm, as any one may easily verify from observation.

'Hearing the common wren (who is a great alarmist), we turned to the spot, and saw this minute bird, with every feather in agitation, bending downwards and continually changing his place: the hedge sparrow joined in the cry, occasionally opening and shutting his wings, and uttering his weak voice, but keeping at the top of the shrub far from danger; whilst the robin, more courageous, approached the invader, ruffling his feathers, repeating, in loud key, the alarm note, yet ready, instantly, to retreat from the peril. A cat prowling for prey, was the cause of this uproar in the shrubbery. Linnæus called the cat, *Leo Murium*;‖ it might also be named, *Tigris Avicularum*.§ Of all song birds, the blackbird seems the best and most careful watchman.

'An attentive observer finds great pleasure in listening to the notes of birds, not merely when they pour forth the full volume of their song, but

---

* 'Wilson, ii. p. 22. Experiments on the singing of birds, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, appendix to second volume of Pennant's British Zoology. Mr. Montagu (a most accurate observer) thinks the notes innate.'

† 'Buffon's amusing account of the bullfinch.'

‡ 'Some time since we grew some Indian corn, one warm summer, in he open ground; as it began to get ripe the wild pheasants, who occaonally visited the place, discovered somehow it was good to eat, though ey could not see the grains, and pecked their way through the tough usky covering which envelopes each ear.'

‖ 'The lion of the mice.'

§ 'The tiger of small birds.'

even in their colloquial and more familiar tones. To distinguish their notes, requires but a little practice and a tolerable ear. A friend of Mr. White's, (himself the most attentive observer of British birds,) said, that the owls of his neighbourhood "used to hoot in B flat; but one went almost half a note below A." *

'Without attaining any such nicety, we may soon know the note of every tribe inhabiting our shrubberies. The language and manner of many is very significant. When the missel thrush (a common inhabitant of our orchards in the spring) screams to his partner, and, ruffling his feathers, flies with loud cries to repel the magpie or sparrow hawk, who visits his domain,† nothing can tell more plainly that all his energies are awakened for a desperate enterprise. The soft note of the turtle dove cooing to his mate, his gentle manner and constant attention to her, have always been held to speak attachment.‡

'The chaffinch, found in every shrubbery (though no distinguished songster) has a remarkably cheerful carol. Immediately after a shower, from some low tree, his short light song is poured forth as if in spontaneous gratitude it said, "To thee we sing!"

'Does not the quick twitter of the young swallows, sitting on some rail, whenever their indefatigable parent birds approach with food, denote joyful satisfaction? Who has listened to the swelling voice of the sky-lark—

"When upward springing blythe to greet
The purpling East,"

and does not feel that, proud of his lay and pouring out the tide of song, he is, for awhile, (to borrow another line from Burns)—

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious?"

Even the common sparrow, descending near us, hopping pertly along eyeing us askance, in his short familiar interrogatory note, says, plain enough, "Well, who are you?"—pp. 72—81.

The missel, the blackbird, and the throstle, also remain with us at all seasons; the two former, although they destroy a great deal of fruit, devour the shell snails in great numbers, by way of compensating for the injury they do to the fruit. We may reckon amongst our most agreeable sojourners the goldfinch and bullfinch, both well known. We have few birds more useful than the linnet. In winter, they assemble in large flocks and feed on seeds, many of which, if permitted to germinate, would give the farmer a great deal of trouble. Mr. Slaney watched a flock of above two hundred, which for several days frequented some turnip fields, which were very full of charlock, or kedlock, a troublesome weed just run

* 'Selborne, Letter 9. Mr. Knapp was acquainted with one thrush, who always pronounced, in song, the words, "lady-bird, lady-bird."'

† 'The Welsh called the missel pen y llwyn, or head of the coppice, from his fierceness.'

‡ '"The hopeless woe of settled sorrow swelling the heart of female innocence itself, could not assume tones more sad, more tender, and affecting," says Wilson, in speaking of the American turtle-dove.'

to seed. He calculates that they destroyed at least 40,000 of these seeds a day. The lesser redpole, so called from a red spot on the forehead of the cock bird, is a fine lively little creature. We have among our residents numerous larks and titmice, which are too well known to require description. We need but peruse the following general remarks, in order to feel convinced that Mr. Slaney has long been an enthusiastic observer of nature.

'Though, undoubtedly, we have no sounds so interesting to a naturalist as those heard in a tropical forest; yet one, who had not tried the experiment, would scarcely conceive the many different voices of nature, which strike an attentive ear in our own country, and almost at our own doors! Let any of our young friends enter an undisturbed wood or plantation about half an hour before sunset, late in the autumn, and remain awhile concealed and silent. They will find, instead of solitude, they were never less alone! A hundred varied sounds of animated beings proclaim that they live and move! At that time the tribes of night and day animals are both in motion,—the one about retiring to their rest, the other coming forth to seek their food!

'The blackbird reiterates his clear "clink, clink," as we approach his domain; the magpie catches up the note of alarm, and repeats it to his fellows; the jay's dissonant scream is heard; and the sluggish crow calls to his old mate that danger is abroad! We remain perfectly still, and the disturbance gradually subsides. The rabbit hops forth, and, rising on his hind legs, looks round to see all is safe. A slight noise in the trees near us attracts our attention. The squirrels watch us with significant gesture, whisking their bushy tails. The weak note of the golden-crested wren calls our eye to the firs above us, where this minute creature is busy seeking his food: the titmice chatter "Good even" to each other. What has alarmed all the small birds? That sparrowhawk, returning home, almost glided in among them! We hear a scream somewhat like that of an infant in distress: it is a leveret which the prowling stoat has just seized upon! The partridges call in the adjoining field; the pheasant cocks crow as they fly up to roost; the hen birds we may distinguish by their singular whistle. One, two, three, we may count every bird in the coppice. A sound passes by us like a rushing wind; it is the hurried flight of the redwings, who descend in numbers to their rest; the magpies drop in in small parties, vigilant to the last! We are startled by the fluttering noise of the numerous wood-pigeons, which arrive for a quarter of an hour almost without intermission. The rooks, passing high over us, "thick urge their weary flight, and seek the shelter of the grove." The rustle of more rapid wings causes us to look up, and we see the wild ducks making their repeated circles; in each of which they descend nearer their point, till at length they drop into the neighbouring stream. And, as the mist of night comes on, the fox crosses near us, the hedgehog creeps forth, and the grey owl "down the lone vale sails away."'—pp. 107, 108.

The owls, the kites, the duck tribes, the cormorants, gulls, and urlews, are successively brought under the reader's notice in the ost engaging manner; and at each step, as he hastens towards he conclusion of his little work, the author takes every opportuity of insisting upon the varied and inexhaustible enjoyments

which spring out of even an ordinary attention to subjects of natural history. They afford, he justly observes, 'resources not dependent on the possession of wealth, or station, or youth. They may be enjoyed by the humble observer in a secluded spot, as well as by the noblest or ablest of mankind. If our lot should be cast in a distant colony, or a foreign country, this resource will always be at hand, to cheer our lonely hours. As our years pass away, and all other things look old around us, these objects will still preserve their former freshness.'

ART. VII.—*Sketches from Venetian History.* In two volumes, 12mo. London: Murray. 1832.

THESE volumes, forming part of "The Family Library," may be considered as a convenient epitome of the great works of Sismondi, and the late Count Daru, so far as relates to the history of Venice. Although we could have wished that the undertaking had been better executed, both as to the style, and the selection and arrangement of the matter, still we may recommend it as worthy the attention of those persons who have not yet become thoroughly conversant with the annals of that celebrated state. There is not through the whole range of history a narrative of more exciting interest, or more blackened by perfidy and vice, than that in which the rise, prosperity, and fall of Venice, are depicted. It is, in fact, a story of crime almost from beginning to end. Dissimulation, fraud, depravity of every species, venality, calumny, espionage, falsehood, perjury, injustice, ingratitude, secret assassination, and judicial murder, are seen upon every occasion deliberately introduced into the acts of government, as if they were an avowed and indispensable part of its machinery. Whenever the virtues of a citizen became inconvenient to the faction, who for the season controlled the public destinies, he was charged by suborned evidence with treason to his country, and openly, or in the privacy of dungeons, hurried out of existence. It would seem as if, from some perverse habit of thought, peculiar to that part of Italy, all the maxims of power and diplomacy were founded upon the supposition, that mankind generally have a propensity to evil; but that in Venice, particularly, that propensity was invincible, and pervaded the conduct of those who were apparently the most honest and patriotic, the most sage and the most chivalrous, among their fellow citizens.

It is useful, as well as amusing, to study occasionally such a history as this. There is no longer any danger that we shall imitate the flagitiousness, which appears to have been justly chargeable to the principal actors in these scenes: but it may be expedient for us to be reminded now and then, of the deeds which, directly or indirectly, led to the overthrow of a power that has once ranked among the leading states of Europe. It may be instructive to us also to observe, how intimately oligarchy and slavery, aristocracy and

public turpitude, are connected together; and now that we have recovered our constitution, it cannot be otherwise than good for us to learn, that upon the integrity and virtue of the people depends our only chance for the recovery of that prosperity, which has for some time, apparently, abandoned our country.

The rise of the Venetian state is so well known, that it would be superfluous for us to trace it. It will be sufficient for us to observe, that towards the conclusion of the twelfth century, it was strong enough to undertake and accomplish the conquest of Constantinople. After this followed the first war with Genoa, a protracted and most sanguinary struggle, in which the peculiar interests of Venice were mainly concerned. Genoa was at that period (1258) almost the only power that could maintain any commercial rivalry with her, and, as the historian truly remarks, 'the seeds of bitterness and hatred were deeply imbedded in the similarity of their governments and their pursuits, of their ambition and their enterprise.' Venice having already acquired the exclusive dominion of the Adriatic, now aspired to that of the Mediterranean. The result need not be detailed. The fleets of the Genoese were at first swept from the seas which they had hitherto traversed in triumph; but towards the end of the thirteenth century, the star of Genoa again rose in the ascendant, and the Venetian fleets were twice successively defeated. At length both states were taught by experience, that they were wasting their strength without having any adequate object in view, and a truce followed. During these fruitless contests, the constitution of Venice was in course of formation. Before the conclusion of the second Genoese war, the citizens of Venice were unacquainted with any marked distinctions between the higher and the lower orders; there were no avowed patrician or plebeian classes, and as they had no landed property, they were altogether free from the invasion of the feudal system, which then exercised a paramount influence in most of the other states of Europe. Nevertheless, distinctions, whether originating in wealth, in virtue, or in talent, arose by degrees, and it was a practical proof, that an aristocracy in fact, though not in law, was already in existence, when we find the Great Council eluding the principle of annual election, and interfering itself with success in the nomination of the electors, by whom its power was renewed from year to year, without any change of the members, with the exception of those only who died, or wished to retire. The council was soon after declared hereditary, and, however specious the fortunes of Venice may thenceforth appear, her eventual downfall was decided by that measure. This was the foundation of the class of high nobility, who from that period ruled over Venice as if it were their patrimony.

Venice seems to have been, during its predominant power, the favourite theatre of conspiracies. No sooner was the council declared hereditary, than a plan was set on foot by a discontented

few brave men to reform the constitution; but the plot having been prematurely disclosed, the leaders perished on the scaffold. Such was the shortsightedness of men at this period, that they looked upon the detection and frustration of this conspiracy as a pledge of the permanent power of Venice. "Ever since then," says an author who flourished not long after, "she has proceeded with the gravity and prudence of mature age; and, being a happy mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, it is likely, with the assistance of the gods, that she will endure to eternity."

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, the state of Venice was involved in a serious quarrel with the Holy See, whose influence was then so extensive, that there was hardly a European power that would hold communication with Venice, in consequence of her disobedience. Gradenigo was then the Doge, and his whole reign was so disastrous, that a conspiracy of a very formidable nature was organised for his overthrow. It was a plot not got up by plebeians, as that above alluded to, but by the chiefs of three of the most distinguished families in the state. Besides being opposed to the general tenor of Gradenigo's administration, they had personal causes of dislike to him, which gave additional zest to their hostility. The leaders were of the houses of Thiepolo, Querini and Badouero, and their project was to obtain forcible possession of the Piazza di San Marco, and the Ducal Palace, to put the Doge to death, to dissolve the Grand Council, and to replace it by the ancient form of annual election.

'The 16th of June was named as the day of rising; and Badouero, who possessed extensive influence in Padua, the cradle of his family, engaged the assistance of a large body of the inhabitants of that city, ever pleased with an occasion of showing enmity against Venice. Arms were to be found abundantly in all the houses of the great; and when the conspirators mustered the roll of their dependants and retainers, and added to them the promised aid from Padua, they felt assured of numerical superiority over the troops of the Doge. The great canal, which separated Venice into two chief parts, was crossed by the single bridge Rialto, adjoining which stood the Palazzo Querini. The occupation of this bridge was most important; and, before day-break on the appointed morning, it was secured by Thiepolo, to whom was committed the attack on the Ducal Palace. It had been planned that, as soon as this strong hold should be forced, Thiepolo's division was to remain under arms in the Piazza di San Marco, till the arrival of Badouero with his Paduans. Then, they might jointly spread over the remaining quarters of the city, sieze the arsenal, and act further as their exigencies required.

'The morning of the 16th was ushered in by a violent tempest; and during its continuance, amid vivid lightning, and deluges of rain, the gathering took place before the Palazzo Querini. Whether from inability to proceed during the rage of the storm, or from want of discipline, some time was lost in outrages of little avail towards the main object, but congenial to the instruments which were to effect it; and the minutes which were consumed in the pillage of some warehouses, and the destruc-

tion of some public records, must be counted as not a little contributing to the ultimate defeat of the enterprise. At length the signal was given to advance; and the bridge Rialto being crossed, as the narrowness of the streets admitted but a few men abreast, two divisions were formed, which it was intended should debouche upon the Piazza by different avenues. One of these was entrusted to Marco Querini and his son Benedetto; the other was led by Thiepolo Querini, who arrived first at his destination; and what was his astonishment at finding himself confronted by a strong array of regular soldiery!

No suspicion of treachery attached to any of the conspirators: but the movements of a large body can seldom be concealed, and an unpopular government is always keen sighted. The frequent assemblies in the Palazzo Querini had been marked and reported to Gradenigo. The movements on the preceding day had excited special suspicion; and as the penetration of the Doge detected the approach of insurrection, so his vigour promptly furnished means for its suppression. He assembled round him, during the night, the Signory, the councillors of state, the chiefs of the XL, and such nobles upon whose services he could depend. He summoned from the less important posts of the city, all the guards which could be spared, and concentrated them on the Piazza, these were strengthened by the mechanics of the arsenal; and almost at the moment at which the front of Querini's column shewed itself, a large detachment from the garrison of Chiozza arrived by a forced march. The contest was bloody till the two Querini fell, and their adherents gave way. Thiepolo, advancing by the street of the Clock-tower, was encountered by the Doge in person; and learning the defeat of his companions, and despairing of success, he retired upon the bridge. As he threaded the narrow street of *La Merzeria*, a woman named Justina, watching her opportunity, dropped a heavy stone from a lofty window as he passed. He escaped the blow; but the head of a page who followed closely, and who bore his standard, was dashed to atoms. Thiepolo having gained the bridge, which at that time was framed of wood, severed all communication by cutting it, and removing the boats moored below to the opposite bank. Then, fortifying himself in the Piazza di Rialto, he looked anxiously for a junction with the confederates under Badouero, from Padua. In this hope he was disappointed: at the moment of their embarkation, they had been attacked by a body of the Doge's guards, and meeting with a resolute conflict where they had anticipated nothing but unresisted plunder, they abandoned their leader and returned to their vessels. Badouero, and such persons as could lay claim to gentle blood, were immediately beheaded, and among them Giacopo Querini suffered for his fidelity to an enterprise which he disapproved. The gibbet was erected for the inferior conspirators, and many who avoided the immediate vengeance of legal punishment by taking refuge in neighbouring states, had a price set upon their heads, and were but reserved for the slower dagger of the assassin. Thiepolo had the good fortune to save himself. Having maintained his post for some time amid his barricades, he received from Gradenigo the announcement of an amnesty, and a proposal for negociation. Wisely estimating by a correct standard the heavy preponderance of chances against a rebellious subject, when treating with an offended sovereign, he disentangled himself from the toils thus spread for

his destruction, and, embarking with a few of his most attached followers, escaped from the Lagune. His palace, and that of the Querini, were rased to the ground; on the site of the latter, to stamp it with ignominy, were erected public shambles, and all monuments inscribed with their names or armorial bearings, were defaced. A pension was assigned to the woman who had thrown the stone; and, in order to preserve the memory of her action, a banner was suspended from the window at which she stood, every year on the return of the anniversary of the conspiracy, and a solemn service of thanksgiving was instituted in commemoration of the peril from which the Republic had been delivered.'—vol. i. pp. 227—231.

The defeat of this formidable conspiracy was entirely owing to the foresight and vigour of Gradenigo; but its existence, and the progress which it made, struck such terror into the hearts of the members of the council, that they agreed to the creation of a new power, which ultimately destroyed their own. This power was at first intended to be but of a temporary nature—to exist only for ten days; but such is the inevitable progress of the despotic principle, when once adopted, that the extraordinary jurisdiction of this novel tribunal, composed of ten magistrates, hence called I'Dieci, which at first was limited to the period we have mentioned, was six times prolonged for a like period, was next continued for a year, then for five, then for ten, and finally was invested with a great extension of authority, and declared permanent! These ten magistrates were endowed with a plenary inquisitorial authority over every individual in the state; they were, moreover, free from responsibility, and from their decisions there was no appeal. They were chosen annually by the council. No two of them could be of the same family, or even of the same name; from the colour of their robes of ceremony they were called I'Neri, or the Black. This despotic tribunal, though dependent for its annual renewal upon the votes of the council, exercised a completely absolute sway over Venice during five centuries. "They adjudged," says Mr. Hallam, "according to what they called reason of state. The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the accused was sometimes not heard—never confronted with witnesses; the condemnation was secret as the enquiry; the punishment undivulged like both." 'Nor was this all,' adds the present historian; 'instituted solely for the cognizance of state crimes, this tribunal gradually attributed to itself the control of every branch of government, and exercised despotic influence over the questions of peace and war, over fiscal enactments, military arrangements, and negotiations with foreign powers. It annulled, at pleasure, the decrees of the Grand Council, degraded its members, deposed, and even put to death, the chief magistrate himself.'

Gradenigo was succeeded by Andrea Dandolo, during whose reign the glory of Venice was seriously menaced by the consequences of the third Genoese war. Dandolo was succeeded by an individual, whose name is so well known to all the readers of

Lord Byron, that we presume the following particulars connected with him, will not be uninteresting.

'The name of Marino Faliero is familiar to English ears; but the reader who borrows his conception of the Doge of Venice from the modern drama in our language which purports to relate his story, will wander as far from historic truth as from nature and probability. The chronicle of Sanuto, which the poet has avowed to be his basis, presents no trace of that false, overwrought, and unintelligible passion which, in the tragedy, is palmed upon us for nice sensitiveness to injured honour. We are told, indeed, that the angry old man had once so far indulged his choleric humour as to fell to the ground a somewhat tardy bishop during the celebration of a holy solemnity. We hear of a fiery temper, accustomed to command, elated by success, and in which, on the confession of Petrarch, who was personally well informed regarding it, valour predominated over prudence. These are the unsettled elements upon which the tempter best loves to work; but the insanity and extravagance with which we must charge Faliero, if we suppose his attempt to overthrow the government of which he was chief, arose solely from an outrageous desire of revenge for a petty insult, are entirely gratuitous, and belong altogether to the poet. Madness of another kind, however—that of ambition—is clearly ascribable to him; and if we take this as our key, much of the obscurity attendant upon a catastrophe which has been imperfectly and inadequately developed, will be cleared away; we shall obtain a character little indeed awakening our sympathy, but yet not wholly at variance with our judgment; and, although we may be astonished at, and recoil from the motives which prompted his crime, they will not be altogether of a class which sets our comprehension at defiance.

'No one can have traced our preceding course of history, without having remarked the gradual encroachment of the oligarchy on the ducal power. At almost every new election, it was crippled and curtailed afresh of some remaining portion of authority, till the chief magistrate, to whom attached the heaviest odium of tyranny, was, at the same time, in his own person, the victim whom that tyranny most grievously oppressed. During the interregnum which occurred before the nomination of Faliero, new inroads had been made upon the few privileges still uncircumscribed. Additional shackles were imposed upon his communications with foreign states, by an increase of the numbers of that council, without the presence of which he was forbidden to open despatches, or to receive ambassadors; and the three presidents of the XL were annexed to their prince as spies. Besides this, he was subjected to fresh controul in the delivery of his votes, in the disposal of his property, and in the collection of his revenue. Such unexpected mutilation of a power, already lowered far beneath that standard at which an ambitious, or even a liberal spirit, would estimate nominal sovereignty as worthy of acceptance, must have embittered the very opening of Faliero's reign; nor were the burdensoms forms to which, in his administration, he was daily compelled to submit, calculated to increase his attachment to existing ordinances. Fettered by absurd ceremonies, a prisoner in his own palace, thwarted, suspected, overruled, vigilantly watched, studiously degraded; a high-toned and independent temper must have felt such bonds to be galling—a proud and irritable one must have passionately longed to burst them.

'To Faliero there was yet another source of discontent. In advanced life, he had married a young and lovely woman. No breath of scandal tarnished her reputation; but yet it is likely that he must have been keenly alive to the possibility of ridicule; that the disparity of years must frequently have crossed his mind, as affording room for suspicion in the breasts of other men; and that however assured he might be of the safety of his own honour, he must have known there were many to whom such assurance might be wanting. Thus estimating his feelings, which are not here imagined for our purpose, but which, from the constitution of human nature, could not but exist, we shall have little difficulty in conceiving that the unimportant circumstance which we are about to relate, though it can by no means be said to have been the cause of Faliero's rashness, overthrew, perhaps, the last remaining barrier by which his impatient fury was restrained. The rest we shall borrow freely from Sanuto.

'At a banquet which it was customary for the Doge to celebrate in his palace, after the bull-hunt on the Carnival Thursday, a squabble had arisen from some too pressing familiarity offered by one of the young gallants of the court to his mistress. Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate, was enamoured of a lady in attendance upon the Dogaressa; and presuming upon her favour, he was guilty of some freedom which led the Doge to order his exclusion. This command appears to have been executed with more than necessary violence; and the youth, fired by the indignity which disgraced him in the eyes of his mistress, sought revenge by assailing Faliero in that point in which he conceived him to be most vulnerable. He wrote on the Doge's chair in the council chamber, a few words reflecting upon the Dogaressa. "Marino Faliero, husband of the lovely wife; he keeps, but others kiss her." The offence was traced to its author: it was pitiful and unmanly, yet it scarcely deserved heavier punishment than that which the XL adjuged to it, namely, that Steno should be imprisoned for two months, and afterwards banished from the state for a year. But, to the morbid and excited spirit of Faliero, the petty affront of this rash youth appeared heightened to a state crime; and the lenient sentence with which his treason (for so he considered it) had been visited, was an aggravation of every former indignity offered to the chief magistrate, by the oligarchy which affected to control him. Steno, he said, should have been ignominiously hanged, or at least condemned to perpetual exile.

'On the day after the sentence, while the Doge was yet hot in indignation, an event occurred which seems to have confirmed the chronicler whose steps we are following, in his belief in the doctrine of necessity. "Now it was fated," he tells us, "that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary, when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of that effect must happen, it therefore came to pass," that Bertuccio Israello, admiral of the arsenal, a person apparently of no less impetuous passions than the Doge himself, and who is described as possessed also of egregious cunning, approached him to seek reparation for an outrage. A noble had dishonoured him by a blow; and it was in vain to ask redress for this affront from any but the highest personage in the state. Faliero, brooding over his own imagined wrongs, disclaimed that title, and gladly seized occasion to descant on his personal insignificance. "What wouldst thou have me do for thee?" was his

spoken. "Think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me, and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald, Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of XL respect our person!" Upon this the admiral returned—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of the state; and then you may punish them all." Hearing this, the Duke said, "How can such a matter be brought about?" And so they discoursed thereon.'—vol. i. pp. 259—265.

This account of the conspiracy is sufficiently improbable; at least of the conversational part of it, since only the Doge and admiral were participators in this dialogue, and there is no reason to suppose that either divulged it. But the design was deliberately arranged by both, with the assistance of some few plebeians, of massacring the whole of the aristocracy, and of dissolving the existing government. The conspirators carried on their proceedings with the utmost secrecy for a whole month; it was however revealed just upon the eve of its intended execution; the leaders were apprehended, and Marino Faliero was decapitated.

Soon after this period followed the well-known events of the war with Louis of Hungary, the loss of Dalmatia, the revolution at Constantinople, the league against Venice, the war of Chiozza, and a succession of unimportant events, which bring down the history of Venice to the commencement of the fifteenth century. Then follow the first, second, and third wars with Milan, the destruction of the Venetian flotilla, the renewal of the war with Milan, the elevation of Francesco Sforza to the ducal crown of that city, and the deposition, at Venice, of the Doge Foscari, during whose reign was organised one of the most infamous tribunals that ever disgraced and oppressed any country. Of this tribunal, the secret Inquisition, composed of three Inquisitors of state, the history had been for a long period concealed in the most impenetrable obscurity, until Count Daru discovered its statutes in manuscript in the royal library of Paris. That indefatigable investigator has also brought to light a decree of the Grand Council, bearing date the 16th of June, 1454, by which the X, in consequence of the difficulty experienced in assembling their members with sufficient promptitude, on occasions of emergency, were authorised to choose three persons under the title of Inquisitors of State, two from their own council, and one from that of the Doge, who were invested with the whole of the jurisdiction which they exercised over every citizen, without exception. They were at liberty to punish by fine, imprisonment, and by open or secret death, at their own discretion; the keys of the dungeons under the leaden roofs, and beneath the level of the canals, and in the hollow walls of the palace, were placed in their keeping; and they held, moreover, the keys of the treasury, from which they might take such sums as they pleased, without being responsible to any person for the use of them. All

the officers, civil, naval, military, and diplomatic, were placed under their control, and they were permitted to frame their own statutes, and to alter or rescind them, as they pleased. The decrees which they passed for this purpose are a curiosity in the way of legislation. They are founded upon the avowed basis of perfidy and assassination. We shall give the summary which the author has drawn up of this truly diabolical code.

'This code, entirely written in the autograph of one of the inquisitors, was deposited in a casket, of which each of the three magistrates by turns kept the key. In the outset it declared, that every process of the tribunal was for ever to be preserved secret, and that no inquisitor should betray that he was such by any outward sign, but everywhere constantly maintain the character of a merely private individual; since the advantage with which the state could be served was considered to be strictly proportionate to the mystery in which this tribunal was enveloped. Hence its citations, arrests, and other instruments, were to be issued in the name of the X, its examinations conducted, its judgments pronounced by the mouths of secretaries. Even if an accused party after arrest should escape condemnation, (a rare event!) he was to learn his acquittal and release, not by a direct sentence, but by a surly rebuke from his gaoler. "What are you doing there? out with you!" was the greeting with which the turnkey entered the cell of a prisoner about to be restored to liberty. Spies (*raccordanti*, a smooth and gentle title) were to be procured with the utmost diligence from every class, artizans, citizens, nobles, and religious; and their rewards were to be adjusted in such a manner, as might rather perpetually excite than absolutely satiate expectation. The nice sensitiveness of honour which this Judas-band might be supposed to cherish, was respected with peculiar delicacy. Should they be taunted (*moteggiati*) by any one in terms which might impair their zeal or prevent the addiction of others to similar employment, or should they even be called "Spies of the State Inquisitors," the person so naming them was to be arrested, tortured till he revealed the method by which he obtained this dangerous knowledge, and punished afterwards at the discretion of the tribunal.

'Four at least of these agents, each unknown to the other, and all selected from the inferior classes, were to watch every ambassador resident in Venice, and the numerous provisions respecting the observation of foreign ministers were singularly precise. The great object appears to have been the prevention of intercourse between them and the native nobility. The first attempt of the spies was always to be made upon their secretaries, to whom a large monthly stipend might be promised, solely for the revelation of any secret commerce between their masters and a noble; the fittest persons through whom these overtures could be made were monks and Jews, both of whom, it is said, gain admission every where. If an ordinary spy proved insufficient to penetrate the diplomatic secrets, some Venetian condemned to banishment was instructed to take asylum in the ambassador's palace; immunity from the pursuit of government being promised for the time, and a future recompense also proportioned to his discoveries. The asylum in the above instance was manifestly a pretext, but, as the privilege was really allowed by the law of nations, it was often claimed in earnest; and in these cases the Inquisitors resolved, that if the offence for

which the criminal sought refuge were slight, all knowledge of his hiding place should be dissembled, but if of graver hue, every means should be taken to arrest, or, if these were unsuccessful, to assassinate him. If the fugitive were a noble, however trifling might be his fault, he should be assassinated without a moment's hesitation. Whenever a foreign ambassador should solicit pardon for an exile, due care must be taken to examine into the character of the party; and if he prove to be of mean condition, loose morals, and narrow circumstances, (how well did these children of the tempter understand what spirits were most open to their wiles!) it was probable that he might be gained as a spy. Propositions, therefore, should be made to him to *superintend* the establishment of the ambassador, to whom, on account of the favour conferred on him, he would be likely to obtain familiar access; and whom, accordingly, under an appearance of gratitude, he might the more readily betray. If any noble should report to the Inquisitors proposals made by an ambassador, he should be authorised to continue the treasonable negotiation until the intermediate agent could be seized in the very act: then provided it were not the ambassador himself, or the secretary of legation, but some minor agent, of whose quality and person ignorance might be pretended, he was to be immediately drowned.

'Especially favourable opportunities for observation might be found, it was said, whenever an ambassador was making choice of a residence. It was already an established law, that if a foreign minister negotiated with a nobleman for his house, the owner must not complete his bargain without first obtaining permission from the X, who prescribed to him the fit method of conducting his treaty, without holding the slightest forbidden intercourse with the stranger. But, for still greater security, each Inquisitor now resolved to examine separately, and with the utmost particularity, every house intended as the abode of a foreign minister; in order to determine whether any secret communication could be established with the adjoining tenements; and whether its roof were level with those of its neighbours, so that persons might pass from one to the other. If such were the case, and the house next door were occupied by a noble owner, he was to be *advised* to quit, and to let it to some one of an inferior class; and, if he has a grain of good sense, says the statute, he will understand and obey. If a noble only rented the adjoining premises, he was at once to be commanded to dislodge, and his place was to be supplied by a spy, the expenses of whose establishment, if necessary, should be defrayed by the tribunal. Snares were also laid for the lighter and more unguarded moments of the representatives of friendly powers, and if a spy could discover any amatory intercourse, he was instructed to connect himself by similar ties with the favourite mistress of the ambassador; under a plea of jealousy to conceal himself in her apartments; and thus to ascertain whether they were frequented by any Venetian noble. If they were so, the Inquisitors would determine, from the general character of the visitor, whether he were a person likely to divert such a rendezvous to other intrigues than those of gallantry. On satisfactorily determining his innocence, they would be content to warn him of indiscretion, and to prohibit him by menace of severe punishment, from the further maintenance of so hazardous an intercourse.

'The envoy of the Holy See, and in later times, that of Spain also, were watched more closely by the Inquisitor than those of other states.

Any ambassador of the republic to the Vatican, who should accept an ecclesiastical appointment, either for himself or for any connexion, was to be subject, besides all other statutable penalties, to confiscation of the revenues of his benefice, and if he dared to appeal to Rome, he was to be assassinated secretly and instantly. The palace of the Nuncio in Venice was regarded with ceaseless suspicion, for the ecclesiastics always successfully maintained their privilege of free access to its walls; therefore the most jealous vigilance was exercised; and it was recommended that some ecclesiastic distinguished for subtlety, for needy circumstances, and for *patriotic zeal*, some bishop *in partibus*, for example, should be selected to win the confidence of the Nuncio; and from time to time, under pretext of important disclosures, to pour into his ear a succession of false advice adapted to the views of government, and the circumstances of the moment. As a check to undue freedom of conversation among the Nuncio's suite, if any one attached to it should presume to canvass forbidden subjects, such as the limits of secular authority over ecclesiastical persons, and other matters of similar description, he was to be immediately assassinated; care, at the same time, being taken to let it be well known by whose directions, and on what account the blow had been inflicted. Such Venetian prelates as were sufficiently hardy to propound like maxims *within* the palace, were to be registered in a book containing the names of *ecclesiastici poco accetti*; and all possible means were to be employed to entangle them in vexatious law suits, by raising up claims, however ill founded, upon their benefices, and by sequestering their revenues, till they should have sagacity enough to discover the reason for these processes, and to repent their inadvertence. If they babbled without the palace, they were to be carried off secretly, and subjected to long confinement; and whenever they persisted in contumacy after these sequestrations and tedious imprisonments, measures of the uttermost rigour were to be employed, since it is only by the knife and the cautery (*ferre e fuoco*) that an inveterate disease can be exterminated. Notwithstanding the bold attidude with which the Venetian government confronted the encroachments of the Papacy, it is plain, upon a comparison of the ordinances affecting laics, with that directed against ecclesiastics, that the latter were regarded with a tenderness not extended to the former, however dignified might be their station.

'Another proceeding, seemingly directed in an especial manner against Spain, and therefore belonging to a considerably later period than the first appointment of the Inquisition of State, exceeds in complicated iniquity any of those which we have as yet noticed. Reports, it was said, were often submitted to the tribunal, that unknown or masked persons, by night or during the Carnival, made overtures from the government of Spain to certain nobles. The persons thus invited by promising their decision at a future interview, gained time to inform the Inquisitors, to whom they likewise tendered their services for the assassination of the agent, provided they might be allowed to carry pistols, against the usage of which in the streets of Venice a standing law existed. Many reasons concurred to induce the rejection of this proposal; but it was thought advisable that the episcopal spy before noticed should whisper to the Nuncio that it had been accepted; with a full confidence that the Nuncio in turn would transmit the intelligence to the Spanish ambassador, who

might, in consequence, be deterred by the peril of his emissary from continuing the intrigue. Nevertheless, as the statute reasons, the ministers employed by crowned heads are, for the most part, too subtle and sagacious to be thus easily cajoled; and it is probable, therefore, that the real nature of the device will be suspected; so that in order to give it a colouring of truth, which may procure the same effect as truth itself, recourse must be had to the following process. The Inquisitors must find out some banished Venetian, who has eluded his sentence, and continues to reside in the city; taking care that he be a person of more than ordinary capacity and consideration. Then, selecting from their spies a nobleman of attested courage, and *who is actually a member of the senate at the time*, they must instruct him to assassinate the exile; and afterwards, but with some ostentation of secrecy, to boast of his exploit, adding that it was committed in consequence of a treasonable overture from Spain which the murdered man ventured to propose. Again, after the lapse of a few more days, he was to announce that he had received full pardon for the deed of blood. The ambassador, well knowing that the person killed was not one of his agents, would at once imagine that the noble had made a false representation to the Inquisitors, and had assumed public motives for the revenge of some private quarrel; but perceiving also that the assassin had been pardoned in consequence of his fidelity under the pretended temptation, he would desist from any real intrigue, through a conviction that similar indulgence would again be extended to a similar murder. In order to prevent any suspicion of collusion, the man was to be killed, not with pistols, but with the stiletto; and if he were an exile, who at any time had sought asylum in the ambassador's palace, it would be very much to the purpose; (*sarebbe anco molto pu a proposito,*) since it might then be supposed that, although without previous sanction, he really did make the pretended overture, in order that if the negotiation ripened, he might claim merit for it with his patron and protector.'—vol. ii. pp. 109—116.

Nothing short of the evidence of the documents themselves could induce us to believe, that any set of men could have sat down together, and framed such an abominable set of laws as these. But the system did not end here. It was propped up by the still more iniquitous organization of an army of spies, from whose vigilance it was scarcely possible that any person of note in the state could have been, for a moment, secure.

'To pass to regulations of domestic polity. Every morning, after a sitting of the Great Council, the Inquisitors were to assemble and to discuss the fortunes, habits, and characters of such nobles as had been appointed to take any offices of state. Two spies, mutually unknown, were to be attached to one of those upon whom suspicion might rest, to follow all their steps, and to report all their actions. If those emissaries should fail to discover any thing of moment, a more dexterous person was to be selected to visit the noble by night, and to offer him a bribe from some foreign ambassador for a betrayal of the secrets of the council. Even if he withstood that trial, but did not immediately denounce the overture, he was to be registered in a *Libro de Sospetti*, and ever afterwards to be carefully observed. If any noble, not under sentence of exile, should enter into the service of a foreign court, he was to be recalled home; on diso-

bedience, his relations were to be imprisoned, and after two months' contumacy, he was to be assassinated wherever he could be found; or that attempt failing, to be erased from the Golden Book. A very similar process was employed against artizans who exported with them any native manufacture. Should any noble, while speaking in the senate or the grand councils, wander from his subject into matters deemed prejudicial to the state, he was to be immediately interrupted by one of the chiefs of the X. In case the orator disputed this authority, or said any thing injurious to it, no notice was to be taken at the moment, but he was to be arrested on the close of the sitting, tried according to his offence, and, if direct means of his conviction were unattainable, to be put to death privately. As freedom of debate in the legislative bodies was thus narrowly limited, it can be no matter of surprise that restraint was imposed upon conversation elsewhere. A noble guilty of indiscretion of speech was to be twice admonished; on the third offence, to be prohibited from appearing in the public streets or councils for two years; if he disobeyed, or if he relapsed after the two years, (*tornasse a vomito*, is the strong expression of the original,) he was to be drowned as incorrigible. In order to obtain notice of these derelictions, the noble spies sedulously watched all members of their own classes in their assemblies on the *Broglio*, the arcade under the Ducal Palace, which was their privileged resort; the early morning hours were judged to be most favourable for these observations, because the promenade being less frequented at that time, greater licence, it was thought, might then be hazarded.'—vol. ii. pp. 117—119.

Such was the organization, such the laws and system of the Inquisition of State, without doubt the most execrable political institution of which history has preserved any record. Notwithstanding its existence, and in spite of the long war with Turkey in which it was engaged, such was the flourishing state of Venice towards the close of the fifteenth century, that it excited the jealousy of the great European powers. Hence the well-known league of Cambray, which was followed by the total defeat of the Venetians at Agnadello. But though this disaster was calculated to excite the utmost alarm in the very heart of the state, it only roused the citizens to fresh efforts of energy, which were guided by experienced wisdom, and enabled them eventually to stand against the powers that were confederated for their destruction. After a continued struggle of eight years, during which 'at one time all had been lost except her insular dominions, Venice emerged from her mighty dangers; shorn, indeed, of some of her more recent conquests, but still outwardly powerful, and largely increased in glory.' She had, however, sustained some severe losses, was now in the immediate neighbourhood of powers greatly superior to herself, and she was moreover burthened with a public debt, equivalent to about eight millions sterling of our money—circumstances which threw a gloom over her future prospects.

The middle of the sixteenth century was however distinguished, during a period of no less than thirty years, as a season of repose to the Venetians, which proved highly favourable to the cultivation

of the arts. This period of peace is illuminated by the ever illustrious names of Palladio, Scamozzi, Sansorino, of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paulo Veronese. But this tranquillity was at length interrupted about the year 1566, by the breaking out of a new war with the Turks, which ended in the total defeat of the latter, and in the conclusion of a peace that lasted for a considerable period. The annals of the republic, during the latter part of this century, are therefore barren of interest. The luxury of the citizens went on constantly increasing, the embellishment of the capital proceeded rapidly, the old wooden bridge, which for three hundred years had formed the only communication between the two great divisions of the city, was replaced by the single marble arch of the celebrated Rialto.

Under the date of 1578, Nicolo Daponte being then the Doge, we find a romantic episode, which may serve to relieve the historical details in which we have just been engaged.

'To the reign of Nicolo Daponte belongs an episode of Venetian History, scarcely needing the additions which it has sometimes received from imagination, to render it fit groundwork for a romance. Bartolomeo Cappello, a noble of ancient lineage, of honourable station in the republic, and of brilliant and extensive connexions, prized more than all of these the beauty of his daughter, Bianca, and in his hopes already allied her with the loftiest and most powerful house in Venice. Chance, however, and propinquity (that most fertile spring of love), had secretly directed the maiden's own wishes towards a Florentine youth of handsome person and gallant bearing, who filled no higher station than that of a cashier under the protection of an uncle, in the wealthy bank of the Salviati, not far from the *Palazzo Cappelli*. Pietro Buonaventura, the favoured suitor, in order to secure the object of his passion, concealed the poverty and obscurity of his birth, and persuaded her that he was a nephew and a partner of the rich bankers, by whom he was in truth but subordinately employed. False keys, and the aid of a governess, whom the novellist Malespini somewhat inappropriately describes as *una fedele matrona*, procured the enamoured Bianca nightly egress from her father's palace, to stolen interviews with her lover. Not many months elapsed before concealment became no longer possible, and, under the dread of separation upon discovery, and yet more of a dread of bloody Italian vengeance for her dishonour, Bianca resolved to abandon home and country, and to commit herself entirely to the adventurer, whom she now called her husband. Having collected her jewels, and a well-replenished purse, she threw herself accordingly into a gondola on the night of the 1st of December, 1563, gained *terra firma*, and hastily proceeded to Florence, under the guardianship of Pietro.

'The Tuscan duchy at that time was still nominally held by Cosmo dei Medici; but the government of his capital, and all virtual authority, had been devolved by him on his son, Francesco, to whose protection the fugitives immediately resorted. But it was in vain that the young prince solicited reconciliation for Bianca with her indignant family. Her father, disappointed in his projects of ambition, deceived and abandoned by that daughter upon whom had been centered his fondest affections, and brooding

upon the misalliance which had sullied, as he declared, the stream of his hitherto uncontaminated blood, renounced all further connexion with her, and avowed purposes of unremitting revenge, in which he was zealously encouraged by his brother-in-law, Grimani, patriarch of Aquileia. Their first step was to procure the imprisonment of Pietro's unhappy uncle, who vainly protested his total unacquaintance with the amour, and died miserably after a short confinement. Then representing to the X that the disgrace of the Cappelli involved in it an unpardonable affront to the whole body of Venetian nobility, they obtained an edict, inflicting perpetual banishment on Pietro, and offering a price of two thousand ducats for his head.

'Meantime, a frequent and familiar intercourse with Bianca, her grief, her fears, her defencelessness, her singular beauty, and her equally distinguished powers of mind, struck the imagination and engrossed the affections of Francesco dei Medici. He loved, and did not plead in vain; yet pending a negociation of marriage with Joanna of Austria, to whom he was already plighted, the indulgence of his passion was concealed from the public eye. No sooner, however, were his nuptials completed than, regardless of his bride, he appointed Pietro his master of the robes, established Bianca magnificently in a palace adjoining his own, and entertained her as his avowed mistress. Whether the husband, who at first contentedly bartered his honour for patronage, and formed what the Italians, accustomed to such shameless arrangements, name *un triangolo equilatero*, afterwards manifested a troublesome jealousy, and was despatched by Francesco's orders; or whether the unextinguished hatred of his Venetian enemies at length gratified itself by his death, does not appear certain; but, after seven years abode in Florence, he was found murdered in its streets. Every hour now increased the Prince's weakness, and Bianca's influence; and not satisfied with reliance upon her rare natural endowments, upon her unrivalled personal charms, her wit and elegance, her vivacity and playfulness, and those thousand little pleasing caprices which moulded Francesco to her will,—all which her bitterest censurers are compelled to accord to her,—she is said to have called to her aid the superstitions of her time, to have received into her full confidence a Jew hag, pretending to more than human power; to have employed philters and incantations; and to have gathered round her a rabble of charlatans and astrologers, all employed in one grand object of heightening and continuing her lover's attachment. Far blacker accusations also rest upon her memory. The Prince being eagerly desirous of male issue, which his marriage bed had as yet failed to produce, Bianca is said to have feigned appearances which promised gratification to his most ardent wish. As the full season at which those hopes were to be realised approached, she lodged in different quarters of the city with three women at the eve of confinement, and adroitly presented to Francesco a suppositious boy, the produce of one of those mothers. The wretched tools of her iniquitous fraud, if permitted to live, might have compromised her security; they were therefore speedily removed by poison; and more than a year afterwards a Bolognese lady, who had been employed in this agency, and of whose fidelity some doubts were entertained, received permission to visit her native city, and was assassinated among the mountains on her route. The dying confessions of this last victim, who survived a

few hours after having been mortally wounded, revealed these complicated atrocities; and having been transmitted to Ferdinando, Cardinal dei Medici, Francesco's brother, they increased his deserved and undissembled abhorrence of the guilty woman who held the Prince in willing thraldom.

'Francesco was now in possession of the throne, and he was soon also to be freed from the ties of marriage. The splendid reception (A. D. 1576) afforded at his court to a brother of his mistress, and the unlimited confidence which he appeared to repose in him, not only so far alienated his subjects as to produce a menace of revolt, but aggravated the sorrows of his neglected consort, and closed them by death in premature childbirth. The final object of Bianca's ambition now seemed easy of attainment. Many years since, even during the lifetime of her husband, and at the commencement of the Duke's infatuated passion, she had led him before an image of the Virgin; and had there received and given a solemn pledge, that when both were released from their existing bonds, they would become mutually united by marriage. Nevertheless, some remaining sense of shame, the urgent representations of the Cardinal, and the fear of heightening disaffection among his people, awhile restrained Francesco from thus completing his disgrace. For a short time he absented himself from Florence, and promised to renounce all future connexion with Bianca; till the artifices of a confessor, whom she had in pay, stifled the voice of conscience and of reason, and led him back insensibly to his former slavery. Before two months of widowhood had expired, he privately married her, (A. D. 1578,) without revealing the secret even to his brother; nor was it till during a severe illness, when Ferdinando remonstrated upon the gross scandal of the constant attendance of a mistress upon that which might prove his death-bed, that he avowed her to be his wife, and pleaded the son, Don Antonio, whom she had borne him, in extenuation of the folly.

'To his people, these ill-omened nuptials were not declared till the year of customary mourning had closed; and then, in order that no formal ratification of his union might be wanting, the Grand Duke resolved to conform to that usage of Venice, which prohibited the intermarriage of a foreigner with any of her noble families; and to demand Bianca, not as a daughter of Cappello, but of St. Mark himself. A splendid embassy was accordingly despatched to the Signory, avowing the Prince's desire to ally himself with Venice, in preference to any other European state; and praying that his consort might be affiliated by the Republic, in order that *he* also might claim the privileges, and discharge the duties of an adopted son. The former dishonour of Bianca was instantly buried in oblivion, both by the public authorities and by her own family. The X forgot their denunciations of vengeance; her parents reacknowledged their beloved and long lost daughter with expressions of tenderest affection; and the patriarch Grimani, who had been the most active stimulator of her early persecution, and of the projected assassination of her first husband, now received the Florentine ambassadors with sacerdotal pomp on their entrance into the Palazza Cappelli. In a brilliant assembly of the Signory, the Councils, and all other public functionaries, (A. D. 1579) and amid a throng of delighted and approving relatives, Bianca was formally recognised as "the true and particular daughter of the Republic, on account, and in consideration of the many eminent and distinguished qualities

which rendered her worthy of every good fortune; and in order to meet with corresponding feelings, the esteem which the Grand Duke had manifested towards Venice by this his most prudent resolution." Salvoes of artillery, bonfires, and illuminations, proclaimed the universal joy. The father and brother of the new born child of the state, were created cavalieri, and allowed precedence before all others of their class; the Signory condescended to visit the Florentine envoys privately, and the Senate offered their congratulations openly and ceremoniously. Two of the gravest nobles, supported by ninety gentlemen of rank, each accompanied by a magnificent suite, were deputed to put Bianca in possession of her newly acquired rights, and to assist at the second nuptials which Francesco determined to celebrate with public solemnities. The patriarch, and all the chief chappelli, transferred themselves to Florence, as witnesses of this glory of their house; and in order to consummate its aggrandisement, the consent of the Holy See was obtained for Bianca's coronation, that she might be placed on an equality with the former adopted daughters of St. Mark, the queens of Hungary and of Cyprus.

'No baser sacrifice than that which the Venetian government and the chappelli offered up at the shrine of worldly interest, is presented to us by history; and much as every generous feeling despises that false pride of conventional honour, which induced her family to renounce her in her former virtuous poverty, far more does it revolt from the mean adulation with which they were seen to fall down and worship her subsequent greatness of station and of infamy. But mark the sequel! The Cardinal, although seemingly reconciled, was beset with distrust, and cherished perpetual and well-founded suspicions, that his presumptive right of succession might be frustrated by the artifices of Bianca. If Don Antonio, indeed, were legitimated, and declared heir to the throne, so flagrant a violation of justice might be remedied after the death of his reputed father; but what if Bianca, although now manifestly unfitted for maternity, were again, as she more than once seemed, plotting to impose upon her credulous husband another boy, who, as the presumed issue of wedlock, would be his legal successor! Prompt measures were demanded, and it is too probable that the *most* prompt were adopted; for the Medici were familiar with crime, and their domestic annals were written in deeply dyed characters of blood. Two daughters sacrificed to the jealousy of their husbands, a third poisoned by the orders of her father, who, with his own hand, put to death one son for the assassination of another, are among the incidents of horror which mark the life of the first Grand Duke, Cosmo; and his successor, Francesco, was now destined, as we may reasonably believe, to swell this foul catalogue of unnatural murders. The Cardinal accepted an invitation to the retired hunting seat of Poggio a Caiano, (A. D. 1758,) and in the course of a week's abode both the Grand Duke and Bianca expired within a few hours of each other. The studious care with which the bodies were first opened by the court physicians, and the parade with which they were afterwards exhibited to public inspection, tended only to increase a natural suspicion that their deaths were the result of poison. Whether Ferdinando drugged a favourite dish for both, or whether that drugged for him by Bianca, and detected, as the credulity of his age believed, by a change of colour in his ring, was first tasted inadvertently by Francesco, and then finished in despair by herself, was not ascertained

at the time; and it must therefore continue doubtful whether this great crime is to be attributed to the ambition of a prince eager to reign, or to the hatred of an infuriated woman. The funeral honours due to the rank of the late Grand Duchess, were denied by Ferdinando on this accession; and her remains, instead of being committed to the splendid cemetery of the Medici, were interred privately, and without a memorial, in the crypt of San Lorenzo: her arms and emblems, wherever blazoned, were carefully defaced; and, in order more effectually to transmit her name with dishonour to posterity, her title was erased from all public documents, beginning with the registry of Don Antonio's birth, and in its room was substituted, *la pessima Bianca.*'—pp. 331—341.

The author has taken much pains to investigate the real history of the principal characters who were concerned in the conspiracy of 1618, and upon which Otway founded his very mediocre tragedy of "Venice Preserved." Sir Henry Wotton, who was the British ambassador at that period to the state of Venice, gives the following brief report of that formidable plot. "The whole town," he says, "is here at present in horror and confusion upon the discovering of a foul and fearful conspiracy of the French against this state; whereof no less than thirty have already suffered very condign punishment, between men strangled in prison, drowned in the silence of the night, and hanged in public view; and yet the bottom is invisible." The store of authentic particulars with reference to this transaction is extremely limited. Muratori leaves it involved in all the obscurity in which he found it; and although Count Daru has, with his usual indefatigable industry, brought to light some contemporary documents, yet they do not much relieve the subject of the difficulties by which it is still surrounded.

'All that can be positively affirmed is that, during the summer of 1617, Jacques Pierre, a Norman by birth, whose youth had been spent in piratical enterprises in the Levantine seas, from which he had acquired no inconsiderable celebrity, fled from the service of the Spanish Duke d'Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, and having offered himself at the arsenal of Venice, was engaged there in a subordinate office. Not many days after his arrival in the *Lagune*, Pierre denounced to the Inquisitors of State a conspiracy projected, as he said, by the Duke d'Ossuna, and favoured by Don Alfonso della Cueva, Marquis de Bedemar, at that time resident ambassador from Spain. The original minutes of Pierre's disclosures, written in French, still exist among the correspondence of M. Leon Bruslart, the contemporary ambassador from the court of France to the republic; and they were translated into Italian, with which language Pierre was but imperfectly acquainted, by his friend Renault, in order that they might be presented to the Inquisitors. In this plot Pierre avowed himself to be chief agent; his pretended abandonment of the Duke Ossuna, forming one part of the stratagem; and he added, that his commission enjoined him to seduce the Dutch troops employed in the late ar, who still remained in Venice, and its neighbourhood; to fire the city; seize and massacre the nobles; to overthrow the existing government; d ultimately to transfer the state to the Spanish crown. The sole mediate step taken by the Inquisitors, in consequence of these revela-

tions, was the secret execution of Spinosa, a Neapolitan, whom Pierre described as an emissary of the Duke d'Ossuna; and whom he appears to have regarded with jealousy, as a spy upon his own conduct. For the rest, the magistrates contented themselves, as it seems, by awaiting the maturity of the plot with silent vigilance. Ten months elapsed, during which Pierre communicated on the one hand with the Duke d'Ossuna, unsuspicious of his treachery, and on the other, with the Inquisitors, till at the expiration of that term, (May, 1618,) he was seized by an order of the X, while employed on his duties with the fleet, and drowned without the grant of sufficient delay even for previous religious confession. More, perhaps, many more, than three hundred French and Spaniards, engaged in various naval and military capacities, were at the same time delivered to the executioner; and Renault, after undergoing numerous interrogatories, and being placed seven times on the cord, was hanged by one foot on a gibbet, on the *Piazetta,* which day after day presented similar exhibitions of horror.

'This evidence of Pierre remained at the time concealed in the bosoms of the Inquisitors, to whom it had been delivered; and no official declarations satisfied public curiosity as to the cause of the sanguinary executions which deformed the capital. A rumour indeed spread itself abroad, and, although not traced to any certain authority, was universally credited, that a great peril had been escaped; that Venice had trembled on the very brink of destruction; and that the Spaniards had meditated her ruin. Popular fury was accordingly directed against the Marquis de Bedemar; and so fierce were the menaces of summary vengeance, that the ambassador was forced to protest his innocence before the *Collegio,* more in the spirit of one deprecating punishment than defying accusation. He then earnestly solicited protection against the rabble surrounding his palace; for, "God knows," affirmed his pale and affrighted secretary, more than once, "the danger of our residence is great!" The Vice-Doge, who during the interregnum between the death of one chief magistrate and the election of another, presided over the *Collegio,* replied vaguely, coldly, and formally; and the application having been renewed without any more favourable result, Bedemar, justly apprehensive for his safety, seized a pretext of withdrawing till a successor to his embassy was appointed. Meantime, considerable doubts were entertained, not only by the resident foreign ministers, especially by that of France, better informed than his brethren, through the possession of Pierre's minutes, but by the Venetian senators themselves also, whether any conspiracy whatever had really existed. Nevertheless, in spite of these misgivings not obscurely expressed, it was not till the expiration of five months, (October 17,) that the X presented a report to the Senate, detailing the information which they had received, and the views upon which they had acted. That report, however, is so manifestly contradicted in many very important instances by Pierre's depositions, that it must be considered as drawn up, and garbled solely with the intention of *making a case;* and therefore as revealing only so much truth, dashed and brewed with a huge proportion of falsehood, as it suited the interests of the magistrates to exhibit to public view. All mention of the denouncements of Pierre during the long period of ten months, is carefully suppressed, and yet no fact in history is more distinctly proved than that he did so communicate. The first intimation of the plot is there said to have

been given but a few days before it was to have been executed, by two Frenchmen, Montcassin and Balthazar Juven, whom Pierre had endeavoured to seduce. "Look at these Venetians," said the daring conspirator one day to his apparent proselytes, "they affect to chain the lion; but the lion sometimes devours his master, especially when that master uses him ill." According to their further evidence, some troops despatched by the Duke d'Ossuna were to land by night in the *Piazzetta*, and to occupy all the strongholds of the city; numerous treasonable agents, already within the walls, were to master the depôts of arms; and fire, rapine, and massacre, were to bring the enterprise to consummation.

'The papers above mentioned, together with a few letters from the Doge to the Venetian ambassador at Milan, and one or two other not very important documents contained in the archives of Venice, all printed by Comte Daru, are the sole authentic vouchers for this conspiracy now known to exist; and it must be confessed that they are insufficient for its elucidation. The Abbé St. Real, who for a long time was esteemed the chief historian of this dark transaction, is an agreeable and attractive writer; but since he was unacquainted with the report of the X; since he does not cite the correspondence of the French ambassador containing Pierre's deposition; and since he frequently varies from a MS. which he does not cite, *The Interrogatories of the Accused*, a MS., indeed, which, even when quoted faithfully, is often contradicted by the few established facts, and by numerous well known usages of the Venetian government, little faith can be attached to his narrative. It was his opinion, and it has been that which has most generally prevailed, that the Duke d'Ossuna, the Marquis de Bedemar, and Don Pedro di Toledo, governor of Milan, mutually concerted a plan for the destruction of Venice; the chief execution of which was entrusted to Pierre and Renault; and that, on the very eve of its explosion, Jaffier, one of their band, touched by the magnificence of the espousals of the Adriatic, which he had just witnessed, was shaken from his stern purpose, and revealed the conspiracy. In order to overthrow the latter part of this hypothesis, it may be sufficient to state, that the first execution took place on the 14th May, 1618, and that it was not till the 24th of that month that the Feast of Ascension, and its gorgeous ceremonies, occurred in the same year.

'Comte Daru, on the other hand, first explains a design, which it is notorious was entertained by the Duke d'Ossuna, to convert his viceroyalty of Naples into a kingdom, the crown of which, wrested from Spain, should be placed on his own head. And hence he establishes the impossibility that d'Ossuna should at the same moment be plotting the overthrow of Venice; that power, whose assistance, or at least whose connivance, was one of the weapons most necessary for his success. On these grounds, Comte Daru contends that the Duke maintained a secret understanding both with the Signory and the court of France, that resting on political duplicity, he deceived Pierre by really instructing him to gain over the Dutch troops quartered in the *Lagune*, not, however, as his emissary supposed, to be employed ultimately for the seizure of Venice, but, in truth, for that of Naples; that Pierre's courage was not proof against the dangers with which his apparently most hazardous commission beset him; and that accordingly he betrayed his employer, and revealed to the Inquisitors a plot which they well knew to be feigned; and, lastly, that when the ambi-

tious plans of d'Ossuna, partially discovered before their time by the Spanish government, might have compromised Venice also if they had been fully elucidated: in order to blot out each syllable of evidence which could bear, even indirectly, upon the transaction, so far as she was concerned, it was thought expedient to remove every individual who had been even unwittingly connected with it. So fully was this abominable wickedness perpetrated, that both the accused and the accusers, the deceivers and the deceived, those either faithless or faithful to their treason, the tools who either adhered to, or who betrayed d'Ossuna, who sought to destroy or to preserve Venice, were alike enveloped in one common fate, and silenced in the same sure keeping of the grave. Some few, respecting whose degree of participation a slight doubt arose, were strangled on the avowed principle, that *all* must be put to death who were in any way implicated; others were drowned by night, in order that their execution might *make no noise*. Montcassin, one of the avowed informers, was pensioned, spirited away to Cyprus, and there despatched in a drunken quarrel; and if it be asserted that his companion, Balthazar Juven, was permitted to survive, it is because he is the only individual concerning whose final destiny we cannot pronounce with certainty.

'Of one personage who holds an important station in St. Real's romance, and yet more so in Otway's coarse and boisterous tragedy, which, by dint of some powerful *coups de theâtre*, still maintains possession of the English stage, we have hitherto mentioned but the name, and, in fact, even for that name we are indebted only to the more than suspected summary of the *Interrogatories of the Accused*. Antoine Jaffier, a French captain, is there made chief evidence against Pierre and Renault, who are employed by d'Ossuna, as he vaguely states, to surprise some maritime place belonging to the republic. This informer was rewarded with four thousand sequins, and instructed forthwith to quit the Venetian territories, but having while at Brescia, renewed communications with suspected persons, he was brought back to the Lagune and drowned. The minute particularities of Jaffier's depositions, and the motive which prompted him to offer them (the latter, as we have already shown, resting on a gross anachronism) are, we believe, pure inventions by St. Real; and Otway has used a poet's licence to palliate still further deviations from authentic history. Under his hands Pierre—whom all accounts conspire in representing to us as a foreign, vulgar, and mercenary bravo, equally false to every party, and frightened into confession—is transformed into a Venetian patriot, the proud champion of his country's liberty, who declaims in good, set, round, customary terms against slavery and oppression; and who, in the end, escapes a mode of execution unknown to Venice, by persuading the friend who has betrayed him, and whom he has consequently renounced, to stab him to the heart, in order "to preserve his memory." The weak, whining, vacillating, uxorious Jaffier, by turns a cut-throat and a king's evidence; now pawning, now fondling, and now menacing with his dagger an imaginary wife; first placing his comrade's life in jeopardy, then begging it against his will, and finally taking it with his own hand, is a yet more unhappy creation of wayward fancy; and it is only in the names of the conspirators, in the introduction of an Englishman, (whom he has brought nearer vernacular spelling than he found him—Halliot,) and in the character of Renault, that Otway is borne out by authority. The last-mentioned person is

described by the French ambassador as a sot, a gambler, and a sharper, whose rogueries are well known to all the world; in a word, therefore, as a fit leader of a revolutionary crew, wrought up "without the least remorse, with fire and sword to exterminate" all who bore the stamp of nobility; and *not* as the most fitting depository in which Belvidera's honour might be lodged, as a security for that of her irresolute husband.'—vol. ii. pp. 370—379.

What, if this celebrated conspiracy had been altogether a fictitious one? The conjecture is not an improbable one, and we should not be at all surprised, if it were to be hereafter discovered that such was the fact. In a state which so long permitted the existence of the secret political inquisition, it is perfectly consistent to suppose, that for some reason of a public, or perhaps even a private nature, the Inquisitors found it convenient to remove those who were marked out as the chiefs of the conspiracy, and that the plot was fabricated in order to give the prostituted name of law to the execution of their bitter vengeance.

In consequence of the limitation of his space, the author is obliged to hurry over the arduous struggle, in which, during twenty-three years of the middle of the seventeenth century, Venice was engaged in war for the preservation of Candia from the Turks. The pecuniary embarrassments in which Venice was involved by this contest, compelled her to raise funds by the open sale of patents of nobility. From that period until she was made over as a dependancy to Austria, under whose protection she still vegetates, we meet with scarcely a single incident worth attention.

With respect to the execution of these volumes, we cannot much commend it. We take the author to be a "conservative," and an illiberal in matters of religion; and we take it to be no detriment to the state, that, by the speedy termination of the "Family Library," he has been reduced to two volumes instead of three, to which he might otherwise have probably extended it.

ART. VIII.—1. *St. John in Patmos: a Poem.* By one of the old living Poets of Great Britain. 8vo. pp. 154. London: Murray. 1832.

2. *The Poetry of Truth. Canto the first, with explanatory Notes.* By John Maule, M. D. 18mo. pp. 63. London: Hamilton & Co. 1832.

3. *The Natural Son.* 8vo. pp. 80. London: Simpkin & Co. 1832.

4. *Poems, Sacred and Moral; including The Missionary, The Pastor's Grave, and other Minor Pieces.* By Thomas Taylor. 8vo. pp. 80. London: Whittaker & Co. Bath: A. E. Binns. 1832.

. *Poems, chiefly occasional.* By Samuel F. Green. 8vo. pp. 77. London: For the Author. 1832.

The Village Poor-House. By a Country Curate. 12mo. pp. 61. London: Smith & Co. 1832.

Poetic Fragments, from unpublished MSS. 8vo. pp. 117. London: Chapple. 1832.

'E have not the least idea as to the identity of the author of the

first of the works upon our list, who calls himself 'one of the old living poets of Great Britain.' It is not Mr. Bowles, we imagine, for, moderate as are his poetical pretensions, he would have done somewhat better than the writer before us, with the strange subject which he has chosen for his composition. It is partly derived from the tradition, that the criminals in the island of Patmos were converted to Christianity by the exiled Evangelist; but the author aims throughout at that most difficult of all tasks, the giving a new, and of course the most correct interpretation (in his own opinion) of the Apocalypse. For this purpose he has thrown his thoughts into the form of a sacred drama, in which parts are assigned to St. John, to a mysterious stranger, a prefect of the Roman guard, a robber of Mount Carmel, a Grecian girl, and the elders of Ephesus, and the whole is wound up with a series of visions, in which the 'old poet' undertakes to shadow out the events which are still hidden in the womb of futurity.

The exordium is by far the best part of the whole work.

> 'War, and the noise of battle, and the hum
> Of armies, by their watch-fires, in the night,
> And charging squadrons, all in harness bright,
> The sword, the shield, the trumpet, and the drum—
> Themes such as these, too oft, in lofty song
> Have been resounded, while the poet strung
> His high heroic lyre, and louder sung
> Of chariots flashing through the armed throng;—
> But other sights and other sounds engage,
> Fitlier, the thoughts of calm-declining age—
> More worthy of the Christian and the sage,
> Who (when deep clouds his country have o'ercast,
> And sadder comes the moaning of the blast)
> To God would consecrate a parting lay
> Of holier homage—ere he pass away.'—p. xi.

We have no intention of entering into the author's poetical explanations of the Apocalypse. It has always appeared to us to be a most hopeless attempt, for any man who has not received the gift of Divine inspiration, to endeavour to solve all the mysteries which are purposely veiled in that splendid series of visions. We do not think that the effort is rendered less difficult by being made in blank verse. At all events we must say, that the author has failed to convince us that he has been enabled by any peculiar grace to expound revelations which have puzzled, and will, until they be made plain by other revelations from on high, continue to perplex the most erudite theologians. The book is very neatly printed, and made up in the style of Fanny Kemble's tragedy, but we are afraid that these external attractions will not induce many persons to explore the interior.

Mr. Maule's name is not quite unknown to the public. He tried their opinion of his poetical capacity some time ago, by "Lays of a

Traveller," and we believe it was pretty generally conceded, that he wrote like a gentleman and a scholar. He now sets up for a preacher in verse. He is, it seems, one of "the brethren in the spirit" at Marlborough, which we take to be some new sect sprung up in that quarter. Probably not wishing to ascend the pulpit, he prefers the vehicle of poetry for his religious sentiments, though it would seem from his preface that he does not expect that his labours will be very generally read, or, if read, that they will be clearly understood. Mark his declarations. 'I write not,' he proclaims it, 'for the world, for I know that to the world I must be unintelligible: I write for the people of God—for those who understand that Christ's kingdom is not of this world. I write not for those who are commonly called the religious world, for I know no essential difference between them and what they call the world. I write for those "who are taught of God," "who are born again of the spirit," "who are of the true circumcision, and who worship God in the spirit, having no confidence in the flesh." These, and these only, can understand me; I seek their approbation, and no other.'

As we do not happen to be of 'the true circumcision,' in the sense which Dr. Maule attaches to that phrase, we cannot expect to attain the high privilege of understanding his doctrines. We might guess that, though religious, they have a little of the spice of the world in them, it being perhaps the interest of a medical man at Marlborough to render himself acceptable to the invalids of that town, by introducing himself to them as a leech who can serve them in a double capacity, and can equally administer to the mind as well as to the body diseased. We have reason to suspect that we should not much deviate from the truth if we were to say, that, in nine cases out of ten of modern religious enthusiasm, the mere mundane motive of making or extending connexions in profession or trade, is the real impelling power, and not a disinterested regard for the spiritual welfare of mankind. We do not assert that this is so with respect to Dr. Maule; we only suspect it, and would easily believe it if any other person asserted it from his personal knowledge of the Doctor, and of those whose exclusive approbation he seeks.

After this introduction, the reader will perhaps be not a little surprised to find the Doctor beginning with an invocation to Lord Byron's genius, and praying that the mantle of that noble, and too often licentious bard, might descend and blaze upon him! What, Lord Byron turn preacher, too! No, no, that were impossible. If there be any modern name less agreeable to modern religious ears than another, it is that of the author of Don Juan. Nevertheless, here the invocation is in black and white. Now, how does the ingenious Doctor get out of this scrape? He adduces it in fact as a proof of the state of ignorance in which he was placed, some seven years since, when he wrote the stanza in question. 'It was begun,' he informs us, 'about seven years since, when he was but just the

subject (we suppose he means the chrysalis, as it were) of spiritual life; and it will be sufficiently manifest,' he adds, 'to those who have spiritual understandings, that he had then very little light.' We shall give the culprit verse, and we shall then leave it to the reader to say, whether any thing more *canting* ever appeared than the author's apology for it.

'O Thou who erst a noble wandering childe,
Didst celebrate in never-dying lays,
One, who by sensual pleasures long beguil'd,
Found nought but weariness in all his ways—
Who can refuse to thee thy well earn'd praise?
Oh, that the mantle of thy genius bright
My spirit might unfold, and on me blaze!
Freed from each darker stain, made purely white,
Wash'd with repentant tears, and bleach'd with holy light.'—p. 9.

The poet—we beg his pardon, the Doctor—then goes on to cry out, 'Woe to the world,' for divers reasons, not one of which he condescends to explain; for he has the goodness to state, that the poem is here left purposely obscure, 'that it might be manifest there is a growth in grace and knowledge, though,' he asserts, what, in a less gifted person, we should call audacity, 'there is no such thing as progressive holiness.' How does he know? Does he mean to say that holiness is at once perfect, and that it has no degrees? We can only assure him, that if such be his opinion, he may be a good hand at writing a prescription, but he knows very little of the humility of the true Christian, who sees in prospect before him an endless graduation of sanctity, rising from the penitent publican to the flaming seraph.

In a subsequent verse we have a glance at the never-ending subject of the Millennium. To this there is a note appended, and we anxiously turned to it, in order to see what a medical man could say, or at least think, about the Millennium. Alas! we find the note couched in these words:—'The author takes leave to remark here, that his views of the Millennium, as it is called, are not like those of modern professors.' What then *are* they like? the reader would be naturally inclined to ask. The Doctor answers in his way, 'What those views are, he is not called upon at present to explain!' Now, in this we beg leave to differ from the Doctor. We presume to think, that if he touched upon the subject at all, particularly as he was one of the 'true circumcision,' it was his duty to explain to his readers, his followers, his patients, perhaps we should say, his ideas of the Millennium. If he did not mean to explain them, he should not have touched upon the subject at all. But the Doctor is wise in his generation. He is not ignorant that there are two parties in Marlborough who think differently upon this matter, and as he did not wish to embroil himself with either—in other words, as he wished to physic both, he—is silent!

We could not help indulging a hearty laugh over the concluding

stanza of the introduction. The Doctor had really the courage to write these lines:—

'A pilgrim, to the voice of fame unknown,
Too honest to obtain the worldling's praise,
And yet perchance too wise its loss to moan,
Comes forth, the voice of sacred truth to raise.
No coward fear his ardent mind betrays;
Familiar with the world, its frowns, its smiles,
Truth's temper'd arms he wields, her shield displays,
Her spears Ithuriel touch no art beguiles,
Vain against that were e'en the fallen angels' wiles.'—p. xi.

This is, in other words, to say, that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against *him*." The Scripture gives the security to some church: but this medical preacher arrogates all sanctity to himself! We give, almost at random, a few of the Doctor's verses, in order that the reader—even if not of the 'truly circumcised'—may endeavour to comprehend them, if he can.

'Long has the church, from persecution free,
Grown careless—rich in this world's goods, and proud
Of liberty, has sought to make agree
All sorts of fables with God's word, and loud
In praise of liberality has bow'd
The neck to sin, presumptuous and pride—
Pride, dignified by all the learned crowd,
Who far from Christian meekness wander wide,
Nor heed Christ's lowly flock, by long afflictions tried.

'Let past experience tell the coming woe;
Where are the once lov'd churches of the east?
When poor in worldly goods, the living flow
Of heaven's rich treasures form'd their daily feast,
Till curs'd with wealth, they soon became the least
In God's esteem; and, of his grace depriv'd,
They sunk beneath the sway of that fell beast
Who reigns triumphant with the power deriv'd
From Satan's seat, where all our woe is still contriv'd.

'There was a time, a glorious time indeed,
When scarce reliev'd from persecution's fire,
And rich with martyrs' blood sprung forth the seed
Replete with life. What more could heart desire,
Than thus to see the mightiest conspire
To pull Rome's idol down, and join in hand,
With zeal and energy that nought could tire,
To plant that gospel vine that fill'd the land,
And, fed with grace from heav'n, could every foe withstand?

'From Rome's more open blasphemy, 'tis true
We are at present free, her idol saints,
Her mass and mummery, her gorgeous crew
Of richly-robed priests, (the pomp that paints
Her of the earth) while high-wrought feeling faints

Beneath her music's soul-subduing strains:
Such are the harlot's arts, and thus she taints
With poison'd sweets the words of life, thus gains
Her sensual worshippers, her slaves at will retains.

'Yet fancy not, though free from these, that pure
We are, and undefiled: deep at the core
The poison lies—Rome's priests could ne'er endure
That God, without their aid, should heal the sore
That racks the guilty soul. This ancient lore,
Thanks to Arminius, hell's darling child,
In nearly all our churches triumphs o'er
The gospel truth.—Each for the work is wild,
And all but God's elect to ruin are beguil'd.

'Yet think not I despise the preached word—
Oh no—called to the work by grace divine,
"Joyful I hail the herald of the Lord—"
To such my hand, my heart I will resign—
'Tis priestcraft I reject—that herd of swine
That feed on this world's offal, and disdain
The pearl of richest price—the modern line
Of high-church clergy, of preferment vain,
With all who human works and man's free will maintain.

'Here let us pause, and what is truth inquire—
Truth, not of man, but such as God will own:
O, for a portion of that sacred fire
That touched the prophet's lips, for that alone
The mystery can unravel, and make known
How all in Adam fell, in Adam died!
For this nor man nor angel could atone—
God must himself a glorious way provide,
And God alone in all his works be magnified.

'That man is fallen surely none can doubt—
The question *seems*, how far—Know then, vain man,
Whoe'er thou art, this sin will find thee out—
By reason's glimmering light thou fain wouldst scan
Divine perfection! and unfold his plan
Whose works from everlasting are to shew
(What reason tells not, revelation can)
That all in heaven above, or earth below,
By and for Him were made, and Him as God shall know.

'To doubt how low thou'rt fallen, shews the power
That dwells and reigns within thy heart, 'tis sin,
That drove our parents forth from Eden's bower—
And hadst thou known the force of truth within,
Had but one ray of light revealed been,
The secrets of thy nature to disclose,
Thy mind thus stript, without a covering seen,
No longer would a single doubt oppose,
But view the stream impure, and own from whence it flows.

'Sin's a negation or a want of good—
An erring from the scope—nor eyes to see
It has, nor heart to comprehend, nor would
It e'er be taught—It has no will to be
Enlighten'd, and from good will ever flee—
Its natural fruits are known, nor need I tell
The numerous catalogue—'twere pain to me
With selfishness and pride my verse to swell,
And lust, and love of gold, with all that leads to hell.

'I grant that man may be restrain'd, refin'd,
And some are soft and gentle *while untried*,
But what of that? It reaches not the mind;
The hearts unchang'd, this cannot be denied;
Self is exalted, and our God defied.
Look deep enough, man's ruler is self love,
The nurse of all our fancied worth is pride;
In all we think, or do, where'er we move,
If honest, we confess we trace no thought above.'—pp. 16—21.

We must confess, that to us these precious stanzas seem, not prose run mad, but prose run seedy. They have not the energy of madness about them—nor any energy of any description.

The third poem on our list, 'The Natural Son,' throws out here and there corruscations of real genius. The subject is in itself an unfortunate one, because with the great majority of society the title of a "natural son" is sufficient to proscribe him, and every thing unto him belonging. And the said majority are in the right. Bastards are not to be tolerated, not for any absolute demerit of their own, but because wherever they appear they are the tokens of crime, their existence familiarizes us with sin, and by consequence leads to it. In most illegitimates, a certain strength of character is observable, which, however, is destitute of the usual grace that attaches to those who are born within the sacred precincts of matrimony. These verses resemble that rough energy much. They are pregnant with thought, and in every stanza we may trace the influence of poetical talent; but still they want the nameless elegance of classic poetry. The reader may judge for himself from the following stanzas, descriptive of the "progress" of the 'Natural Son' in the favour of a rural bar-maid.

'Then re-appeared the apparent landlord's daughter,
With sylph-like motion gliding in the room,—
So sails a trim-built vessel o'er the water,
When her white wings expand upon the gloom;
And Selwyn bowed and modestly besought her
To order him some food: a transient bloom
Wandered across her features, when she said,
"He should have both his supper and his bed."

'And then she gathered up her silk attire,
And placed the lights upon the polished table;
Her well turned form the sculptor might admire,
And choose it for a model: soft as sable

Was the black lash that veiled her glance of fire,
Flashing forbidden beams; would I were able
To trace those subtle shades, half-love—half-hope—
Deep, fond, and melting as an antelope,—

'Roaming, with its young mate, the desert wide:—
The soft, voluptuous swimming of the eyes—
The small white hand—the lip like scarlet dyed—
The circling breast, formed to engender sighs
In man's stern being: have ye seen a bride,
Led to the altar, in her virgin dyes,
When her becoming blushes, like a star made
Light for her lover's heart? so beamed the bar-maid.

'Her wild, romantic features had a shade
Of classic Grecian beauty—such as gleams
From the Medici marble: band nor braid
Fettered her silky hair, that fell in streams,
And o'er her neck in rich profusion strayed,
A cloud of glossy curls—enriched with beams
Of living light;—tresses that seemed to sparkle,
Now black—now bright—and then again to darkle.

'Her brow was white—and yet her cheek not fair—
For a slight hue—a scarce seen sunny brown—
Pervaded her sweet face, tanned by sea-air,—
Like to those evening shadows scattered down
The landscape of a Claude, or Rosa rare,—
The robber limner—he who strove to drown
The stirrings of his genius in that art
Which to the canvas can still-life impart.

'She gazed on Selwyn, when she sought the door,
As one who would a foeman's features scan;
Her lip was silent—but her look spake more
In that brief interval of ogling, than
Her mother might approve: I said before,
Strong admiration through her bosom ran,
And though by speech love's dawnings were not shown,
Her mien betrayed, beyond the voice or tone,

'The growing charm: she closed the door, and fled
To order viands—and select the food:
Her step and instep might have turned the head
Of Percival, who fasts to tame his blood;
And though our hero had been Christain bred,
Upon a precipice's brink he stood:
His fancy, drifting on a sea of charms,
Too near the giddy whirlpool of her arms.

'George Selwyn had a sanguine temperament,
For Erin's fire was busy in his veins;
And little of the prudent Scot was blent
In his rash nature;—yet he took such pains

To weed and raze the growing evil bent,
He curbed his ire, and grasped his reason's reins,
As holds the mettled steeds some charioteer,
With skill to stay or urge their swift career.

'Oppression never could his spirit tame,
Unless it crushed him utterly—and force,
He would have grappled with as in a game,
When boyhood rushes forward in the course,
Striving for mastery:—to him the name
Of slave—reminded him of Wilberforce.
For sorrow's chilly stream had never yet
Upon his heart its aching current set.

'Unconsciously his wandering eye rolled round
The wainscotted apartment, and espied
A curious old guitar, and near it, found
Some of Verini's pieces;—then he tried
His touch upon the chords, and woke a song,
So sweet and clear, its deepness might have vied
With the rich melody of Schultz or Cramer;—
In fact, a few wild notes recalled his charmer.

'Attracted by the music, she returned,
Her sly demeanour, and espiegle air,
Changed, as by magic; bright she smiled, and turned
Her gaze upon her guest, and shook her hair
Back from her beamy cheek, that crimson burned,
As conscious of intrusion: "Ah! beware,
"Beware how you enchant," she playful cried,
"Her who to Sappho nearly is allied.

'"When first we met—for mirth I did intend
"Your handmaid to have been, at this night's meal;
"But now, in sooth, I sue to be your friend:—
"Touch me that note again, that I may feel
"The rush of sound upon my soul, and blend
"My spirit with the music:"—the appeal,
Gentle and earnest, of this beauteous pleader-
What could he do—but with her passion feed her?

'He played with taste, and sweet at times could sweep
The harp or the guitar—or touch the flute,
With skill that might have lulled a fawn to sleep,
Or would a melancholy dreamer suit:
And now he sang, with mellow murmurs deep,
The plaintive ballad of "My heart and lute,"—
The listener from his lip caught up the tone,
Which back again was echoed by her own.

'Forgetting they were strangers, light she laid
Her hand a moment on his arm, and sighed:
In either breast the electric lightning played,
Struck from the chord of passion—and each tried

To struggle with the weakness, as afraid
The absorbing poison to their hearts would glide;
The thrilling touch—the soft magnetic glance,
The mingling voices—and the dreamy trance,

'That music sheds around her votaries,
Seemed to have gathered o'er the guileless pair:
The gentle pressure—the still gentler sighs
Low uttered by the lady: "Ah! beware,"—
Again she softly whispered,—and her eyes
Melted with dewy light,—"hush, hush that air!
"It thrills my throbbing heart, ah! cease the strain,—
"I cannot bear to hear those sounds again!"'—pp. 22—29.

We regret that we cannot say anything in praise of Mr. Taylor's poems, which are manifestly well intended, and really deserve to be treated with great indulgence, considering the circumstances under which they were written.

When we announce that Mr. Green's 'occasional' poems are dedicated to no less conspicuous a personage than Sir Charles Wetherell, and that the author has lavished upon this learned conservative all the praises that he could string together of the lawyer's 'constitutional political principles of patriotism,' &c., we need hardly add, that the genius of the writer is placed at once in a situation that renders it liable to the suspicion of downright stupidity. And to say the truth, a mass of duller verses has seldom met our vision. It is quite sufficient to say of them, that they are in every way worthy of being dedicated to Sir Charles Wetherell, and that they are just as poetic as he is patriotic.

How different the person to whom the next work, 'The Village Poor-House,' is dedicated!—'Lord Brougham, first in talents—first in honours—and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' In the poem thus offered to his Lordship's acceptance, we find rigid truth expressed in feeling terms. It is a fact not to be denied, however the bishops may think otherwise, that 'the virtues are as much banished from the groves as from the crowded alley.' The author lays no claim to the praise of poetry for any of the verses which he has included in this little volume; but they certainly deserve our approbation, for the forcible terms in which they pourtray the actual present state of feeling among the poor. What rude energy, for instance, is there in the following song of a pauper!

'My mother she was frail and old,
And I her only child;
Our home was desolate and cold,
And vainly still I toil'd:
They taxed my strength, I gave it free;
And what was all they gave to me?

'A pittance that would scarce find food;
And even in Winter's snow

Was any left to purchase wood,
To warm my mother?—no!
Cold, weary, weak, and wanting bread,
I thank'd my God when she was dead.

'I cannot fawn as others do.
I cannot feign a tear,
I hate the flinty-hearted crew,
The soul-less Overseer,—
They grudge, they grumble, they enjoin,
I curse them as I take their coin!

'*Their* coin! Great God of Heaven! 'tis ours;
They stamp it in our sweat;
They task us till our failing powers
Make young men old, and yet,
When at their niggard boards I've stood,
They've grudged to me the price of blood.

'I've tried in stubborn pride to steel
My heart 'gainst their controul,
But now they've chafed me, and I feel
The tiger in my soul.
Back, back a hundred-fold they'll pay
The years of mine they've made their prey!

'The 'Squire has covers many a one,
I know the pheasants' haunt,
None who has courage and a gun
Need fear the pangs of want.—
Huzza! 'tis hunger claims her right,
The covers shall be thinn'd to-night!'—pp. 7—9.

Whenever we happen to see the word *Sol* in a verse, we instinctively set down the author as a mere water-gruel poetaster, the lowest of his race. The hated word burst upon us in the very second line of the 'Poetic Fragments.'

'The dark clouds gather round the sea-girt isle,
And veil in gloom bright *Sol's* declining smile.'

We were about to close the book at once, being satisfied with this decisive proof of the author's incapacity for poetry, when we lighted upon the following song, which seemed to hold out a more favourable promise.

'Where are those hours of love,
O'er which the beam
Of brilliant hope brightly glow'd,
Gilding the stream
Of joy that glanced gladly on,
Gleaming in light—
Where are those hours of love,
Beaming and bright?

'Where are the looks that broke,
Breathing the spell

'O'er the soft yielding heart,
Therein to dwell;
Spite of the dark storms,
Around that may roll—
Where are the looks that broke
Bright o'er the soul?

'Gone;—never to return—
Darken'd and past—
Fled are the hours that beam'd
Too bright to last:—
If in oblivion's shade
Thought could find rest,
Then, might remembrance be
Tranquil and blest.'—pp. 112—114.

The writer assures us that he has no intention of supplying the other unprinted portion, which would make his 'Fragments' a continuous work. We are extremely glad to hear it, as from the specimens here given, we have no wish whatever to become more intimately acquainted with the lengthened lucubrations of this poet, however disposed we may be to treat with indulgence his short ones.

ART. IX.—1. *The Highland Smugglers.* By the Author of "Adventures of a Kuzzilbash," &c. In three volumes 8vo. London: Colburn & Co. 1832.

2. *Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion.* In three volumes 8vo. London: Colburn & Co. 1832.

3. *Legends of the Rhine, and the Low Countries.* By the Author of "Highways and Byways." In three volumes 8vo. London: Colburn & Co. 1832.

THE first of these is, beyond all comparison, the best novel of the whole season. The story is extremely well managed from the commencement to the conclusion; its interest is kept up from page to page, and we feel a real regret on arriving at the end of it. It is strictly a Highland tale, as to the scenery; the characters are rather too much so as to the dialect. With the greater part of the latter we could have well dispensed, although a little of it, by way of spicing, would not have been unwelcome. The author should have recollected, that the least interesting, perhaps we might say the most fatiguing portion of Sir Walter Scott's novels, celebrated as they are, is that in which the barbarisms of the north are crashed in our ears at every sentence. But we can afford to forgive this sin against modern civilization, considering that in other respects his work is distinguished by great merit. It introduces to us in living, speaking, action, a class of native Highlanders, sprung from a race who not long since abounded in Caledonia, and of whom perhaps a few traces may even yet be discerned. We have certainly too much about illicit distillation, the least romantic of all other things; but

even this is not without its interest, as the author appears to have described all the events connected with it from actual occurrences with which he was personally acquainted.

The scene of the novel opens in a Highland glen, between an Englishman of the name of Tresham, and the young laird of Glenvallich. The former, an officer in the army, is the hero of the tale. We find him upon a sporting visit to Glenvallich, and we have, accordingly, an admirable description of that most captivating of all amusements, an expedition through sundry woods and wildernesses for the purpose of deer-stalking. We are, in the course of the sport, introduced to a Highland forester, ycleped Maccombich, of whom a capital portrait is drawn; and we think that we are not saying too much when we add, that the whole account of this sporting journey would have been worthy of Sir Walter himself. The slaughter of the deer is very finely told.

Tresham having been thus introduced to the sports of the Highlands, sets out to fish on his own account; but it chances that he goes astray, and finds shelter eventually in a cavern, in which he finds a private still at full work. He is however very hospitably entertained; and after the author has indulged himself in describing the mysteries of that illegitimate manufactory, he allows his hero to be conducted blindfolded to a spot, whence he effects his return to Glenvallich in safety. We next find him, very properly, going to church; and the author has adroitly taken advantage of this circumstance, in order to describe the other church-goers of the parish—a scene much in the style of that which Addison has given in one of his Sir Roger de Coverley papers, and drawn in very lively colours. Among the persons to whom we are here introduced there is one, Miss Isabelle Stewart, in whose fortunes, from the moment we become acquainted with her, we never fail to feel a strong interest. She is perfectly amiable, and though much too sensible and prosy for a heroine, yet we cannot help admiring her as often as she steps upon the scene. By way of contrast, we suppose, to Isabelle, the author has devolved the charge of a considerable part of his story upon a kind of sybil, who is gifted with the faculty of second sight. This person foretells, of course in her own mysterious way, almost every thing that happens to Tresham, and to Isabelle, who is her especial favourite.

An accidental circumstance, a sprained ancle, or something of that sort, affords Tresham admission to Airdruthmore, where he forms the acquaintance of Isabelle. Her father, the laird of "that ilk," a fine hospitable old fellow, takes a liking to his accidental guest, and the young folk are in due time mutually enamoured. There would have been nothing, it seems, to prevent the current of their affection from running on smoothly, had not Ballytully, the nephew of an Edinburgh writer to the signet (who was also agent to the laird of Airdruthmore) been brought up in the hope that Isabelle was intended for himself. The laird was under serious

pecuniary obligations to his agent, and from a loose conversation on the subject of a family connexion, the latter concluded that Ballytully had only to ask Isabelle, and gain her. But the young lady ventured to entertain an opinion of her own upon this subject, the more particularly as her heart had been already dedicated in secret to Tresham. We are in consequence introduced to a band of Highland smugglers, whose chieftain, Kenneth Dhoruv, is in the pay of Ballytully, and makes more than one desperate attempt on the life of Tresham. This mercenary hostility gives rise to some scenes of perilous adventure, which are depicted with great force.

But the most exciting passage in the whole narrative is that in which the abduction of Isabelle (by order of Ballytully) is related. We give it as a specimen of the author's powers.

'On that eventful afternoon, when summoned by a false message of alarm to the presence of her sick nurse, Isabelle hurried towards the cottage: she had reached the verge of the wood above the dell, void of all suspicion, and thinking only of the scene she was about to encounter, when startled by a rustling in the sere underwood, she turned her head, and saw two men advancing rapidly towards her. So near had they approached before she was aware of their purpose, that only the one loud shriek which had conveyed the truth to Elsie, had time to pass her lips, ere she was seized, a plaid cast over her head, and, being lifted from the ground, she was rapidly hurried away through the bushes. In less than three minutes she felt herself lifted upon the back of an animal, on which she was held by one man, while another led it along. The few words which passed were in Gaelic, and in whispers; and Isabelle, even when she recovered that presence of mind which so unexpected an event for the moment deprived her of, found herself muffled, even to the hazard of stifling, in the wrappings which enveloped her, so that all attempts at escape or complaint were alike hopeless and disregarded.

'For more than half an hour was she subjected to this painful and rapid progress, when the men who attended her halted: she was lifted from the horse, and found herself standing upon dry heather. The plaid was unbound, and the deep voice of one of the ruffians threatened her with instant death should she offer either to resist or exclaim.

'"I do not fear you, fellows," said Isabelle, "you dare not hurt me: the hand of the law is over your heads, and the arm of God is over mine! set me free, I command you, or proceed at your peril."

'The barking of a dog at one time excited in her the hope that assistance might be brought to her aid, and she raised her voice and called loudly for help. So, finding her unawed by their menaces, the ruffians, in spite of her struggles, passed a handkerchief around her mouth, in order to restrain her cries. A piece of woollen cloth was then thrown over her head, so as effectually to muffle her eyes, and prevent her from observing what course they pursued. A thick blanket, or plaid, was also wound around her person, hampering her arms as completely as her eyes; and in this condition she was once more lifted upon the horse. Another mantle was then wrapped around her; for it was obviously their desire to protect her from the exceeding bitterness of the weather; and thus they once more continued their way.

'The threats and remonstrances which Isabelle made use of during these proceedings, in the hopes of dissuading or terrifying her captors from persevering in their audacious purpose, were utterly disregarded by them; and there remained for her, therefore, but the resolution to preserve her composure and firmness, that she might avail herself of any accidental occurrence calculated to favour her escape. The rumours which had prevailed round Airdruthmore, and which had alarmed even the judicious Glenvallich, were now explained; nor is it wonderful that, under all circumstances, the suspicions of Isabelle should fasten at once upon the laird of Ballytully, and his crafty uncle, as the contrivers of this extraordinary outrage. Yet, like others of the family, she felt puzzled to imagine what good end they could propose by so violent a measure.

'"They cannot hope to force me into compliance with their terms,'" said she, mentally; "they cannot imagine me so weak as to yield to terror what I have refused to affection!—no, I am not to be intimidated—they will find me proof against moral compulsion—and they cannot—no, they dare not resort to violence!—it is not possible that this can long continue—I shall be missed, followed, traced, and that instantly. My father—Glenvallich—Tresham—yes, Tresham—he will never rest—he will search Scotland from sea to sea till he discovers me!" and the thought of Tresham's misery when he should reach Airdruthmore, and learn his misfortune, gave a pang to her heart, which indignation and astonishment had hitherto prevented her from feeling on her own account.

'But the busy, restless mind would still relapse into conjecture.

'"If these men cannot hope to terrify me into compliance, nor to conceal me long from the search of my friends, what can be their motive—what their intentions?" and then arose in formidable array the natural fear "which flesh is heir to," as her imagination conjured up a host of dark and terrible narratives,—of persons thus spirited away to the madhouse or the convent—to the distant or foreign prison! It were vain to enumerate the succession of fearful images which passed in dim and threatening order through her brain, as, after the first burst of indignant excitement, her spirits confessed the power of external circumstances, and, in spite of herself, her resolution sunk for a while under the influence of anxiety, terror, and fatigue. But the mind of Isabelle, powerful and heightened by nature, had been well regulated by principle and habit; and her imagination, although sufficiently vivid, was yet under that due control, which renders it useful instead of dangerous to its possessor. She felt the enervating influence of such fancies, and resolved to make every effort to banish them from her thoughts. It was obvious that, then a fact would be of more use than the most specious speculations in detecting the course of her captors, and instead of permitting her thoughts to wander at large, she confined them to the consideration of how she might best aid the efforts of her friends. It was under this impulse that, finding it impossible to disengage any other part of her dress, she thought of dropping the shoe, which had afforded so important a hint to her pursuers, and which, as she sat upon the horse, she found it easy to disengage from her foot.

'The whole evening, and greater part of the night, did her inexorable guards continue their progress in spite of wind and storm. Fatigue at length began to oppress her sorely; the fear of falling enabled her for a

long time to bear up against its influence; but at length, during the darkness which accompanied a stormy gust, her horse made a false step, and, unable to recover the effect of the jerk, she was thrown from its back. Fortunately, a heather tuft received her, and prevented her from sustaining any injury; and the derangement produced by the accident enabled her to articulate a few sounds, which attracted the leader's attention.

'However rude and stern in his demeanor, the man had not as yet been guilty of any piece of wanton cruelty, nor of indelicacy towards her; and when Isabelle, instead of making any outcry, merely remonstrated against the inordinate fatigue to which they were subjecting her, and declared her inability to proceed any further without some rest, the man replied, with somewhat of a surly respect, that "there was no rest to be had in a wide muir, but that if she would bear up for a matter of two miles farther, she might then have an hour or two to sleep." He also adjusted her mufflings, so that she might breathe more freely, and, thus relieved, they plodded on for almost a weary hour, so that Isabelle's strength and firmness were almost exhausted; when having descended into what appeared to be a deep hollow—for the darkness permitted not a vision, had her eyes even remained free—she was lifted from the jaded, stumbling beast, and soon found herself seated on a hard but dry spot, where, after her head was released from its bandages and mufflers, she was informed that she might lie down and rest for a while.

'Too thankful for the indulgence to incur the risk of forfeiture by imprudence, she only begged for a draught of water, which being brought, she committed her safety in a fervent prayer to that all-seeing God to whom darkness and light are the same, and whose power is as infinite as his wisdom is inscrutable; and, calmed by this act of devotion, fell into a profound slumber, from which, after a period, the length of which she could not determine, she was summoned to proceed on her journey.

'Darkness still brooded over the hills, as, mounted on the pack-saddle, which was bound on the animal's back, they led her down a steep declivity; and after a further march of about three more weary hours, during which she became aware that morning had dawned, she was once more released from her toil, and permitted to repose.

'The rest was welcome, but sleep did not now come so rapidly to visit her. She was now in a species of bothy, black as smoke and soot could make it; but further she could distinguish nothing. Of her guards, one alone remained watching at the door of the hut. While ruminating thus, it occurred to her that she might at least make one or more effort, if only to discover what was intended to be done with her; so summoning her courage, she addressed the individual at the entrance. But her voice only brought in the ruffian who appeared to be chief of the gang, and whom the reader will have recognised as Kenneth Dhoruv. Impatiently and surlily silencing her with a threat, that in case of contumacy, the mufflings should be replaced, he contented himself with thus replying to her remonstrances: "Once for all, be quiet; a better fate is meant for you than you seek for yourself: you once was told so before: you was warned, but you forgot the caution: you cannot shun fate, so be at rest: no evil is designed you, but good; seek to know no more: the wish and the attempt will be equally vain." But her thoughts were as active as ever, and employed themselves in seeking to bring to remembrance the voice and manner of

the ruffian who played the principal part in this nefarious transaction. That the voice and form were in some degree familiar, she felt assured; nor was it long ere she became certain that they belonged to the same person who had alarmed herself and her friend, Miss Tresham, some time before, at Elsie's cottage. While occupied with these cogitations, the person entered, bearing a wooden vessel of milk, with some hot potatoes and oat-bread; and though anxiety precluded all sense of hunger, yet Isabelle, alive to the importance of maintaining her strength for possible trials or exertions, forced herself to partake of the proffered food. It even refreshed her; and as no disturbance molested her in the solitary hut, slumber insensibly stole over her senses, and she continued to sleep for several hours.

'The shades of night were falling before Isabelle was again summoned to recommence her melancholy journey; and with a sinking heart, she saw that a day had elapsed without symptom or sign of pursuit; but summoning patience to her aid, and putting her trust in the divine assistance, she calmly, meekly prepared to follow her guards.

'They had made no great progress before a second halt took place, for what purpose she could form no idea; but it was somewhat hastily terminated, and she was sensible of a long and tedious ascent, succeeded by a dangerous descent, during which the whole strength and efforts of the party seemed to be required for leading her horse in safety, and more than once she was borne from its back, and carried in their arms for several paces. The same precaution of blindfolding her eyes, and hampering her arms, as formerly, had been taken, so that although she could breathe more freely, she continued in utter ignorance of the direction in which she had been carried.

'We need not describe the long and painful march which brought Isabelle at length to the hut where she was found by her pursuers. She arrived there exhausted and dispirited, but unbroken in courage and in firmness; yet her constancy was severely tried, when she heard the roar of the foaming waves, for the fearful thought that she was to be borne from her native land, overwhelmed her with terror, and she felt as if hope were almost to be extinguished by a separation so terrible and so complete.

'Lodged as her guards now conceived in perfect safety, the bandages were removed from her eyes; but the glimpses she obtained through the miserable cranny in the wall, which admitted air without light, served only to confirm her dread, for every thing convinced her that she was really on the sea cost; and the sudden bustle and uproar which attended the arrival of the lugger, served to complete her certainty of evil, and almost her despair. The only morsel of comfort which her arrival at this place afforded her, was the presenee and assistance of a female, Mary, the daughter of Kenneth, who, by command of her father, now offered her services; and the sweet feminine air and modest demeanor of the poor girl, imparted a degree of consolation to the agitated mind and harrassed body of Isabelle, which was inexpressibly soothing.

'From Mary she sought to obtain some portion of that information which she had vainly endeavoured to elicit from her father; but the girl was too ignorant, or too much in awe of him, to drop any hint that Isabelle could profit by. The distress, however, which she evinced,

when besought by Miss Stewart to say whether her fears of being carried abroad were well founded, confirmed the worst fears of that young lady, and appeared like the seal of her fate.

'But this painful uncertainty was not doomed to last. In spite of all their efforts, Kenneth and his comrades had not reached their destination above three hours before their pursuers. Isabelle, exhausted by fatigue and mental anguish, was lying on a miserable heather bed in the hut, receiving with kindness, although with a breaking heart, the respectable assiduities of the poor girl, who, touched with the beauty and elegance, as well as with the sweetness of the unfortunate sufferer, was doing her best to soothe and comfort her, when the attention of both was arrested by the growling of a dog. Before they had time to make any remark, it began to bark loudly, and a sudden bustle was heard at the door. The next sound made the heart of Isabelle throb with an almost sickening pang of sudden hope, for it was the voice of Glenvallich as he summoned the guards at the door; next came the sharp report of a shot, with shouts and execrations—and then—O how did her very soul bound, as the voice of Tresham, of her own chosen and devoted Tresham, thrilled through her heart's core, as it called upon his Isabelle!'—*Highland Smuggler*, vol. iii. pp. 379—390.

A conflict ensues, in which Isabelle's brother, an officer in the navy, who happened to land at the spot accidentally, takes an active part, materially assists in her rescue, and Kenneth is slain, according to the rules of poetical justice. Tresham and Isabella are in the end made happy, and the story concludes to the satisfaction of the reader. It is, we repeat, very pleasantly told, and, for the most part, very charmingly written.

When we took up the 'Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion,' we were led to suppose that it contained a series of letters, relating principally to personages in the higher walks of life, depicting their manners, revealing their follies, and displaying their general mode of life. But we had not glanced over many pages, before we were convinced that we had reckoned without our host. The fair author, it seems, went with the multitude over to Paris, immediately after the peace of 1814: she was in London during the visit of the allied sovereigns, and in Paris during the "hundred days," and as it occurred to her to write either notes or letters "of and concerning" all that she saw and heard upon those occasions, she seems to have thought that the said notes or letters would now be considered as eminently valuable by the public. Had she seen or heard many things, which to this moment had been kept secret from the world at large, it is probable that her three volumes might have been sought after. But the truth is, that she has mentioned scarcely a single fact which has not been proclaimed over and over again, either by preceding tourists, or by the newspapers. Why she should have called her letters the '*private* correspondence of a woman of fashion,' we are at a loss to conjecture. There is nothing in them whatever of a private nature. They are conversant only with public transactions and public persons, and

she has added nothing whatever to our previous knowledge of the men or events of the period in which she is supposed to have written.

The author has a most unfortunate trick of interlarding her letters with French phrases, which betrays either an imperfect knowledge of her own language, or a conceited ambition of being supposed equally conversant in French and English. Indeed she must have been, seeing that she has included in her collection several letters wholly written in the French language. But what if they be? Everybody now speaks and writes French: the most perfect knowledge of that language confers no distinction. At the same time, we object to this motley kind of publication. An Englishwoman of education should be content to write her own language, when she addresses an English public. We subjoin a single specimen of her epistolary style.

'I take a new pen to enquire what is become of you; I have not received a line since the two pages of scolding remarks upon my bad writing; you have wrought such a change in it, that every one now pays me the compliment of the old proverb, "He that runs may read." What is become of the bearer of my last dispatch?—he promised to bring you back with him, and lo! neither of you have appeared upon this animating theatre. You might come easily, and I would escort you back again time enough for your boy's vacation. We have talked it over here till we think it quite feasible—only your sovereign husband's consent! What an *ennui* not to have one's liberty! O the blessings of matrimony! You would have an apartment in your brother's hotel; no *ménage*, no family cares. He would have charge of your morals; you would dine with him; breakfast with me on coffee and fresh eggs. You would only have to gaze, to admire, and to be happy; to lay up stores for reflection on your return, and many a moral warning take? I would fain court the presence of my old friend, to supply the place of the friend of latter date; for I shall have the pain of separating from Emilie ere long: the trio are bound for the south. The king gave Auguste a fine regiment of dragoons last week: le Duc de Berri clapped him on the back, exclaiming, "Me voilà satisfait, car vous êtes récompensé! La Duchess d'A———, *le félicita, &c. &c. Et voilà tout le monde content!*" in which I must partake; for it is not possible to be led away by selfish feelings when glad tidings come to a friend, although this (probable) final separation creates bitter feelings of regret within my breast!

'A whim seized me at my return to Paris, to have an apartment in the interior of the convent of L'Abbaye au Bois, where there is a most select society of the old *noblesse*. I had a most distinguished presentation, and Madame de C—— accompanied me there. On enquiring for the *supérieure* at the grate, the old portress informed us she was occupied, attending the solemn rite of a nun taking the black veil. This was a ceremonial of the Romish church I had always wished to see; and my rhetoric prevailed upon the old nun, who led us into the chapel, and placed us in the most eligible situation.

'The novice was eighteen, not handsome, but a placid smile played round her mouth, and her voice was sweet and plaintive. Her dress was

of white lace, over a rich white satin; a row of pearls round her neck, and diamond ornaments; a bouquet of white roses in her bosom, while a garland of the same flowers encircled her brow, and a veil of lace fell in graceful folds from the back of her head. Her costume, in short, was that of a French bride. A calm composure was diffused over her person, and she replied to the interrogatories of the bishop, and repeated her vows in firm tones! A very young priest delivered the exhortation. Its purport was intended to impress the advantage to her soul of relinquishing the world to be married to our Saviour, whose spouse, he assured her, she was now become.

'We followed the procession of nuns, and of the novices and pensioners, along the gloomy cloisters, each of them carrying a wax taper. They conducted their new sister to the sacristry, where her bridal attire was for ever discarded, and she assumed the humble brown cloth costume of the order, which was henceforth to be her unassuming dress. This had been previously placed by her side in the chapel, on a *tabouret*, in a *corbeille* of white satin, embroidered on the cover with white roses. The procession then returned to the chapel; and through the grate I perceived the bishop (to whom a pair of scissors on a cut glass salver was presented,) sever from her head a long *tresse* of her beautiful hair. The abbess adjusted the fillet of white cambric on that young and placid brow, tied round her neck the chaplet of beads, and placed the sublime representation of our Saviour on the cross, in carved ivory, in her hands. This she repeatedly kissed, and with increased enthusiasm, calling it her divine spouse. A very small coronal of white roses was now placed on the top of her head, when each of the nuns advanced and saluted her, calling her by the endearing name of sister.

'The bridal attire of the fair nun, the white satin *corbeille* placed by her side, &c. &c., all recalled the scenes of Antoinette's nuptials, and ill accorded with my sentiments upon the sublime rites of religion. It seemed to me a sinful error thus to apply worldly forms to church institutions, and the same expressions of hymeneal love to the sacred image of our crucified Redeemer!

'If religious enthusiasm impels us to retire from the world, let it not be within cloistered walls, in selfish inutility, intent only on our own individual happiness, either present or future; but clear alike of all worldly strife, and the petty discontents of a monastic community, with a mind intent on "doing good," while praising and adoring Omnipotence in the glorious work of creation, let us fulfil the end of our being, by dispensing benefits and religious comforts to the poor man's shed, and to all sorrowing beings within our precincts. I was persuaded to return the following morning to terminate the affair of the apartment. At the extremity of a long corridor stood the abbess—a very tall personage, in close conversation with an old chevalier, whose costume and *tournure*, bespoke a date of half a century back. She waved her hand to me with graceful dignity not to advance. I felt my own insignificancy, although attired in *la dernière mode Parisienne*, which contrasted singularly with that of *Madame et son chevalier*. A tremor seized me, and, turning to the old porteress, I declared that if she did not instantly let me out, I should die of fright! The old nun smiled, and inquired what I feared, solemnly exhorting me "to fear God only!" The old chevalier made his parting *obeissance*, and the

abbess beckoned me to approach. Her upper garment was economically pinned up around her; she took a key from her pocket, and opened the door of a small but pretty *salon*, decorated with fine engravings of religious subjects, and the sublime sculptured forms of our Divine Redeemer, and of his sainted mother. The window looked on a pretty garden, enclosed from the precincts of the street by a stupendous high wall. Some of the nuns were walking: Madame indicated the young nun of yesterday's date; she was reading; a placid smile of contentment beamed over her countenance, she had told the abbess and her new sisters the preceding night, as she laid her down to sleep on the cold earth, that she had never felt so happy—so satisfied. But she had been educated in the convent, and for the profession; she had never known any other world than that within the narrow limits of the cloister's stone walls, and she is of a particularly religious family; for the bishop who cut off the lovely lock of hair was her uncle, and the young priest who gave the exhortation her brother.

'This is the convent mentioned by Madame de Sevigné. Napoleon restored it, with others, under the wise restriction, that at the termination of the first three years the nuns should have the privilege of returning to the world, and at the end of each succeeding five; but the abbess hastened to intimate, that no instance had ocurred of a nun having taken advantage of such laws. I believe her assertion; for what female who had made such sacred vows, would dare to return to a world she had thus for ever abjured?—besides, the forlorn and isolated feeling which a being long habituated to seclusion must experience on the world's wide stage, amidst folly's throng and treacherous hearts! Madame's sensible and shrewd conversation upon past times was most interesting; her sentiments were noble and benevolent. I tore myself away with reluctance, and a feeling of regret that all the apartments in the exterior were occupied, and if I accepted one within, I should be obliged to conform to convent hours, and be locked in at nine o'clock. In explaining this, she smiled archly, and insinuated that these regulations were not suited to me. "I can perceive that for you," she said, "the world has not lost its charms; you are not yet disgusted with its gaieties and its vanities; you appear calculated to impart and partake of its pleasures; go, and use them with moderation; your path has probably been strewn with flowers by kind friends and numerous kindred." I shook my head in dissent, which she seemed to understand; for she took my hand, and with anexpression of sympathy spoke her regret that she could not accommodate me, where I should have found liberty and society to my taste.

'We have had a religious procession in Notre Dame, le jour du St. Esprit. The archbishop in his pontifical robes, accompanied by his conclave of priesthood, were followed by the whole of the royal family. These processions have lost much of their splendour since the Revolution. My interest with *le grand vicaire* procured me the best situation for viewing the whole ceremony. Before the royal *cortége* entered, I had some conversation with the peers of my acquaintance, who were sighing for robes of mine, like those worn by our lords. Certainly the present costume, viz. blue coat, with cape and cuffs embroidered with *fleurs-de lys*, give both peers and deputies the appearance and *tournure* of livery servants. The spectacle was imposing, although the previous reports of conspiracies threw over it a sullen gloom. On these occasions we scan with keener gaze the

mien and countenance of royalty, and fancy we can draw an inference from them. The king's and those of the princes, seemed to me to express inquietude, and that all was not tranquil within. The tearful eyes of the Duchesse d'A—— were bent to earth; her anxieties concealed under rich robes of silver; while the old Duchess Dowager of Orleans, sat there in smiling contentment; her *en bon point* thrives under all governments. She was pensioned, and a guard of honour assigned her by Napoleon during the hundred days.* In the Duke, her son, I sought and wished to find the expression of conscious loyalty! In the procession was the famed Talleyrand, of family the most illustrious, he who entered the apartment of Louis, to welcome his Majesty back a second time to his throne, (arm-in-arm with the party-coloured Fouché) inheriting from his ancestor, the Princess des Ursins, that spirit of intrigue which elevated her to the highest favour, but possessing a subtlety which has enabled him to elude the quick-sands on which she was wrecked; he pursues his point—his aim—with secret perseverance, till success crown his wishes, while he is laughing at the government by which he is accredited. Deeply versed in human nature, he can penetrate the thoughts of his colleagues, and turn them with consummate skill to his purposes, while his own sentiments remain veiled under the cold indifference of his well governed aspect! Having a deformity in his foot, it was ungraceful to see him, as grand chamberlain, limping after his very infirm royal master, who, on the occasions of these church ceremonials, walks enclosed in a kind of decorated open cage. Talleyrand is viewed to greater advantage when seated on a rich *fauteuil*, in the illuminated *salons* of pleasure. Then the *galanterie* of Monsieur L'Abbé de la vieille Cour appears, when his brilliant wit and ready *finesse* shines conspicuous in his animated conversation with *les belles dames*.

'The following morning was that fixed for the presence of the king to open *la Chambre des Députes*. The Duke of Orleans had been invited from England by his Majesty for the occasion, and was seated in his carriage with the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri. The royal cortége was as magnificent as gold equipages, embroidery, and tinsel could render it; surrounded by a cavalcade of the household troops, national guard, &c. &c. The French cannon announced the departure of the cortége from the Tuileries. I turned my eyes on the side of the Pont Royal, it was lined with Prussian cannon. In the Champs Elysées was the English encampment, and on my left a body of Austrian troops! What must have been the state of feeling of those Frenchmen who formed that military escort? The Duchesse d'Angoulême sat the whole time at a window of the palace, from which she had a full view of the procession, and of the Chamber of Deputies;—no doubt, anxiety kept her there, for all who were dear to her heart were gone in those gilded equipages. The Duc d'Orleans having thus publicly appeared with his royal relatives, is again returned to his domestic circle at T——m. It is rumoured that he intends to give his sons a public

* 'The Duchesse d'Orleans never partook of her husband's political sentiments; and the night he arrived from England, (where he had led the most dissolute life, laying aside the dignity of his rank, and parading in the streets of London in the costume of a jockey, or courier) to assist at the federation, she met him with her youngest boy in her arms, and refused to admit him into her apartments.

education in the colleges at Paris—very liberal and citizen-like! His household have a prophecy amongst them (which they industriously insinuate to his English country neighbours) that he is destined one day to mount the throne of France. They may be supposed to await at the bottom of the ladder, ready to push him up, if a safe occasion offers, and to mount with him.'—*Private Correspondence*, &c., vol. i. pp. 196—206.

Alas! for Mr. Colley Grattan. It is with reluctance we say that we have not, in all our numerous collections of native or foreign stories, a publication of more uniform stupidity and dulness, than that which he has here laid before the world. He has collected his materials, it seems, partly from the "Bijdragen tot het onde Strafregt in Belgie;" partly from the "Chroniques et Traditions surnaturelles de la Flandre;" and some German legendary tales. A few he has supplied from his own fancy. But we perceive no difference in point of interest, between those which he has borrowed, and those which he has invented. We really wonder, that in correcting his sheets for the press, it did not occur to him that they were intolerably prosy.

We have had not a little experience in novel-reading, and we are aware that one seldom feels an interest in a story, until one has got through at least the first half of it. With this impression on our mind, we sat patiently down to these volumes. We tried the 'Forfeit Hand;' it was devoid throughout of interest. The 'Orphan of Cambray' promised better, but it sadly disappointed us. Surely, said we to ourselves, the 'Curse of the Black Lady' hath something terrific in it. No such thing, it is a very tame affair. Mr. Grattan seems to have altogether forgotten his cunning. He apologises for omitting to describe scenery, though he must know that a well finished picture throws a magical effect over any composition. He pourtrays his characters and their costume in a hasty, and often in a clumsy manner, and his style indicates in every page a writer who is completely sick of his vocation.

He found a captivating title in 'The Legends of the Rhine,' and we certainly expected that under that title the author might have collected a series of stories, novel to English readers, and highly interesting to readers of every nation. But in this respect, as well as in every other, his work is a complete failure. It wants novelty, interest, character, and style, every thing that can render a tale attractive. The legend of the 'Three Foretellings' is mere commonplace. So is that of 'The Double Doubt,' and 'The Lady of the Cold Kisses.' The incidents of some of these, and of the other legends which he adopted, might have been worked up into dramatic and highly exciting narritives, if the author had bestowed more time and fancy upon them. But he wrote for the market: it was necessary that his work should appear within a certain time, according to the terms of his contract, and hence its almost universal insipidity.

The only exception to this remark, that we remember, is the

story entitled 'The Year of Joy,' which is founded upon a simple and beautiful anecdote of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. While he was yet a youth, he heard that one of the vassals of his uncle, the Duke of Swabia, a husbandman living near the town of Muhlburg, had a daughter named Gela, who, for innocence and beauty, had no rival throughout the province. His curiosity was excited by the reports that reached his ears, and he was resolved to see whether the reality corresponded with her fame. He went to Muhlburg for the purpose, but frequently without meeting the object of which he was in pursuit. At length, being attended by his servant Rudolf, he chanced, as he was going to mass, to see a beautiful girl enter the church, and he learned through Rudolf, that she was no other than the far-famed Gela. He contrived to obtain an introduction to her, without letting her into the secret of his real rank; it was his ambition to win her heart, but to win it by means of his own personal advantages, without any aid from his rank. He wished, in this instance at least, to experience all the enjoyment of romance, to use no other application to Gela's heart than that of love, and to place all his chance of success upon the same level, as if he had been like herself, the offspring of a peasant. It was in this mood of mind that he presented himself at her father's cottage, dressed in the guise of hunter.

'It was at the close of a day of usual labour, followed by repose, that the whole family I have described were sitting at their evening meal in front of their dwelling. Gela was beside her sick sister, her constant post; and the common, perhaps the commonplace, round of social converse was going on, when a young stranger in a hunting dress, and on foot, appeared before the party. His dogs at his heel appeared, no more than himself, fatigued, yet he told a story of his having lost his horse in the chase, and he asked hospitality and lodging for the night.

'The prepossessing air of the stranger would have no doubt procured a hearty assent from the father of the family, even if hospitality had not been a law of the age of chivalry. A cheerful acquiescence, and a cordial invitation to partake of the frugal repast, were instantly given by the father, and confirmed by all the children, save one. It was not the invalid who silently hung her head, and hid her blushing cheeks, as the sportsman seemed to wait anxiously for one invitation more to complete the general welcome. After a moment's pause, he fixed his looks on Gela, and asked in a tone which she thought seemed to blend something of command with supplication, "And will you not, fair maiden, join your voice to the other biddings? Is the tired stranger unwelcome to you alone? Do you fear to give shelter to the wayfarer?"

'"You are welcome to the shelter of my father's house, Sir Stranger. Hospitality never stops to take counsel from discretion; nor do we fear to do a kind action, even though there were some risk in it."

'Gela was hurried to make this reply by the somewhat dissatisfied looks of her father and brothers, which rather seemed to reproach the previous want of courtesy, so complained of by the stranger.

'"If there be risk, it is all on my side, fair Gela," said the stranger in

a half whisper; and sitting down beside the blushing girl with a self-command which was, however, softened by a tinge of timidity. So it is, that even incipient love teaches diffidence to the high and lordly. When the passion is full grown, its first fruit is humility.

'And it was not long before the admiration of Count Frederick ripened into the most powerful attachment for Gela. Day after day he found his way to her father's house; and having once established a footing of acquaintanceship there, he was at every new visit received with new pleasure. Unknown in that part of the country, the good serfs little thought who it was they entertained; and his modest bearing only allowed them to believe that he was some young man of gentle blood, amusing himself, as he asserted, with the sports which abounded in that neighbourhood. His numerous presents of game, and his constant appearance in the accoutrements of the chace, gave proofs in support of the character he assumed; and it was never questioned openly by any of the family.

'Franz Richter, for such was the name he assumed, was quickly a great favourite with his new friends; at least with those of the good peasants who seemed inclined to admit him to the familiarity of that term. But in the manner of Gela there was a constant reserve which would have driven Frederick to despair, had not evident pleasure in his society as constantly struggled through it. He saw that he had, even in despite of all her prudence, her modesty, and an evident, yet unpremeditated air of respect, whenever she listened to or addressed him, gained great ground in her regard; and once or twice when, seizing some fair occasion, he pressed her with unwonted warmth of language, she blushed and sighed, and gave such token of sympathy, that he believed for a moment all that his most excited hopes suggested.

'But Gela as instantly recovered from these lapses of the heart. She started back, as if affrighted at the discovery of her danger, and her looks seemed to carry reproach to her tempter, and remorse for herself.

'Thus three weeks rapidly passed by. Count Frederick was in no mood to reckon time or calculate dangers. Yet the long absence from his father's court, and the chances of his being recognised, at intervals struck forcibly upon his thoughts, and finally he heard the warning. He felt it necessary to bring to a termination this romantic freak. He had never before devoted a tithe of the time to complete a conquest. The triumphs of the great over the lowly are, alas! too often ready made. Yet there was something so delightful in this new method of lovemaking, and in the exquisite suspense it entailed on the lover, that he shrunk back at the notion of success. Strange perversion of feeling! Strange anomaly of sensation! Yet who has not felt it?

'While thus lingering in the double influence of his passion, he one evening bent his way to his accustomed haunt, and his road lay through one of those secluded little glens which run up in so many places from the river, between two shadowing and wood-covered hills. Scarcely had he entered this solitude, when he saw a female figure gathering herbs, by the side of the little stream that rippled through the glen. It was Gela. Frederick was soon by her side. He offered to assist in her task of collecting medicinal simples for the use of her sick sister. She consented, and for some time they continued their task silently, and as if neither knew exactly how to finish the work, and had forgotten how it began. At

length, as though a sudden inspiration of courage had darted from on high into Frederick's heart, he paused, looked tenderly on the lovely girl by whose side he stood, took her hand, pressed it to his heart, and murmured, "Dear, dear Gela! I love you!"'—pp. 230 –235.

The honest Rudolf, as the story goes, had already apprised Gela of the real character of her lover. His confession produced in consequence an overwhelming effect upon her: she could have loved him for himself, and already she had felt the force of his tender attentions. But when she recollected that he was the nephew of the Duke of Swabia, and destined to high station, her first feeling was upon the side of her honour. She shuddered at the terror of being even supposed to be his mistress, although she believed that her purity and firmnes of purpose would protect her from so great a stain. She confesses the love she already entertained for him, but at the same time declares the impossibility of their union, as she was aware of the insurmountable inequality of rank that subsisted between them. The conclusion is prettily told.

'The incoherent and impassioned phrases in which the lover expressed his triumph may be guessed—they are not fit to be told; for, though chaste and pure, such as break from even the worst libertine, in the first ecstatic moments of discovery, these genuine outbursts of the heart would be but ludicrous in repetition, though nearly sublime in utterance. Gela's first words were,—"And you will not drag me from my father's protection?—you will not plunge us all in sorrow and ruin?—you will spare as well as pardon me?"

'"May the saints of heaven bear witness, and punish or reward me as I am false or true to my oath! I never will do a deed or breathe a thought that can bring harm to you or yours; but will love you ever as now, in purity and honour! Oh, doubt me not, Gela! nor break the spell of delight in which I am bound; give me your whole heart in trust and confidence; if you cannot speak it, *look* at least your confidence and love!"

'Much more was said and *looked* in this short meeting than tradition has told or fancy cares to imagine. The result was an agreement that the lovers should meet the next morning again; not, however, in the same place, for Gela, recalled to a full sense of her danger by the ardent advances of the young Count, positively refused her consent to make this perilous glen the place of rendezvous. That which she fixed on was the church of the village close by, and the hour that of the celebration of mass. "Impious and profligate!" may rise to the lips of the harsh votary of cant. Wait patiently, good hypocrite, and you shall be better able to judge!

'The lovers met the next morning, we need not say *punctually*. Frederick never paid so little attention to his prayers. Gela never prayed so devoutly. His desires were at the moment all earthly; her hopes were wholly fixed on heaven. The service over, and the rustic congregation dispersed, the lovers soon found means to be again alone in one of the shady walks of the neighbouring wood. Frederick, recovered from the first effects of his delight, had somewhat reproached himself for the little advantage he had taken of his triumph; and he now hoped rapidly to recover and improve on the time he had lost. He therefore returned to

the subject of the preceding evening with all the ardour of youth and hope; but Gela suddenly interrupted him, and placing herself upon a mossy bank, she invited him to sit beside her, and then with a calm, but deeply affecting tone, she said,—"Count Frederick, I must, in atonement for the feelings I too clearly betrayed yestereven, explain the decision which a night's reflection has confirmed. We met this morning almost at the altar's foot. I fixed on that holy place, that you might be a witness to the vow I solemnly made to heaven. I there swore never after this day to see you alone without ample witnesses—and, oh! let me add, without risking your contempt—never after the avowal which escaped me in a moment of surprised agitation, never to listen to words of love from other lips than yours. That was the solemn pledge which you saw me erewhile make to heaven, and as I keep it, so heaven help me!"

'"See me without witnesses, Gela! And do you then so soon begin to doubt my sworn engagement?"

'"No: I believe it—would risk my life, and, that of all most dear to me, your honour. It is not you I fear—but myself! Too deeply have I already erred. My self-confidence is gone for ever. But if you will consent to make me undergo not a too long enduring penance, and, at the same time, make it one of joy, you will come on every Sabbath, for a year from this day, to this church, and watch me as I offer up my prayers for your happiness and greatness; and at the end of each new time of service, grant me one look, one smile, to tell me you approve my task, and cheer me in its performance!"

'The passions of youth are all composed of impulses, sudden, vigorous, and at times irresistible. It is thus that so many strange and fanciful results take place, so opposite to every calculation of probability or prudence. Who could have imagined that the young, the proud, the powerful knight of Hohenstauffen, would have listened to, without a smile, much less accede to and swear to fulfil, a proposal so torturing to his excited hopes, so foreign to his prompt, impatient character, and so attended with almost insurmountable difficulties? Yet such was his conduct. He agreed to Gela's proposal; and while she thus secured to herself the delight of seeing him, and receiving weekly proof of his affection and her own influence over him, she compounded for the dangerons indulgence by the reflection that malignity itself could not misrepresent the nature of their connection, and that heaven would surely smile upon the purity of her conduct.

'And thus for a whole year did this unparalleled scene of love go on. Frederick, overcoming every obstacle, contrived at the close of every week to snatch a day and night, in all seasons, and from all other pursuits, to ride league after league, unattended and unknown, from nearly one extremity of his uncle's territories to the other; and then having regularly seen his beloved mistress in their holy place of rendezvous, exchange a few looks and smiles, for which she had stipulated, and occasionally converse for a while, in the presence of the good family, with her for whom he was thus preparing the sacrifice of all that might be supposed to influence a man of his age, and not totally above the spirit of his time. Witnessing the extreme purity of feeling which animated this being so superior to all around her, he could not resist the influence he so admired, and he paid the sincerest homage to virtue, not merely in adoring, but by adopting it.

'And now the year of happiness was nearly expired, and Duke Conrad being about to set out for Palestine, with the other Christian chieftains of the empire, Gela recalled Frederick to the high duty which summoned him to attend his father on the crusade. Startled at first on finding her an advocate for separation, the anticipation of which almost rent his heart, he could not resist the dread that her love was only of that vague and vapoury kind, which derives its source in fancy rather than feeling, but which has no sympathy with those human desires that were meant to give force and fervour to mortal passion.

'"Oh, Gela," cried he, in the bitter disappointment of this fear, "if your love is but ideal—if you worship an abstract notion of which I am but the type—if it is not me, in my bodily form, that controls and commands your attachment, I may as well die at once; my memory will serve you for an object, though this frame may moulder in the grave; for if you can urge my absence for a year, you could surely bear it for a life!"

'A passionate burst of tears was the first answer to this speech; and they were followed by a train of reasoning, so clear, so true, and so convincing, as would have done honour to the most elevated princess, to whose hand the Count of Hohenstauffen might have aspired. Coming as they did from the daughter of a serf, their effect was a thousand fold greater. And while Frederick gazed a listener on the wonderful union of beauty and wisdom, from whom he was about to tear himself, perhaps, for ever, he was lost in grateful admiration of her who could sacrifice her best hopes of happiness, and her highest of ambition, for the furtherance of his honour and his fame.

'Count Frederick assumed the cross, and hastened to the holy wars; nor did his conduct for a long period of service belie his noble lineage or his own reputation. After nearly two years of hard-earned honour, he prepared to return to Swabia, and claim the hereditary rights to which his uncle's death entitled him. Mingled with all the calls of pride, and the loud acclamations of glory, one still small whisper made itself heard in the young Duke's heart. Love, which for awhile had been subdued by the clang of arms, and the shouts of ambition, now resumed its gentle, yet powerful inspiration; and he hastened to the scene of his former stolen delight, and honourable self-restraint, his bosom throbbing high in the ardent hope of at length obtaining possession, as a tribute to his constant affection, of what all the blandishments of wealth, of rank, and power, would have failed to purchase.

'He rode up to the well-remembered cottage in the old guise of Franz Richter, the sportsman. He was received by the father and brothers of Gela. But before he could ask the question that sprang from his heart to his lips, he saw that she was absent. His lips quivered, and his heart sunk, and the question could not find utterance. But they saw and read his emotion truly; and they soon told him what he so longed to know, but could not ask.

'Gela, almost worn out with the intense ardour of her feelings, and unable to support in secret the passion which consumed her, had resolved to enter into a convent not far distant, and had actually taken the veil; never betraying to her family the rank of her lover, but avowing her love, and declaring that insuperable obstacles existed towards the possibility of its ever terminating in a way consistent with her honour or happiness.

'The Duke, almost frantic at this news, avowed who he was, called on her father and brothers to aid him for their own as well as Gela's sake, in tearing her from the sanctuary that interposed its walls between her and his affection, promising to lavish on them honours, distinctions, and riches, more than were possessed by the proudest nobles of the state. These poor serfs, not knowing the true meaning of honour, nor the real value of rank, dazzled by the promises of the Duke, and frightened by his violence, consented to his last proposal; they led him immediately towards the convent where Gela was immured.

'Nearly arrived at the holy house, a procession met them on the path. It was a burial train, chanting hymns of mourning prayers for the repose of an innocent sister's soul. It was Gela, who was thus carried to her early grave. Consumption had fixed in her fair and too sensitive bosom, and, like the canker in the rose-bud, destroyed the flower ere it fully bloomed or blossomed.

'Duke Frederick's anguish was keen and lasting. It was long before he listened to condolence, and then only from the sister who received Gela's last words:—a blessing on her lover, and an assurance that suffering and death themselves were a thousand fold repaid by the remembrance of her one delightful year of joy.

'The town of Gelahausen, built on the spot where the innocent girl was buried, was long, and is still, under a modification of the same name, a lasting testimony of the better feelings in the character of Frederick Barbarossa.'—pp. 238—247.

But really it is "too bad" to have three volumes of 'Legends of the Rhine,' without any thing better than this in the remainder of the collection. Mr. Grattan has been for some time writing himself out of the favour which his French stories and sketches had gained for him. We fear that this publication will give his popularity the *coup mortel.*

NOTICES.

ART. X.—*The Book of Butterflies, Sphinxes, and Moths.* By Captain Thomas Brown. 12mo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1832.

THIS is the first volume of what may be called an improved series of Constable's Miscellany, which is to be continued by Messrs. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. We say an improved series, for such it is in paper, typography, and embellishment. In this volume alone, besides a pretty vignette title-page, we have nearly a hundred wood-cuts of butterflies, coloured after nature, which are very fairly executed. It is not many years since the relations of Lady Glanville attempted to set aside her will, upon the ground of lunacy—the said lunacy having been exhibited, as they alleged, in the enthusiastic attention which her ladyship paid to the habits of butterflies. At the present day, however, there is little danger of an imputation of that kind being connected with the pursuit of any department of natural history. There are certainly branches of that subject more interesting in a general point of view, than the one to which this little volume is dedicated. But when minutely examined, there is much to admire even in the most transient and least decorated of the butterfly

classes. Their transformation from creeping things to winged creatures, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and those colours disposed with a degree of taste, a precision of touch, and an elegance of effect which no human artist can rival, are known to everybody. But how few of us reflect upon the boundless varieties of colouring which these insects exhibit, the delicate construction of their frames, the wonderful process of their change from one kind of insect to another! Do most of those who happen to read this brief notice know, that the twelve eyes of the caterpillar are reduced to two in the butterfly, and that these two eyes are composed of, at least, twenty thousand convex lenses, each supposed to possess distinct and effective vision? If they must answer in the negative, we should recommend them forthwith to obtain Captain Brown's book. They will find it clearly and neatly written, and as free from technicality as possible. We shall give a fuller account of this work as soon as the second volume shall have been published.

ART. XI.—*The Edinburgh Cabinet Library. British India.* In three volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh: Oliver & Co. London: Simpkin & Co. 1832.

WE have now before us the three volumes complete, of which it was intended that the historical and descriptive account of British India should consist, and we must say that a more satisfactory work of the kind has seldom passed under our notice. It is in fact a model of topography, including every thing that one could desire to know concerning the British dependencies in India. Besides an exceedingly well written narrative of the early voyages of the Portuguese and the English to that region of Asia, of the revolutions that took place in the Mogul empire, of the origin, progress, and establishment of the British power, we have an excellent account of the zoology, botany, climate, geology, and mineralogy of the country, together with medical observations on the maladies that are peculiar to it, on the astronomy of the Hindoos, the trigonometrical surveys which were commenced under Colonel Lambton; the whole concluding with a view of the present state of navigation between England and the East Indies, and with instructions for the guidance of passengers. When the first volume was published, we recommended it strongly to public patronage, because it well deserved it. We can now only repeat our praises, assuring our readers that they can hardly place in their library three more useful volumes of reference, than those which constitute this cabinet description of British India.

ART. XII.—*A Three Months' Tour in Switzerland and France: illustrated with Plates, &c.* 8vo. pp. 263. London: Smith & Co. 1832.

THE Rev. William Liddiard, having taken it into his head to write a metrical poem of and concerning Switzerland, and having very naturally concluded that he could not describe its scenery with truth or power unless he first saw it, crossed the channel, put himself into the diligence for Paris, there mounted the dicky of a voiture, and found himself in due course among the Alps. Charmed with the country, delighted with himself, and with every body whom he saw during his tour, he wrote his metrical poem, and next this prose description of his "sayings and doings," thinking, doubtless, that the English public, after devouring his

poem, would be anxious to know as much as possible of the Rev. author, and of his observations on a country so little traversed, so little known, as Switzerland! It is a pity to sweep away a dream that must have afforded so many agreeable thoughts to the Rev. poet and tourist; but we are compelled to acknowledge, that his book, though prettily printed, decorated by some lithographic views, and written in a very amiable style, has but a very slender chance of gaining distinction. We should suppose that a tour of the lakes of Killarney, or of Cumberland, or a visit to Margate, would just be as likely to attract readers in these days, as a tour in Switzerland, even though variegated by such exquisite flowers of poesy as the 'Verses written at Geneva, on a moonlight night.'

ART. XIII.—*Family Classical Library*, Nos. XXX. and XXXI. London: Valpy.

THE first of these contains translations of Hesiod, Bion and Moschus, Sappho, Musæus, and Lycophron, commonly called the minor Greek poets: the second begins with Cæsar. We have so often noticed the volumes composing this library, that we need not here repeat the favourable opinion which we entertain of them. When completed, they will be an exceedingly valuable and interesting collection.

ART. XIV.—*Nature of the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body*. 8vo. pp. 43. London: Hodson. 1832.

HERE is a subject sufficiently difficult, rendered as clear as light, (as his followers believe, or at least assert,) by Emanuel Swedenborg. It would appear as if the maxim—"there is no disputing about tastes," were also applicable in these times to religion, for almost everybody has a religion of his own, which he confidently states to be the true one. We say nothing of the religious tenets of the Swedenborgians, for we do not profess to understand them: but we are utterly at a loss to comprehend, how any person of common sense can allow himself to be mystified by the jargon which is put forth in this treatise, by way of affecting to give an explanation of that which cannot possibly be known to any of us in this stage of our existence. The author having assumed that the intercourse between the soul and body is carried on by means of what he calls a spiritual influx, then goes on to describe a wild theory about the natural and the spiritual world, with both of which he seems as familiar as if they were a pair of globes. 'Every world,' he says, 'must derive its origin from a sun:' in the spiritual world, the sun is composed of love, and in the natural world, of fire: but in both, the beings who inhabit them are filled with love in proportion as they are made warmer by the sun! Heat is love, and light is wisdom, and both flow 'conjointly from God into the soul of man, and by this into the mind, its affections, and thoughts, and from these into the senses, speech, and actions of the body!' It must be obvious, that all this must depend upon the mere power of bold assertion which the author can command, and that these discussions (which can tend to no practical good) are got up only for the purpose of mystification—of deception, we should rather perhaps have said. They are printed as a matter of business, and, if sold, the publisher will have one reason more to rejoice that he is a Swedenborgian. The cunning of trade is generally at the bottom of these new-fangled religions.

ART. XV.—*The Acts of 2 William IV. c. 45, to Amend the Representation of the People, and 2 William IV. c. 64, to describe the Boundaries, &c., and other recent Statutes.* By William Finnelly, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 203. London: Maxwell. 1832.

Of the various publications to which the Reform and Boundary Acts have given rise, it appears to us that this of Mr. Finnelly's is decidedly the most useful as well as the most intelligible. The clauses and schedules are arranged in a methodical order, which renders every one of them of easy reference: an analysis of the law and practice of elections as now altered, is prefixed, and a copious index is given, which must render the work particularly valuable to the overseers and parish officers, who are henceforth to perform important duties relative to the representative part of our system.

ART. XVI.—*Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the City of Glasgow and County of Lanark, for the Government Census of* 1831, *&c.* Glasgow: Smith & Co. 1832.

THIS is the second edition of a most valuable publication. The author, Dr. Cleland, is well known as a superintendant of public works at Glasgow, and as a gentleman who has pursued the dry study of statistics with a degree of enthusiasm, very rare indeed in these days of showy and superficial literature. There is no class, and hardly even an individual of any class of people in Glasgow, whose occupations, and whose influence upon the mass of society in his neighbourhood, the author has not set forth in the most intelligible manner. After stating the origin and division of parishes in that city, the learned Doctor gives us a most satisfactory account of the mortality bills for different periods, and of the principal diseases by which the inhabitants have been afflicted. Among those diseases we perceive that, during the year 1829-30, while only seventy-five persons died of pulmonary complaints, and eighty-five of inflammation of the liver, no fewer than 293 perished of typhus fever—a fact which speaks decisively of the state of misery in which the lower orders of that city must have been placed. We regret that it did not enter into the Doctor's plan to have given details of the actual condition as to the comfort and the necessaries, as well as the luxuries of life, which the different classes of the inhabitants enjoy. A statement of this kind has been made with respect to Manchester—and certainly a most appalling statement it is. But without some such details, the statistics of any place cannot be said to be complete, nor can the legislature obtain the materials for coming to a sound conclusion with regard to the real evils which it will be their duty to remove, or at least considerably to alleviate, if they be anxious, as they must be, to prevent the country from becoming the prey of a servile war. Into matter of this kind Dr. Cleland has not entered, as he confined himself to what may be called the merely local statistics; and of these he has furnished a report which might be taken, as far as it goes, for a model of such compilations. The public buildings, schools, the state of literature in Glasgow, very advantageously occupy several pages of his work. He mentions, and it is a very remarkable fact, that although the periodical book trade was very little known in Glasgow in the year 1796, it is now carried on there to an extent surpassing that in any other town in that part of the

kingdom. 'By a report drawn up for Parliament, it appeared that there were in Scotland 414 book hawkers, technically termed canvassers and deliverers, who, on an average of seven years, collected 44,160*l.* per annum in sixpences and shillings; and five sixteenths of the whole belonged to Glasgow. The concern of Edward Khull and Co., alone, exclusive of compositors, printers, &c., employed eighty-one canvassers and deliverers, who visited every town of consideration in Scotland. Two-thirds of the books sold by these publishers are on religious subjects.' Yet, strange to say, Glasgow cannot boast of a single literary character—that is to say, an individual who has distinguished himself in general literature as an original author. Dr. Cleland has included in his report the religious institutions of Glasgow, those dedicated to learning and the sciences, the courts of justice, the various commercial establishments, and, in short, every thing that is calculated to enable us to understand the elements of which the great and increasing prosperity of that city is composed. The work must have cost an immensity of labour, and it is very carefully executed.

ART. XVII.—*Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma.* By Gabriel Rossette. 8vo. pp. 460. London: Treutel and Würtz. 1832.

IT is a favourite speculation with many divines in this country, that the effects of the "Reformation" have long since been extended not only to France, but to Spain, and especially to Italy. We confess that we have never seen any good ground for this supposition, although foreigners, who have been expelled from their own countries, and who have a livelihood to seek in England, are in the habit of propagating the same notion. M. Rossette is Professor of Italian at King's College; we suppose he thought it incumbent upon him to court the favour of the heads of that establishment by writing a work on the subject, in which he has given interpretations of his own to passages in the poems of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, with the view of confirming his argument. The attempt appears to us to be a most elaborate failure.

ART. XVIII.—*Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells and the Calverley Estate.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 148. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

ONE of the most amusing topographical volumes we have ever seen. It is written, illustrated, printed, and in every way got up with good taste. Besides the usual notices of the picturesque scenery, the "lions" of the place, Mr. Britton has given sketches of public characters—those who were known formerly to have frequented it, together with a variety of anecdotes, which impart to his volume an intellectual character, and a value rarely possessed by those publications, that are generally relied upon as guides to the watering places. The lithographic prints are remarkably good. They present views of that beautiful specimen of old English architecture, Farnborough Lodge, Baston Lodge, the church at Tunbridge Wells, Calverley Parade, and Tunbridge Castle, which will stand a comparison with anything of the kind recently published. Perhaps the least perfect, though by far the most interesting of the whole, is that of the Walk at Tunbridge Wells, as it appeared in 1748, exhibiting several of the most celebrated characters of the day,

Chatham, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Colley Cibber, the Duchess of Norfolk, Richardson, and others, in the costume of their age.

ART. XIX.—*An Illustration of the Epistles of St. Paul, including an entirely new translation.* By Charles Eyre, Clerk. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

UNDER the modest title of an 'illustration' of the epistles of St. Paul, we have here, not merely the author's version, but very extensive interpolations, in which he introduces his own opinions concerning the doctrines which the apostle discussed. It appeared to Mr. Eyre, that he would have rendered a very essential service to the cause of religion, if he simplified the epistles, by amplifying them in language of his own, or, to use his words, by 'presenting St. Paul to readers of the present day, in such a manner as he would himself, were he living, choose to be presented.' We must say that we cannot but look upon this as a bold and a very unwarrantable attempt upon the purity of the Scriptures. It required no little confidence in the writer to assume, as he has done, that he has succeeded in presenting St. Paul to his readers in such manner as the apostle would himself approve of, had he been now living. This temerity is the more remarkable, as Mr. Eyre avows that he has 'followed in the track of no one,' and that the instances are numerous in which 'he differs from theologians of the highest authority, the most consummate learning, and unimpeachable integrity.' This is acting in the principle of private judgment with a vengeance!!

Mr. Eyre tells us that 'he is a member and friend of the church of England; he hopes for her durability; but not, if unlike all other national institutions, she be immutable.' So then, she must change her doctrines to please him! When are these mutations to have an end? Whither are they to lead? This man, interpreting the Scriptures for himself, feels a conviction, he says, that, upon the whole, he is correct. But he differs from the most learned divines of his own church. Who is to decide between them? Who is to say which is wrong, which right? Mr. Eyre has certainly as good a right as Dr. Bloomfield to comment upon the epistles of St. Paul; but to expound them by amplifications of his own—to dilute them, as he has done, with his vague and feeble declamation, is to take a liberty with the sacred original which ought, we think, to be discountenanced.

ART. XX.—*The Greek Testament, with English Notes.* By the Rev. S. J. Bloomfield. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Rivington and Co. 1832.

WE perceive in this new edition of the Testament, a very striking deviation from the system hitherto pursued by the church of England, in the publication of any portion of the Scriptures. Hitherto, the rule has been, so far at least as interpretation was concerned, to give the Sacred Writings without note or comment. But here is a New Testament, in every page of which we have notes, 'critical, philological, and exegetical,' that is to say, explanatory of the meaning of the text, though Dr. Bloomfield, for some reason which he can best understand, preferred the word 'exegetical' to the plainer word explanatory. Now we should like to

know by what authority these notes are thus appended to the New Testament. The work is dedicated *by permission* to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we are therefore bound to infer that his Grace has sanctioned the publication, and of course the notes. Have the Archbishop and his Reverend coadjutor then, come to the conclusion that the Gospel should no longer be left to private interpretation? Have they convinced themselves that there are difficulties upon this subject, and that in point of practice, even the most erudite scholars are liable to be led astray if left to the guidance of their own judgment? They must have certainly formed this opinion, when they resolved on the work now before us, and we are consequently in a situation to ask them, in that case, what is to become of the great principle upon which the church of England rests as its only foundation?—we mean the principle of private judgment.

But it would be most unjust, at the same time, not to admit, that Dr. Bloomfield has displayed in this work a vast mass of theological erudition. One would think, looking at the notes, and the countless authorities therein cited, that it must have cost a whole life of labour to have collected and arranged such a body of critical learning. How far his alterations in the text are to be deemed corrections, or his commentaries are to be received as orthodox, are questions which it is not within our province to discuss.

ART. XXI.—*Tales of the Saxons.* By Emily Taylor. 12mo. pp. 234. London: Harvey & Co. 1832.

THERE is no period of our history in which youthful and general readers find so little interest, as in that which is principally occupied with the deeds of the Anglo-Saxons. Yet much of the character of our constitution, much of our liberties and usages have been derived from that period. Miss Taylor has therefore performed a useful labour in endeavouring to render it attractive, by raising, as it were, from the canvass, some of the leading personages who figured in those times, and by relating their lives in a clear, animated, and engaging style. We have here all the romance of their history, without any violation of its truth, and we suspect that those who read the stories of "Haco the Good," of "Hereward the Saxon," and "The Forester's Daughter," will have a stronger impression of the Saxon times and manners in this country, than they could obtain from treatises of a much more elaborate description. In speaking of religious rites and customs, we observe, that Miss Taylor exhibits a degree of liberality, which in a woman is peculiarly becoming and amiable. This gentleness of her sex has imparted itself everywhere to her language, which is simple, chaste, and often fascinating. It is a book well suited to the young, and by no means to be despised even by the old.

ART. XXII.—*A Manual of Grecian Antiquities.* By G. H. Smith. 8vo. pp. 283. London: Priestley. 1832.

Mr. SMITH has conferred in this excellent volume a favour upon youthful scholars, which none can better appreciate than those students who have arrived at a more mature age. We very well remember the settled disgust with which we used to apply to the old books of antiquities, especially those relating to Greece, in which everything necessary to be known was explained in

the most pedantic manner. Mr. Smith has reformed all this: he has popularised a very forbidding subject, and has in many instances rendered remote customs more intelligible, by comparing them with those which exist at the present day. In other words, he has shed a portion of the light of the nineteenth century upon the mythology of the ante-Christian ages. He has added a valuable appendix on Greek coinage and currency, which will greatly facilitate the progress of the student. The Greek phrases applicable to particular customs, institutions, their coins, dress, and instruments of war and music, are introduced into the text, and followed by their equivalents in English; and a Greek index renders the whole of easy reference. We strongly recommend this work, not only to public schools, but to scholars who, having passed college, are engaged in a system of self-education—the best of all others.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Cheap Literature.—In addition to we believe fifty weekly publications of one kind or other now in course of publication, we have before us a catalogue of new announcements, for September, comprising a grammar, dictionary, geography, a gazetteer, a law library, a universal biography, an ancient history, and a history of England, all to be brought out in numbers, price one penny each! No doubt can be entertained that this rage for cheap publications will completely destroy, for a season at least, every thing like vigorous literature in this country. No new works of standard excellence will be composed until this inundation of compilations shall have subsided.

Locomotive Engines.—We may take the performance of a horse working at ten miles an hour, on a level rail-road, at forty-eight tons conveyed one mile daily. The best locomotive engines used on the Liverpool railway are capable of transporting 150 tons on a level rail-road at the same rate; and, allowing the same time for stoppage, its work per day would be 150 tons conveyed 200 miles, or 30,000 tons conveyed one mile: from which it follows, that the performance of one locomotive engine of this kind is equivalent to that of 7,500 horses working on a good turnpike road, or to 625 horses working on a railway. The consumption of fuel requisite for this performance, with the most improved engines used at present on the Manchester and Liverpool line, would be at the rate of four ounces of coke per ton per mile, including the waste of fuel incurred by the stoppages. Thus the daily consumption of fuel, under such circumstances, would amount to 7500 lbs. of coke; and 1 lb. of coke daily would perform the work of one horse on a good turnpike road; and 12 lbs. of coke daily would perform the work of one horse on a railway.

Death of a Traveller.—Intelligence has been received of the death of Mr. Coulthurst, another victim added to the long and melancholy catalogue of men of spirit and talent who have fallen a sacrifice to their enthusiasm on the subject of African discovery. Mr. Coulthurst had, it appears, made a fortnight's journey from the old Calabar river into the interior, when, for reasons unknown at present, he returned to that place,

and embarked on board the Agnes, a Liverpool vessel bound for Fernando Po. It was during this voyage that this intelligent and amiable man breathed his last, on the 15th April.

Paradise Lost.—The *Giornale delle due Sicilie* contains a communication from M. Zicari, in which he mentions, that he had discovered, that Milton had borrowed the idea of his sublime composition from a tragedy written by Peter Sarafino della Salandra, intituled "Adamo," published at Cosenza, in the year 1647.

Diving.—A cutter, with a crew of very expert divers, is now employed in the Yarmouth Roads, in endeavouring to get up some portion of the treasure lost in the Guernsey Lily transport, which was wrecked there in 1799.

The method these divers use is curious:—The cutter is first placed immediately over the wreck, the diver then, habited in an India-rubber air-tight dress, having a tube attached at the back of the neck to receive the air (which is constantly kept pumping in), descends from a rope ladder, and gives signals for certain things to be sent down by a small line, which is attended to by those on the deck of the cutter; by this line baskets and other utensils are sent down for the use of the diver, and sent up again with wine, &c., taken from the wreck. The diver's head-dress is composed of copper, and is a complete covering, made much after the manner of the ancient helmet, only that it is made larger than the head, and has in its upper part three glass windows; it weighs 50lb. He has two other dresses on besides that above-mentioned. He carries down with him 120lb. of lead in two bags. With all this weight he declares, that when in the water he appears perfectly free from weight or incumbrance of any sort.

Helvetic Society of Naturalists.—The great annual meeting of this society is held this year at Geneva, where a considerable number of its members have already arrived. They were welcomed by the managing committee in the lodge of the Botanical Garden, and thence conducted to their several quarters, for which they stand wholly indebted to the hospitality of private individuals. The first public sitting was opened in the hall of the "Conseil Réprésentatif," M. de Candolle, having taken his seat as president, commenced the proceedings by an address, in which he forcibly dwelt upon the great benefits which are diffused by nomadic meetings of scientific men, and reminded his auditory that Switzerland had set the first example, which had since been followed in Germany, England, and France. His address was eloquent, both in composition and delivery, and closed amidst hearty cheers.

French Academy.—At the recent annual meeting of this body, M. Jouy made an elaborate report of the works offered for the Monthyon prize of 10,000 francs, for the best essay, "De l'influence des lois sur les mœurs, et de l'influence des mœurs sur les lois." This subject had been originally proposed in 1827, to be adjudged in 1830; but as it was then found that none of the twelve essays presented were worthy of the prize, it was adjourned until the present year. It was now awarded to M. Matter, Correspondent of the Institute at Strasburg, whose essay was described by M. Jouy, as uniting the profoundest knowledge of ancient and modern history, with the clearest and most correct views of the principles and objects of legislation.

M. Matter being present at the sitting, received the honorary medal from the hands of the President, amid the applauses of the audience.

Forest Schools.—There are a number of forest academies in Germany, particularly in the small states of central Germany, in the Hartz, Thuringia, &c. The principal branches taught in them are the following:—forest botany, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry; by which the learner is taught the natural history of forests, and the mutual relations, &c. of the different kingdoms of nature. He is also instructed in the care and chase of game, and in the surveying and cultivation of forests, so as to understand the mode of raising all kinds of wood, and supplying a new growth as fast as the old is taken away. The pupil is, too, instructed in the administration of the forest taxes and police, and all that relates to forests considered as a branch of revenue.

John Clare.—Lord Milton has, we understand, bestowed on John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, a handsome house, with a garden and large orchard, amounting in all to six or seven acres, in addition to an annuity of thirty pounds per year.

Manufacturing Phenomenon.—In a recent number of the Saxon Gazette, Professor Ihling of Meiningen, has given a full detail of what may be called a phenomenon in the annals of industry. Within one and the same day, Mr. Wagner, a woollen manufacturer of that town, wove and dyed a piece of cloth, the wool for which was sheared from the sheep's back at four o'clock in the morning, and was metamorphosed into a coat by six in the afternoon of the same day.

Sir T. S. Raffles.—A statue, in memory of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, formerly governor of Java, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, beside the monument of the last of the Lords de Courcy. It is as large as life, and from the chisel of Chantrey: the posture is easy and graceful; the face is turned slightly upwards, and the whole has a fine air of repose and meditation. The pedestal is at once compact and beautiful.

Steam Carriages.—We feel great pleasure in learning that such improvements have been recently made in these machines, as to encourage the hope that we shall soon see them upon all our public roads. Mr. Walter Hancock, of Stratford, lately made the first public experiment with his new steam-carriage. Several scientific gentlemen attended from London, and sixteen of them took their seats in the two bodies. The carriage, guided by Mr. Hancock in front, was put in motion by his turning a lever connected with the steam-cock of the boiler, and proceeded through Stratford up the hill, to the Green Man, on the Forest, at the steady pace of eight miles an hour. He then turned short, and returned to the factory within forty minutes, after running about seven miles in the pleasantest manner, and with a perfect sense of security to every one in the carriage. In fact, the experiment was most successful. The quantity of fuel consumed during this trip was about 2½ bushels of coke, the fire being fed behind. The stock of water converted into steam was about three barrels, or one hundred gallons. The height of the vehicle is nine feet, and it stands three feet eight inches from the ground. The boiler is of the description called *tabular*; and in this engine it consists of twelve chambers, each distinct, and formed of the best charcoal iron, so that no explosion is probable, and if any took place, it could only be of one of the chambers, and inconsequential. This

carriage is built for the Greenwich road, and it will perform that journey in half an hour. The facility of stopping is perfect, and its traverses on a crowded road are effected with a far greater surety than in any carriages drawn even by the best-trained horses. It turns in the shortest compass, and, in fact, possesses all the best qualities of a modern-built carriage. Other carriages, with omnibus bodies, to carry fourteen passengers, are now building, of somewhat lighter construction, which are intended to travel about twelve miles an hour. As the engine is placed in the rear of the carriage, and the boiler and fire at the extremity, no inconvenience is experienced by the passengers from noise, heat, or smoke, and the sensation is precisely that of riding in any other carriage.

Lunatics and Idiots in England. —From a report made in 1829, it appears, that there were at that time in England, in confinement in public lunatic establishments, 1189 male, and 1314 female lunatics, or idiots; in private lunatic asylums, 1770 males, and 1964 females; in workhouses, &c., 36 males, and 52 females; making, in the whole, 6325 persons in confinement. The number of individuals in the condition of lunatics or idiots, who were at large or with their relations, was 3029 males, and 3193 females; making a total of persons at large, of 6222. The total number of lunatics was 6806, and of idiots, 5741; making together, 12,547 insane persons. To these must be added above 1500 persons belonging either to parishes from which no returns had been made when the lists of the clerks of the peace were made out, or to towns which are counties of themselves, and which are not included in this summary. This addition makes the whole number above 14,000, of whom not fewer than 11,000 were paupers, and maintained at the expense of their respective parishes. Taking the whole of England, the average is about one insane person to every 1000 of the population; while the average of the insane paupers is 1 to every 1500. The malady has prevailed most in the agricultural districts, and least amongst miners.

Chinese Literature. — Professor Newmann has recently brought to Munich about 7,000 volumes of Chinese literature, containing a copy, supposed to be the only one in Europe, of the entire transactions of the reigning family. The work is divided into sections, and opens with a comprehensive description of everything connected with public life and the public interest, whether bearing upon the Chinese continental possessions, or their dependencies and islands; this is followed by the edicts emanating from the present dynasty, arranged according to the points in civil economy, to which they relate, and the work concludes with a collection of musical, religious, and military illustrations, as well as geographical charts.

England and France.—Béres, a French writer, who has just published a work on the necessity of amending the French laws for public roads, observes, that 'Great Britain possesses forty thousand leagues of well-kept roads, twelve to fifteen hundred leagues of canals, and above one hundred leagues of iron railways: whereas France, on an extent of surface twice and a half as large, has not more than fifteen hundred leagues of roads, which are mostly in bad condition; five hundred leagues of canals, not more than half of which are yet finished, and but a few leagues of railways.'

Spain. — According to the last census, the number of married men

was one-third less than that of the single men, and the number of women exceeded, very considerably, both together. There were 1,323 grandees, or persons with the title of marquis, count, viscount, or baron; 402,059 persons having the rank of noblemen; 27,243 placemen; 5,883 magistrates and advocates; 9,633 notaries; 13,274 other persons connected with the administration of justice; 4,346 physicians; 9,772 surgeons; 3,872 apothecaries; 5,706 veterinary surgeons; 29,900 students; 364,514 landed proprietors, cultivating their own lands; 527,423 tenants; 805,235 labourers; 25,530 proprietors of sheep; 113,628 shepherds; 6,824 merchants; 18,851 retail dealers; 5,899 persons connected with the fine arts, and 489,493 manufacturers, handicraftsmen, and mechanics.

Russian Academy.—A public sitting of the Imperial Academy of the Arts and Sciences, was held at St. Petersburgh on the 23rd of May, for the purpose of awarding the prizes founded by Demidow. The works sent in were thirteen in number, and the prize was adjudged to a "Meteorology of Russia and its German provinces," in six quarto volumes, from the pen of Dr. Paucker, professor of mathematics and astronomy at the Mitau Gymnasium; but the prize (five thousand roubles) is not paid unless the professor consent that his work be translated into Russian, and the translation be published; in this case he will be entitled to a further sum of five thousand roubles, assigned by Demidow to defray the expense of publication, and if this is not sufficient, the surplus is to be made good to him.

Naval and Military Museum.—We see from the report of the Council, that this excellent institution may now be considered as completely established, the present number of members exceeding nineteen hundred. The small house granted by government for the use of the institution is already crowded with contributions, and the Council are actively engaged in seeking a building better calculated for the increased and increasing consequence of the museum.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1832.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes (Madame Junot).* Third volume. 8vo. pp. 424. London: Colburn & Co. 1832.

WITH the third volume of these memoirs now before us, we may say, as we have already observed with reference to the two preceding volumes, that, without being either well digested or brilliantly written, it affords many materials which may enable the future historian of France to complete the portrait of Napoleon. The public life of that unique man had been already fully scanned in various publications: innumerable anecdotes of his private habits had also been collected by persons who were intimately acquainted with them. But it appears to us that he is seen more in his personal character, more in his dressing gown and slippers and nightcap, in these memoirs of Madame Junot, than in any other work with which we happen to be acquainted. The constant and familiar intercourse which subsisted for some years between her husband and Napoleon; the terms of unreserved confidence and unvarying attachment on which they met; the sincere friendship and kindness which the First Consul evinced, not only for Junot, but for every part of his family, gave the author opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of that great warrior's inward heart, which very few other persons could have possessed.

And it is but common justice to the memory of Napoleon to remark, that the more we become acquainted with his domestic conduct, with his mode of treating his immediate family and friends, the higher he rises in our esteem. We behold in him really a very amiable individual, fond of the amenities of society, warmly attached to his wife, Josephine, shrewd and pointed in his conversation, remarkably frugal (strange to say, from conscientious motives, rather than from love of money) in his household economy, always delighted to serve and oblige those in whom he felt any interest, and perfectly fascinating, whenever he chose, in his manners. He charmed by the very simplicity of his character; and he

had a natural fund of good sense which more than supplied the want of experience.

This volume opens with the commencement of the present century, when the scattered fragments of society were just beginning to reunite in Paris, and to gather round the government of a leader, who promised public security and prosperity. Fêtes began to be given as usual before the revolution; foreigners began to crowd into France; the women had thrown off the red cap, that emblem of subverted civilization and of contemned religion; and families began to meet at stated festivals, to kiss the hand of the aged grandmother, to march in procession to the mother's room with bouquets of flowers, on the day of her patron saint; private balls were renewed; and the populace, no longer dreading the guillotine, were seen upon the boulevards, reviving their almost forgotten sports. The terrible tempest of fire and blood, that had for nearly ten years desolated France, had passed over; the blue skies were again beginning to be perceived; and when we remember how dreadfully the French had suffered, how rapturously they must have hailed the return of serenity, and how much reason they had to attribute it, under that Providence whom they had deserted, to the commanding genius of Napoleon, we ought not to be surprised at the excessive admiration with which his name and his rising glory were received in every quarter of the country which he had saved.

What a splendid fame might Buonaparte have left behind him, had he been content to remain for life the First Consul of the Republic! It was in his power to have planted free institutions, which by this time might have struck deep root in the heart of the new generation; to have cultivated peace; to have substituted the empire of law for that of men; to have restored the finances to prosperity; to have freed commerce from ungenial restrictions; to have made France the vineyard of Europe, and the favourite temple of the sciences and arts. Instead of doing this, he gave the bridle to his ambition, deluged many fields with human blood, brought back upon France the Bourbons, deprived her of the only good fruits which her revolution produced, and caused her to retrograde to a position, from which she has not even yet succeeded in extricating herself. These reflections are almost commonplace: but they have been prompted by those pages of Madame Junot's Memoirs which describe Napoleon's personal character; for they show that, great as were his talents for war, his abilities for peace, and for the execution of projects subservient to the welfare of a peaceful community, were, if possible, still greater. Free from prejudices of every description, his unclouded and comprehensive intellect, majestic in its severe simplicity, lighted upon the true and the useful on all occasions, and might have accomplished miracles in the way of legislation, had it not been, unfortunately for himself, and still more unfortunately for France and for all Europe, too soon engrossed by his military propensities.

Madame Junot frequently bears testimony to the fact, with which the world had been already well acquainted, that, from the commencement of his career, the predominant passion of Buonaparte was hatred of England. The political station, the naval and colonial power of our small island, was the great obstacle which he had to overthrow, before he could raise France to the summit of domination at which he wished to see her arrive. We cannot, however, suppose, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, even by himself, on the subject, that he seriously contemplated any attack upon our Indian dependencies through Egypt. The subjection of the Nile, and of the interesting country to which it imparts so much fertility—a country so full of ruins and monuments, possessing a mystical charm for such a mind as that of Buonaparte,—was very probably the whole of the practical object to which his views of conquest in that quarter ever extended. A solid footing in Africa, on the shore of the Mediterranean, had long been a desideratum to France; and we have seen that project accomplished in a later day, by the acquisition of Algiers. Whatever was the real cause of the interest which Buonaparte took in the fate of Egypt, it was at all events so fervent, that it amounted to a personal sentiment—a cherished and indomitable passion. We have here a striking account of the effect which was produced upon his mind by the success of Abercrombie, which so rapidly and so decisively frustrated all his projects in that favourite region.

'One fine morning in the summer of 1801, Rapp joined our breakfast table, bringing an order to Junot to attend the First Consul at Malmaison, and an invitation to me to spend the day there. We set out immediately after breakfast, and as Rapp was returning to Malmaison, we gave him a place in our carriage.

'I have already spoken of Rapp as a brave and frank soldier, but the quality which acted the most strongly upon his character at this moment, was his ardent attachment to the First Consul. Rapp, Duroc, Lannes, Bessières, Lemarrois, and two or three others of the army of Italy and Egypt, sympathised perfectly with Junot in this respect, and spoke precisely the same language. The First Consul was to them, entirely as an adored mistress is to most young men, the thought which predominated over every other; and of this devoted attachment I shall have many proofs to produce as my Memoirs proceed.

'On this occasion, we remarked that Rapp was thoughtful, and that a strong feeling seemed to oppress him. We had scarcely reached the barrière de l'Etoile, when Junot, who had been contemplating Rapp's countenance, caught the reflection of its melancholy; and before we arrived at Nanterre, he said to his brother in arms, taking his hand:—

'"Rapp, there is something the matter yonder . . . . . the General"—

'And his eye, fixed on the excellent young man, seemed to fear a confirmation of his apprehensions. Rapp, at first, bowed his head without answering; then pressing Junot's hand—

'"I know nothing," he said; "but the General has certainly received some painful news. I know him as if I had spent my whole life by his

side; and when his forehead wrinkles and his eyelids fall," . . . . . here he knit his eyebrows as Napoleon was accustomed to do when deep in thought.

'"Then when retaining this melancholy air, he pushes away his plate at dinner, throws up his napkins, removes his chair, walks to and fro, and orders three cups of coffee an hour hence, I say to myself that he has met with some cause of distress. This is the life he led all day yesterday, and this morning the same course has recommenced. This is why I am returning to Malmaison, though my attendance ended at noon. But I should be miserable at Paris."

'Junot pressed Rapp's hand—the poor fellow had so entirely expressed his own feelings. I looked at both of them—Junot's eyes were wet, and the other looking out of the coach-window ashamed of his emotion.

'"But," said I to them, "give me leave to tell you, you are behaving like two children. What! because the First Consul is perhaps out of humour, or, at the most, because you believe him to be vexed, you are unhappy to a degree to be absolutely ashamed of your feelings. I repeat it, you are as unreasonable as two children."

'Their two faces turned towards each other to take a mutual survey, and I burst into a laugh. Rapp was offended; "I may be ridiculous in expressing an over anxiety," said he, "but I, who have seen the General's altered physiognomy . . . . . you know, Junot—I, who have seen him, know, that it is not ill-humour, it is grief. Yesterday morning, after rising from breakfast, which he had not eaten, he ordered the horses, and we rode out to the park of Bougival. We were alone with Jardin; so long as we were within sight of the house, the General walked his horse; he had no sooner passed the pailing, than he spurred it, and the poor beast galloped up the stony road of Bougival, where he might have been killed ten times over; for if the horse had stumbled upon one of the round and polished stones the hill is strewed with, he might have rolled to the bottom without the possibility of being saved. When we reached the summit, there, under the fine trees at the entrance of the wood, he stopped short. The horse panted, and could not advance a step. I rode up to the General—he was alone; Jardin was still a long way behind. I then thought no more of the horse falling, but I beheld in this dark and desert wood, assassins in waiting to watch my General's steps. I saw that the most devoted guardianship cannot be so active but that danger may outstrip it; for there had he been two minutes alone! The misfortunes which might have been accomplished in this short time presented themselves so forcibly to me, that for a moment I forget myself. I took the liberty to tell the First Consul that he rode like a madman, and did not know what he was about. "Why the devil, my General," said I, "do you terrify those that love you, in this manner?"

'"What! you spoke to him in that manner!" said Junot laughing, but with a look of astonishment.

'"Certainly," replied Rapp, "and why should not I? You all try to frighten me out of speaking frankly to the First Consul, but I cannot believe it would displease him—he knows when the heart speaks." Rapp accompanied this speech with a collection of energetic words which may be dispensed with here. His language had nothing vulgar in it, but he often introduced into it interjections and exclamations, to which it would be difficult to do justice in writing. "But to return to what I was saying

just now about the General; when I pointed out to him the solitude which surrounded us, he smiled so . . . . ." And Rapp smiled with an expression of disdain and bitterness, at the same time inclining his head in a manner altogether peculiar to Napoleon, and which those only who have known him well, can figure to themselves, or understand. "Then he said to me, 'Danger has no terrors for me, Colonel Rapp; there are even moments when I court it; for some days of my life are heavy to bear." And thereupon he re-commenced his furious gallop; but this time, if we were not in a level country, at least the road was such that it was practicable to follow him. Jardin and I did not let him outride us, but kept our horses close on the heels of his. We rode in this manner six leagues, I think; however, on our return, the First Consul seemed much more calm than when we set out."

'Junot was thoughtful. All that Rapp had said did indeed indicate that some great trouble affected the First Consul. Junot questioned his comrade; but Rapp, who could easily remark the emotion which the countenance of Napoleon exhibited, was wholly deficient in that fine discrimination which could trace such emotion to its cause. I was perfectly astonished at the style, almost of eloquence, in which he had just related the particulars of his preceding day's ride, and I recognised in it a new proof that the eloquence of the heart is the most poetic; that of genius, when compared with it, appears cold and formal. One word shot from that volcano of the mind, when agitated by passion, whatever its nature, is always more persuasive, and more eloquent, than all the discourses of a rhetorician.

'When we arrived at Malmaison, the First Consul was in his cabinet. He immediately sent for Junot, who for above an hour was closeted with him. Some time before dinner we saw them walking in the alley which leads towards Jonchère and Bougival. Junot was serious, and seemed to listen with great attention to the First Consul. Sometimes the countenance of Napoleon was animated; once he stopped opposite the house, and as if he would explain demonstratively to Junot what he was saying, he traced some figures with his feet upon the sand; and probably finding this mode insufficient to his purpose, asked Junot for his sword, and without drawing it from his scabbard, used it to trace his explanatory figures with more ease.

'When we entered the dining room, the First Consul was already at table; he placed me by his side, and talked of things so entirely indifferent, that it was manifest he was supporting a conversation to which he gave no attention at all, only to avoid the awkwardness of total silence. I examined him narrowly, and was convinced that he was under the influence of a strong impression. Alas! the subject was but too serious. We had lost Egypt!—he had hoped that his good fortune would have preserved in Egypt the ascendancy over the evil star of the unlucky Menou; and the English ministry, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, and Lord Grenville, terrified at the success of the man they detested, had given in their resignations. In vain—their adieus to power were but the fatal warrant which doomed to death the great work of his hands. Abercrombie's expedition caused great mischief to Egypt, even under a skilful chief; but to him who directed at once the government and the army, it was ruin and death and disembarked both on the strand of Aboukir.

'In returning to Paris, Junot was strongly affected. He told me all he had learnt from the First Consul, and how much he was himself distressed in seeing the affliction which weighed upon a great mind, whose every sentiment was powerful and ardent.

'"It is so long," said Junot, "since I have known his projects with respect to Egypt! When we walked upon the Boulevards Neufs on one of those fine summer evenings, which then afforded us all the pleasure we enjoyed; when we were at Paris, unhappy, and unemployed, then it was that the First Consul spoke to me of the East—of Egypt, Mount Libanus, and the Druses; and when these brilliant reveries subsequently became a glorious reality; when General Buonaparte saw in his own hands the power of executing such important projects, I know that he considered it the finest moment in his life. I know not what heaven may have in store for him; but I may affirm, that to constitute Egypt the station from whence at some future day the blow should be struck which should annihilate the prosperity of England, was his most cherished purpose, and was about to receive its accomplishment. When, then, he said to me to-day, 'Junot, we have lost Egypt!' I felt all the pain with which he would receive the intelligence that Egypt was actually lost, and my heart throbbed with anguish. Rapp was right! my General suffered cruelly yesterday."'—pp. 71—78.

This passage affords the materials for a fine historical picture. What an incident is this in that solemn tragedy, so remarkable from the beginning to the end, for its inflexible unity of purpose, in which England had already taken its position and its character, by cutting off, at the commencement of the contest, those outworks to which her enemy might have retired in his day of peril, had they been left in his undisturbed possession! Even then he foresaw that she would eventually be his ruin. "My projects, and my dreams," he said to Junot, "England has destroyed them all!" How much more reason had he for this exclamation when he was about to perish on the rock of St. Helena.

Madame Junot, who must have idolised Napoleon, is particularly eloquent in describing the effect of his smile. 'Those who were much about his person can never forget the splendour which was shed over his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly fine; their expression softened; and if the sentiment which produced the smile had anything truly noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened: it was then that his countenance became something more than that of man.' Under his external leaden tranquillity of face, this man certainly possessed a great deal of the most lively sensibility. Junot had received a severe wound in the head at Milan, and was removed to the Serbelloni palace, where Napoleon instantly attended him as if he were his brother. He pulled away the hair from the cicatrice, and when he withdrew his hand, it was full of blood. It is a remarkable circumstance that Napoleon, who sometimes alluded to this incident, could never mention it without turning pale at the recollection. "Yes," he said to Junot, in one of those moments when his heart was en-

kindled with those kindly emotions to which it was no stranger, "I confess at that moment I felt that there is a weakness inherent in human nature, which is only more exquisitely developed in the female constitution. I then understood that it was possible to faint. I have not forgotten that moment, my friend; I have laid it by in a safe place for remembrance. Your head is too hot—too heedless: but you are a loyal and brave fellow. You, Lannes, Marmont, Duroc, Berthièr, Bessieres"—at each name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and a turn in the room, sometimes making a pause and smiling, as the name recalled any proof of attachment; "My son Eugene—yes, those are hearts which love me, which I can depend upon." The man who could speak in this way could not himself have had a bad heart, though he has made the world in general think to the contrary.

There are several anecdotes scattered through these memoirs, which give decisive proof of Napoleon's kindliness of disposition. Before candidates were admitted to the Polytechnic school, they were uniformly examined by the Abbé Bossu, whose veto was equivalent to rejection. A youth full of enthusiasm, who had received his preparatory education at home from his father, presented himself one day for examination; but the Abbé, as soon as he heard that the youth had not been initiated in the mathematics by any learned professor, absolutely refused to ask him any questions, and sent him away. But the ardent youth, who had come up from the country with the hope of making his future fortune as a military engineer, was not to be cast off in this manner. He proceeded to Malmaison, sought and obtained an interview with Napoleon, and explained the grounds of his complaint. Napoleon did not hesitate to examine the youth himself, who acquitted himself admirably. "And have you really had no other instructor than your father?" asked the First Consul with surprise. "No, General: but he was a good master, because he was bringing up a citizen to be useful to his country, and especially to follow the great destinies which you promise to it." Napoleon immediately certified as to the qualifications of the youth, who was forthwith admitted to the school, and subsequently turned out an officer of distinguished merit. It is acts like these that truly endear the name of a great man to posterity.

The home feelings, the hearty kindness, the thorough familiarity of friendship which appear throughout the following scene, display Buonaparte's personal character in the most favourable light.

'I was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and reassure me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law, who had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned, and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me, recommending composure and sleep.

'I was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day: I performed my religious duties, and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby-linen and basket, and in this occupation I found the entire dissipation of my fears and melancholy. In the little cap, with its blue ribbons; and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head, and fat little mottled arms; in my joy, I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to myself—"And this little being, which I expect, will be all my own!" Oh! what days of joy were before me!

'Junot found me leaning over the cradle in a sort of ecstacy, and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness which I felt prouder of than I should have done six months earlier.

'My thoughts now took a quite different direction; I not only did not fear, but I desired, the decisive moment; and when my friends met in my drawing-room, they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively, and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an original and striking wit; bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and sometimes, it is true, shewing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that, like puss also, she did not put them out, unless her paws or her tail were trodden on.

'The evening passed off very cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the madeira, and champagne, redoubled our gaiety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that, at this moment, I cannot think of it without pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me; I do not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or to me; since that time so many sovereignties, which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into crowns as fantastic, that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point. But whether this General had received his crown from me, or whether he had made me his queen, he addressed me in a compliment so absurd that it provoked a violent fit of laughter, with which the room resounded, and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper table. I stood up to answer, with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling froth which were extended towards me, when I fell backwards in my chair, a frightful cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand. But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their colour, and I looked up. Junot, still paler than I had been, still holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation. The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances, hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming, on the other side of their faces, the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require; these masquerade

countenances, resembling at once—*Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*, produced so visible an effect that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair and whispered,

"Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room."

'"No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, "we cannot spare our queen!"

'Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immoderately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed, and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from my chair. This time the General interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying all his mother's behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any M. Guillaume, or M. Dennis, of the Rue de la Perle, or Rue St. Jaques. He busied himself in regulating the heat of the room; in calling my women together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood; ordered the horses, and returned to my side, already expecting to hear the cries of his child; but I was in no such hurry.

'I was followed to my chamber by ten or eleven female friends, whose presence and discordant advice, given in tones louder and louder as it became more difficult to obtain a hearing in the general confusion, did not certainly tend to calm the agitation of my nerves. Scarcely, indeed, was there room to move in the chamber, crowded by so many assistants, my bed, the cradle, and all the apparatus of a lying-in room; in vain the nurse remonstrated; nor was it till Marchais arrived, and was really angry, that all this disturbance was put an end to. My friends, to whose anxiety and good will alone it was to be attributed, at length took their leave, embracing me with the kindest wishes, and left me to pass a terrible night.

'During this tedious season of watching and anxiety, Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlour; then got up, walked the room with hasty steps, crept to my bed-room door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited; and returned to his apartment, where his aid-de-camp, General Lallemand, sat up with him all night, endeavouring with all the arguments and consolation of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation, and to restore something like composure to his mind.

At ten in the morning Marchais himself, very much fatigued, came to seek Junot; he told him that I was still very ill, that there was no immediate prospect of relief, but that he had no fears for my life. On his return to my room I felt assured that he had seen my husband; I called to him and entreated him to bring Junot to me, to which he immediately consented. My husband, on seeing me so pale and weak, burst into tears, and as he embraced me I shared his emotion. Marchais, whose eyes were anxiously fixed upon me, now led the General away, telling him that he hoped more from my tears than any effort of his art.

'Junot, on leaving me, by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber; found repose in none of them; and at length, unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye, and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit

or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the great court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul's apartments, the consideration of his dishabille crossed his mind; but no matter, said he, as he looked down his brown coat, I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings.

'All his comrades in the ante-chamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridicule: and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet.

'"Good God! what is the matter, Junot?" he exclaimed with surprise on seeing him.

'"General, my wife is in labour, and I cannot stay at home," was the answer, but in a voice almost smothered with tears.

'"And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend, Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh, woman, woman!"

'He required a relation of all that happened from my first seizure, and though Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described, that my life was actually in danger; and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of the tenderest and the best of brothers.

'"My old friend," said he to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand, a very rare caress, "you have done right in coming to me at this moment, as I hope to prove."

'So saying, he left his cabinet, and leaning upon Junot's arm, stepped into the saloon, where the statue of the great Condé stands, and walked up and down talking of the only subject which interested his companion, for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate chords, which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Amongst other things he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries.

'"On foot," was the answer; "a species of desperation droye me from home, though my heart is still there; and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came."

'"And may I ask you then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute, to see if any one passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you, if your servants do not know where you are? If your officers saw you come out in plain clothes, it seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of throwing yourself into the river than of coming here."

'He called and gave his orders. "Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's to learn whether she is put to bed; and if not, let the family know that General Junot is here."

'He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his General, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day rivetted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

'But Junot had also those about him who were devotedly attached to him. Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Helat, his German valet-de-chambre, an honest and faithful servant, if ever there was one, followed him at first with his eyes; then seeing him take the road towards Pont-Royal, ran after him without his hat, watched him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aide-de-camp Laborde where the General was to be found.

'Junot had not been three quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner, when he would rather have been at large, and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness; the footman could not yet be returned; when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to inquire for him.

'"I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then dragging him still further on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and with an accent to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated: "Oh! woman, woman!"

'At length at the moment that Junot was about to escape without listening to anything further, M. de Laborde appeared at the further end of the gallery; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

'"My general," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and is as well as possible,"

'"Go then, and embrace your daughter," said the First Consul, laying a stress on the word daughter; "if your wife had given you a boy they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me," and he pressed him affectionately in his arms.

'Junot laughed and cried, and thoughtless of every thing but the event which had occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him, "Stay, giddy head; are you going to run through the streets without your hat?"'—pp. 154—163.

As soon as Napoleon felt that he held the reins of empire firmly in his hand, it was clearly his plan to repair the ruins of society, and to restore the once stately edifice as nearly as possible to its former appearance. He knew that he was thus preparing the way for the establishment of his own throne, and was therefore cautious in his measures, which were marked by great sagacity. He began by forming the institution of the Legion of Honour, which, though at first much opposed by the genuine republicans, was too flattering to the military vanity of the nation not to triumph over all obstacles. He next proceeded to restore the ceremonies of a religion which, in all the vicissitudes of the revolution, he had never abandoned. The same simplicity and happiness of thought which enabled him to see all things with peculiar rapidity and clearness, led him to entertain a thorough contempt for the various sects to which the overthrow of the established religion had given birth. Even Robespierre, it is said, intended to restore the desecrated temples to their former purposes; but he found the task too much for him,

because he had not the sagacity and tact to go rightly about it. One would be inclined to hope from the following anecdote, that Napoleon had even a higher motive than that of mere personal policy, in endeavouring to re-establish religion in France.

'The First Consul was violently prejudiced against the theophilanthropists.

'"They are stage-players,"' said he.

'And when it was argued that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of their leaders; that Lareviellere, Le paux in particular, was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in short, that virtue, good faith, honour, and especially the welfare of mankind, were the objects of their morality:

'"What of that?" asked the First Consul of the theophilanthropist tribune, who was pleading the cause of his fraternity. "All systems of morals are specious. Setting aside a few dogmas more or less absurd, which are necessarily adapted to the times, and the comprehension of the people, what do you find in the Vehdas, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius? Pure morality throughout; that is to say, protection for the weak, respect for the laws, and gratitude to God. But it is the Gospel alone which presents an epitome of all the principles of morality, and totally disencumbered of absurdity. It is there you must look for what is truly worthy of admiration, and not in stale truisms turned into doggrel rhymes. Do you love the sublime, you, and your friends the theophilanthropists? Then recite the Lord's prayer."

'About this time, the First Consul, wearied with perpetual reports of the meetings of these new sectaries, decided on their suppression, and on closing their places of assembly; the real motive which instigated this determination, was the concordat, already concluded with the Pope, and which was shortly afterwards published: he therefore never failed eagerly to seize an opportunity of unmercifully decrying this *religion in a dressing gown*, as he expressed himself.'—pp. 214, 215.

Napoleon knew that no weapon could be used in France more powerful than ridicule; and by turning the sectarians into ridicule, he prepared the way for his purpose of restoring religion, which he eventually accomplished. The establishment of the Concordat was celebrated on Easter Monday, in the year 1802, with all imaginable pomp. The First Consul wisely issued no orders on the occasion, but he had it intimated to the public functionaries that he expected their presence, accompanied by as much pageantry as they could command. Madame Buonaparte had as yet no ladies of honour, but four of her friends voluntarily took upon themselves the duties of that office, and she was surrounded in the gallery of Notre Dame by a host of female beauty. There was also a good deal of military display on the occasion. The firing of musketry, the troops lining the streets, the salvoes of artillery, which, from the earliest dawn, had shaken every window of Paris; all the sounds of the camp, mingling with religious chaunts, and with that ecclesiastical pomp, so justly in accordance with the solemnity, formed a combination truly imposing, and which spoke to the feel-

ings. Thus prudently did Napoleon march from stage to stage in his course of preparation for the empire which he was soon about to call into existence.

It is well known that Napoleon was extremely rigid in all matters connected with the economy of his establishment, which, though a very splendid one, even when he was First Consul, was conducted without any extravagance. 'I remember,' says Madame Junot, 'his once admonishing Duroc for neglecting to transmit an order, regulating the private breakfasts at the palace, which he had given him the evening before: the order, therefore, had been delayed but a few hours, "but an additional day's expense," said the First Consul, "is too much."' But although thus strictly economical, he was far from being insensible to the necessity of occasionally shining out as brilliantly as possible. The beau ideal of wisdom, in his opinion, was to combine frugality with becoming splendour, when necessary. When conversing upon this subject, he used sometimes to relate a story of a Roman banker, who realized completely his maxims on both points.

'"We must all leave all these matters," said he, "to think of our own appearance next week. Josephine, I desire you will be dazzling in jewelery, and richly dressed, do you hear?"

'"Yes," replied Madame Buonaparte, "and then you find fault, perhaps fall into a passion, or you erase my warrants of payment upon the margin of my bills."

'And she pouted like a little girl, but with the most perfect good humour. Madame Bonaparte's manners possessed, when she chose it, a seducing charm. Her graciousness might be general, but undeniably she could be, when she chose, perfectly attractable and loveable. When the First Consul announced his will regarding her toilet, she looked at him so prettily, walked towards him with such grateful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone who could resist her. Napoleon loved her—drew her closer to him, and embraced her.

'"Certainly, my dear love, I sometimes cancel your warrants of payment, because you are occasionally so imposed upon, that I cannot take it upon my conscience to sanction such abuses; but it is not therefore inconsistent to recommend you to be magnificent on occasions of parade. One interest must be weighed against another, and I hold the balance equitably, though strictly. Here, I will tell you a story, which will do wonders as a lesson, if you will but remember it. Listen, too," beckoning us to draw near, "listen, too, you young giddy pates, and profit by it.

'"There lived once, at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society; he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it: only two of the four sides of the sheet, having been written upon, he tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half, so that it

would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio, which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appropriate the privileges of the *chiffonier*, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase, from the counting-house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were smoking in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows, plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which no ray of the beautiful sun of Provence could ever penetrate; the little bowl of box-wood, filled with saw-dust to serve for powder, the broken writing desk, the dressing gown of the banker; and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation; but no matter—a day is soon passed.

'"The duties of the toilet were discharged, rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in the part of the mansion occupied by the counting-house, he begged on arriving to be conducted to the lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother; the former was young and pretty, the latter not old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the honest and laborious head of the family; he himself was no longer the personage his guest had seen in the morning; he seemed to have left behind, amongst the dusty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woollen dressing-gown; while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference, that this house was one of the best, if not the very best, in the city. Dinner was served, and the young man was convinced it was so.

'"The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded, upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week.

'"While coffee was serving, he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependence of cause and effect, which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding.

'"Young man," said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, "you are absent, and almost pensive; you have made a bad dinner."

'"But the expression of his eyes and the inflexion of his voice, in pronouncing these words, seemed to mean,

'"Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?"

'"The young man blushed, as if he really heard the latter sentence; but the good financier understood his blush, and laughing, said,

'"No offence! you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun—it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, are one among the means I employ for attaining it."

'"A fine story this, that you have been telling us, Buonaparte!" said Josephine, smiling; to me the most marvellous part of it is, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only."

'"I did not forget that, I assure you," replied he, winking to us: "do you think I should have preached in the same way to men? They never require it."

'I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power.'—pp. 287—292.

Republican as Napoleon was in his simplicity, there was in his character, at all times, a strong spice of the aristocrat.

'The First Consul once related an anecdote which he considered favourable to the Prince Regent's good taste; and it was very unusual for Napoleon to approve any word or act of the Prince of Wales, for whom he certainly felt no partiality, and was aware that the dislike was reciprocal.

'General Andreossy had placed M. Otto in London; the General was by no means deficient in politeness; he had been very well educated, but was unversed in the language of courts; because, supposing that he had not, as I believe he had, entered the military service previous to the revolution, he was at any rate too young to have acquired, from intercourse with the best society of that day, those polished and obsequious manners which are exacted by the highest ranks in all countries. England is, perhaps, of all the nations of Europe, the most rigorous in this exaction, and, unluckily, General Andreossy was no adept in the profession. It was his sincere intention to be polite; but intention is not, in courtly regions, the essence of politeness, nor even a necessary or desired ingredient. Only make the required obeisances, and mutter what you please; provided you are not overheard by its object, you may exhaust a whole vocabulary of abuse. What a delightful residence of freedom is a court! Aye, but observe the other side of the picture; rusticity of manners, with the best disposition to avoid offence, will provide you a very indifferent reception there, as General Andreossy observed. He was frequently in company with the Prince of Wales, then the most amiable of heirs apparent, the most liberal of men in all his notions; in short, he would have afforded solid hopes of future happiness to his country, had not the cloven foot been sometimes disclosed.

'He frequently met the French ambassador at the Duchess of Devonshire's and other tables, where the affability, easiness of access, and apparently compliant and obliging disposition of a personage so near the throne, could not fail of giving universal satisfaction; while the profound and ceremonious respect observed by all who approached the Prince, and of which his utmost condescension never tolerated a moment's transgression, imparted to His Royal Highness' popularity a tinge of aristocratic homage,

the singular effect of which cannot be thoroughly understood by a stranger to English manners.

'General Andreossy, who was always politely saluted by the Prince of Wales, perceiving that His Royal Highness accosted, with perfect familiarity, several persons whom he (the General) considered greatly his own inferiors, imagined he might use his discretion in the articles etiquette; and chatted accordingly with the Prince in a style of easy indifference, that soon became insupportable to one who prized, above all things, that extreme elegance, and polished high breeding, of which he was the English model. Amongst his offensive familiarities, the General had a habit of always calling him *Mon Prince!*

'"Good God!" said he, one day, to some one near him, "do pray tell General Andreossy to desist from calling me *Mon Prince!* Why I shall be taken for a Russian Prince."

'To comprehend the full point of this repartee, it must be recollected that both France and England were, at that time, inundated with foreigners; especially with Russians, the greater part of whom were called my Prince, because their fathers, or perhaps their grandfathers, had been capital horsemen on the banks of the Borysthenes, or the Yaïk, the only qualification for nobility amongst the Cossacks.

'It must not be inferred from what is stated above, that General Andreossy's bearing, even in very good company, was reproachable. By no means; but, though perfect in all the ordinary rules of politeness, he had not learnt to converse with royalty. He was the first to laugh at his cavalier treatment of His Royal Highness, and I would not answer that Napoleon, while he blamed his error, did not secretly approve it.'—pp. 352—354.

Madame Junot mentions, with excusable pride, that Napoleon stood sponsor for one of her children, on which occasion Josephine sent her a splendid pearl necklace, and thegodfather the receipted purchase contract of her hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which cost two-hundred thousand francs. He soon after added to this sum another hundred thousand for furniture. These are little marks of a friendly disposition, which ought not to pass unnoticed. Madame Junot would fain have us believe, that Napoleon hesitated to accept the consulate for life, when it was offered him. He certainly did hesitate to take that step, but it was in order to see his way more clearly to the throne. He desired to have the sense of the people taken upon the subject; and when he found himself supported by the votes of three millions five-hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight-hundred and ninety individuals, out of the three million five-hundred and seventy thousand who voted upon that occasion, he need not be blamed for resolving to assume the crown which they were already willing to place upon his head. It is a curious coincidence mentioned by Madame Junot, that the same day on which the consulship for life was offered to Napoleon, a decree was passed, sanctioning the definitive reunion of Elba to the republic. But we shall not proceed farther with politics. We more willingly revert to those domestic scenes in which Napoleon appeared in his most gracious demeanour.

'Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Buonaparte

to breakfast at St. Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Buonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew that he should meet some persons there to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation. This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast table, and on advancing towards us, at once descried in the midst of the group, the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair, curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul, immediately on seeing her, exclaimed:

'"Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter, the cardinaless! Good morning, ma'amselle—come, look at me—there, open your eyes. Why the devil, do you know that she is prodigiously pretty—the little thing resembles her grandmother—yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was—she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

'As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it at all; but I had taken the precaution to tell her, that if she did not cry at St. Cloud, we should stop at a toy-shop on our way home, and she should have whatever she liked. Napoleon, who did not know this promise, remarked how very good-tempered the child was, while I was secretly reminding her of the toy-shop ten times in a minute.

'"That is what I like children to be," continued Napoleon, "not perpetually crying or fretting; there is that little Lætitia, who is as beautiful as an angel; well, she cries so violently, that I make my escape as if the house was on fire."

'As he was talking the party had removed to the blue saloon, which was Madame Buonaparte's morning room. A circular balcony, upon which this room opened, passed along the whole suite of apartments. The First Consul stepped out of the window and made me a sign to follow. I was about to deliver the child to her nurse, but he prevented me, saying:

'"No, no, keep your daughter; a young mother is never so interesting as when she has her child in her arms. What is the matter with Junot?" he added as soon as we were on the balcony.

'"He has a fever, General; and it is so violent as to oblige him to keep his bed."

'"But this fever is of some kind or other; is it putrid, malignant, or what?"

'"Neither the one or the other, citizen Consul," I replied with a little impatience, for I was provoked at the petulant tone of his question; "but Junot is, as you know, very susceptible, and a pain which goes to his heart affects his health. You know, General, that such complaints are beyond the power of medicine."

'"I see that Junot has been telling you of the sort of quarrel we had the other day. He made himself quite ridiculous."

'"You will give me leave, citizen Consul, not to confirm what you have just been saying with my assent; you are no doubt jesting. All that I can do, is to affirm that, having probably misunderstood Junot, you have given him serious pain. That he has suffered severely, has been manifest to me, because neither my cares, nor this child's caresses, have been able to calm his mind. Also, I conclude, General, that in reporting

to me the conversation you are speaking of, he did not tell me the whole." This, as I afterwards learned, was the truth.

'The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking; then took my right hand which held my little girl upon the left arm, then suddenly rejecting it with a very singular movement, seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute; then disappeared like lightning.'—pp. 400—403.

Another scene of this kind, and we shall have done. Junot was at this period very ill, in consequence of the quarrel here alluded to. He was of a very irritable temper, and his nerves were much agitated. Upon Madame Junot's return home, she found him in her apartment upon a sofa, where he fell fast asleep; and drawing a chair near him, she sat in a kind of reverie, without ordering any lights to be brought. From Napoleon's manner, it was evident that he felt he had hurt Junot in the most sensitive part, and that he was now determined to repair the injury. The sequel reflects honour upon his memory.

'Suddenly, I heard a quick step on the little staircase, which led from the breakfast room into the court. Accustomed to watching by a sick bed, I was on foot in an instant, and heard Heldt, the first valet-de-chambre, running up stairs, and calling, "Madame! Madame!"

'A light struck upon my still half-closed eyes, but a well-known voice effectually roused me; the First Consul presented himself before me.

'"Good evening, Madame Junot; you did not expect me, I imagine; well, where is your dying patient?"

'As he spoke, he entered the small cabinet, which served as an anteroom between Junot's apartments and mine, and in which he had just been sleeping.

'"Well! M. Junot, what is the matter with you, then? Hey? What does this fever mean? Well, what are you crying for, great baby? Ay, I shall mimic you presently myself." Here he pulled his ears; and his poor nose; pinched his cheeks, and lavished all his expressions of favour on him. Junot, meanwhile, was suffocating; I, perhaps, never knew him so deeply affected. He took the First Consul's two hands; alternately pressed them to his bosom, and looked at him with an expression such as the heart only can paint upon the countenance. He could not speak; he took the hand of the good Duroc, that excellent friend, whom for some time he misunderstood, but who never ceased to be the truest and most valuable of his brothers in arms.

'"I guess you are no longer ill," said the First Consul, taking the chair I had been offering him ever since he came in, "Hey! hot brain."

'He was scarcely seated, before he stood up again and began walking round the room, saying—

'"Ah, so this is what they call your palace; I should be glad to see it! They all tell me it is a marvel, and a folly; but this room seems simple enough."

'Hereupon he went into Junot's room, and his cabinet; then returned, and passed into my apartment. "Ah! ah! so this is the sanctuary," said he, in a tone of kindness, though rather joking; "but, what the devil is this? Do these happen to be your grandmothers?"

' "They are not even relations, General," replied I. "It is a piece of Junot's gallantry, who chose to ornament my room with portraits of all the celebrated females of antiquity, and of the last century; he was willing that I should not be too humble in my character of a woman."

' "Oh! he might have dispensed with the portrait gallery for that purpose. But he was right not to admit into it the women of the present day; for all pretend to be celebrated: it is the folly of all countries."

' He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with a fixed attention, and a smile which I could not suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusions of glory which surrounded him, could not make his appearance imposing, when not attired in civil or military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but, at all events, he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion, his great coat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was remarkably fine beaver; but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and still was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the dog's-ears had disappeared.

' "Well! Monsieur Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your domains has radically cured you."

' Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child.

' "To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow, at St. Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante!*"

' We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in this privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies: he had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs Elysées, a chaise, or sort of cabriolet, drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

' Whether there was a little magic in what I am about to say or not, I am not able to decide; but certain it is that there was literally no more than time enough for descending the staircase, and crossing the hall, before Junot, who had disappeared at the head of the stairs, returned in his uniform, with his sword at his side, and wrapped in his military cloak.

' "What does this mean, Monsieur Junot? I do not permit you to go out, understand that: it is a military order."

' "My General, you know me. You know that I should be seriously ill if I did not see you safe in your carriage, with the certainty that your goodness to a faithful friend has not exposed you to danger. Then, do not insist, my General, for I am resolute."

'"And as I must watch my patient," added I, "the First Consul will permit me to accompany him?"

'"Oh! oh! an Amazon! you have been reading Clorinde, I suppose."

'"Certainly, General."

'We reached the first trees of the avenue of Neuilly, and found the chaise in waiting. The First Consul threw himself into it; Duroc took his seat by his side, and they were off like an arrow.

'Junot leant against a tree, watching the track of the lighted lamps as long as they were visible. He said nothing, and I did not disturb that silence which so eloquently expressed the fullness of his heart.

'"Ah!" said he at length, when the last gleam had disappeared; "my blood, my entire life, will for ever be devoted to that man's service!'" —pp. 404—408.

We are left in doubt whether this volume is to be followed by any others: for although we find *Finis* at the last page, yet Madame Junot speaks of her succeeding chapters as if she meant to pursue her memoirs through the imperial regime. We trust that she may, as, although she give us a good deal of trifling matter, she incidentally produces traits of Napoleon, which serve to make his real character better known than ever it was before.

ART. II.—*A Comparative View of the Industrial Situation of Great Britain, from the Year* 1775 *to the present time. With an Examination of the Causes of her Distress.* By Alexander Mundell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 133. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

WE readily accept from Mr. Mundell the new adjective, 'industrial:' we know of no single word in our language that could have been substituted for it; and therefore he was authorized, by the nature of his subject, and the necessity of the case, in coining the phrase which he has used. His work, which at any time would have been valuable, is particularly useful in the present circumstances of the country. It has become a commonplace remark to say that there never were times so pregnant with change and with peril as those in which we live, and which are fast approaching upon us. The observation has frequently been made with great truth; for if we look back at the ages that have gone by, we may perceive that the interests of society have become more and more complicated from century to century; that the national institutions have not always kept pace with the new wants which have arisen; and that when this has happened, a certain degree of uneasiness, a disposition to forebode evil, and to guard as much as possible against it, have pervaded all classes of the community; and that, in comparison with the years that have passed, those which were coming undoubtedly were fraught with much greater importance to the generations whose peculiar business it was, by the exercise of their wisdom and industry, to give an ameliorating character to their influence. Men must ever look forward to the unknown,

the untried future, with some degree of apprehension: that feeling will be exceedingly apt to lead them into exaggerated views, as objects seen dimly in the twilight uniformly assume larger proportions, and more vague outlines, than really belong to them. While we are ignorant of what is to come, which for our comparative happiness must be the case while we live upon this planet, so long it must of necessity happen that we shall look to the future with feelings of solicitude, if not of alarm. The observation, therefore, above-mentioned, though commonplace, is not the less true; and its being a commonplace ought not to render it the less deserving of our attention.

It cannot but have struck every man who has paid the slightest regard to the momentous events which have, since the commencement of the present century, so rapidly followed upon the heels of each other in Europe, and especially in this country, that we are approaching an epoch of great and decisive changes in the laws, the customs, and institutions, by which the interests of society have hitherto been regulated. A few years ago, men of the most profound thought looked forward with terror to the instrumentality, by which they then conceived it most probable that those changes would be brought about. They calculated on a sanguinary revolution. Taking the data which then existed, they concluded that the House of Commons, even if it were willing to reform itself, could never accomplish its purpose, as the Throne and the House of Lords would to the last resist a change which would be so full of danger to their own authority. Those politicians, therefore, consistently with the knowledge which they then possessed, could see no way to the improvements of which society stood in need, and which they felt must be achieved by some means or other, except through the bloody railway of a civil war, determined in its character, irresistible in its progress, and prompt in its results. But it has pleased a benevolent Providence to order it otherwise. The throne itself, naturally enough calculated upon as hostile to great change, has been converted into the most important auxiliary of the cause; the House of Lords has not assisted it, but it dared not, when the battle really came, and the people were arrayed for the fearful struggle—it dared not to make its appearance in the field. That power, at the crisis of its fate, made a prudent retreat, and henceforth its peculiar attributes are gone. "The flood-gates of democracy have been lifted," as Lord Lyndhurst very truly expressed it, and the reigning influence which, in a few months more, will have been established without a rival, and we may add without even a check, in this country, will emanate directly from the people.

The question of the continuance of the monarchy has not yet been: at least it has not assumed any settled or definite shape, though vague surmises concerning it may be frequently met with, fluctuating upon the current of public opinion. Its day will certainly come, and it will as certainly be disposed of without a civil war.

No sanguinary contest could possibly be more decisive of consequences, than the legitimately expressed opinion of a majority of the people. If they be for the abolition of the throne, and the substitution for it of a president's chair, there is no power in these realms capable of resisting for a single hour that opinion so expressed, and it must be obeyed. Resolutions coming up to town through the provincial papers from all parts of the two islands, are more imperative in their character, and infinitely less liable to be changed by the influence of fortune, than the pealing artillery and waving standards of a conquering army. An imprudent general, a treacherous adviser, may, at a great crisis in the field, turn victory into irretrievable defeat; but the councils of tranquil and discreet assemblies of the people, collected for the purposes of deliberation within sight of their own homes, are not to be frustrated by any chance, or betrayed by any perfidy. If they be agreed amongst themselves, and a majority of those councils be unanimous throughout the nation, what other power exists amongst us, that would venture to oppose them; or, venturing, expect to combat them with success?

There is another question, also, which, like that of the monarchy, though much more frequently alluded to, and even entered upon in detail at public assemblies and sittings of both Houses of Parliament, has not yet assumed a matured and moulded shape—it is not yet a finished cast for the hand of the sculptor—we mean the question of a standing army. The army costs the nation seven millions and a half per annum, and it will soon be asked for what practically useful purpose this large expenditure is imposed upon the country? Is it to be perpetual? The abolition of this armed force, supposing it to be unnecessary, would enable the government to repeal the assessed taxes; to reduce to two or three pence the post-office charges on inland letters; to circulate useful cheap publications without any duty at all; and to remove the vexatious charges imposed on hawkers, pedlars, and hackney coaches. A revenue more than adequate to all the legitimate wants of the state would then be derivable from the customs, the excise, and the higher classes of stamps, (repealing the duties on those that affect trade;) and a real sinking fund might be created for paying off honestly and with good faith, the national debt.

Of what *use*, it will soon be asked, is the standing army? Does it keep the peace in England? If it does, it is not a constitutional force for that purpose: it is the business of the constable to keep the public peace, and to the constable alone that duty ought to be confided. So far as the peace of England, and, we may add, of Scotland, is concerned, we are of opinion that there is no necessity for the existence of a single soldier in Great Britain. Does the standing army do any good in Ireland? *Good?* On the contrary, it works there incalculable mischief. It prevents the people from righting the disturbed state of that country by governing them-

selves, and abating the nuisances by which they are oppressed and insulted.

Does our standing army keep, or help to keep the continent in peace? Ask Portugal—Germany—Poland—France—ask Europe whether our army weighs a single feather in the ever-trembling scales of our diplomacy. A single ship of war, with the ensign of Britain flying at the mast-head, and its latent thunders ready to burst upon the foe at the lighting of the match, is worth all the red coats and mustachios we can count throughout our three kingdoms. We know of no *use* of a standing army at home, except that it affords provision for a numerous race of noble and gentle paupers. Our barracks are, in fact, so many workhouses; in which, under the appearance of doing something, feeding and attending horses, cleaning belts, cartouche-boxes and buttons, great numbers of men in livery are supported; and though the pay to each individual may be small, upon the whole it exceeds the other class of poor-rates, which are felt so severely in many parts of England. Let the red-coated men who have fought well for their country be rewarded, and munificently; but let the others be removed to their respective parishes.

But if a war should come? Let it come. The sea is our natural fortress; and let us know whence the navy is to appear that can do battle with that force which we can command by a single message of the semaphore. A standing army forsooth, to please the court, and feed the aristocracy! It was but the other day that a boy of sixteen years of age was quartered upon the nation, under the fiction of a commission in the Life-Guards! Away with it—it is a fragment of the boroughmongering system, and with that system it must perish. Have the Americans a standing army?

But there are other questions of great national importance, which have arrived at a stage fit for legislation, and which the growing impatience of the country will not suffer to be postponed. To some of these Mr. Mundell has given his attention, and we shall state the substance of his well-informed thoughts, and sound conclusions concerning them. He finds that, after having enjoyed seventeen years of peace, our export trade having increased beyond all former example, nevertheless distress has prevailed, and gone on constantly increasing, with little intermission, during the whole of that period in this country, and especially in our agricultural districts. The sudden change from war to peace has always been productive of distress, but on all previous occasions the equilibrium was soon restored, and years of increasing prosperity more than compensated for days of adversity. But in our times this rule has not held true; with us, distress has so much increased since the peace, that we are at this day infinitely worse off, in many respects, than we were in 1814; and not we alone, but every country in Europe, particularly France, whose condition is even still more embarrassed than ours.

It seems reasonable to assume that, for this universality of distress, so different from former precedents of peaceful years, there must be some universal, as well as some novel cause. Mr. Mundell believes that he has discovered this cause in the legislative and municipal restraints which shackle the arms of industry, which restraints are 'rendered progressively more severe by a continuous rise in the exchangeable value of money;' that is to say, by the circumstance of a greater quantity of manufactures or produce being purchaseable for a pound of gold or silver, for instance, than formerly. This exchangeable value of money was constantly on the fall before 1810; but since that year it has continued to rise. England and France being the two most industrious nations in Europe, the consequences of these restraints and of this rise have been felt with peculiar severity in both these countries, and with the greater severity in France, because industry is there more fettered than in England. Political events have contributed, in both countries, to aggravate these two causes of distress, but those events have been themselves some of the *mediate* consequences of the grievances which those two causes had already produced.

Without going into the whole field of inquiry which the subject opened to his contemplation, Mr. Mundell applies himself to the more practical part of it. He shews, from authentic documents, that our shipping and the exports of our internal produce and manufactures continue to increase, because, comparatively speaking we suppose he means, they are not affected by such restraints. He then proceeds to point out how our internal industry suffers from 'restrictions in our money system; from the operation of our corn laws; of ill-administered poor laws; and from the manner of our raising a revenue for the service of the state.'

With reference to the first of these heads, he shews from figures, with which we need not trouble the reader, that in 1811 there was a fall in the value of our exports, as compared with that of the exchangeable value of money in 1810, of no less than twenty per cent. Here then we have a period from which to date the obvious commencement of the fall in the price of goods, and the rise in the exchangeable value of money, which have been continually going on, the former getting lower and lower, the latter higher and higher, since that epoch. What was the cause of this in the first instance? Mr. Mundell is of opinion that it was the great defalcation that then occurred, and which has not since been remedied, in the supply of gold and silver from the South American mines, in consequence of the revolution which then commenced in the mining districts. Before the year 1810, the supply from those mines brought to Europe was nearly forty-eight millions of dollars annually; since that period it has not exceeded twelve millions per annum.

'Mr. Tooke, who wrote his book on high and low prices, under the impression that there had been no defalcation in the supply of gold and

silver from the mines, endeavoured to account for the depression of prices from over production. When the account of the supply from the South American mines, for the ten years which preceded 1810, and for the ten years which followed that year, was sent to him by Mr. Jacob, Mr. Tooke published the account in a supplemental section to a second edition of his work. But he doubted the extent of its operation—

'1. From the quantity of commodities, in the circumstances he adverted to, affecting the contingent as well as actual supply, compared to the average rate of consumption, which it appeared to him might account for the difference of bullion prices. 2. The diminution or cessation of the drain of silver from hence to the East Indies and China, and an inversion of the stream, by the importation of the precious metals from the East Indies to this country. 3. From the increased transport to Europe, of immense capitals in gold and silver, consequent upon the migration of old Spaniards from South America.

'But none of these causes had any operation in 1814. Increased production since, has, perhaps, been rather a consequence from, than a cause of the rise in the exchangeable value of money, from a defalcation in the supply of the precious metals; because all commercial men have engagements to make good, and when they become unequal to meet their payments, from returns falling off in money amount, they naturally endeavour to make up for deficiency of price by increase of quantity. The diminution or cessation of the drain of silver to the East, and the influx then to this country, (consequent upon gold and silver becoming scarcer in Europe than in Asia) did not take place for nearly ten years after 1810; and the supply brought by emigrant Spaniards, could only be a limited amount, and could produce only a temporary effect.

'The termination of the war, and the preparation made for returning to a metallic standard, in 1819, to which so much effect beyond their actual operation has been ascribed by others, could not account for the fall of prices in 1811. The one could not have any influence until 1816, nor the other for three years afterwards. Mr. Tooke appears to me to have shown very successfully, that war or peace, or even taxes, have little effect upon general prices, and that the diminution of prices consequent upon returning to a standard of gold, could not have any influence beyond the difference between the mint and the market price of gold, in which he supports Mr. Ricardo's opinions. It was the rise in the exchangeable value of the standard, and not the return to it, which has occasioned a depression of prices so much beyond the difference between paper and bullion prices.

'In reviewing Mr. Jacob's book on the production and consumption of the precious metals, the reviewer questions a rise in the exchangeable value of money, from a defalcation in the supply of gold and silver from the mines, upon grounds which either serve only to lessen the effects of the defalcation, or which resolve the rise into an increased supply of other commodities; but, if the supply of all other commodities be unquestionably increasing, and the supply of gold and silver be stationary, or increasing in a much smaller proportion, it necessarily follows that a continuing depression of prices must follow, from the scantiness of the supply of the precious metals; and the amount of the depression must increase in proportion to the increasing abundance in the supply of other commodities, and the scantiness of the supply of gold and silver, varied by

the difference in the abundance or scantiness in the relative supply in particular years. It seems impossible to account for a continuing depression of prices, otherwise than by a rise in the exchangeable value of gold and silver, from a scantiness in the supply. The comparative aggregate of our exports in every succeeding year, shows continuing depression, which appears to increase in a greater proportion, of late years, than attended the depression when it first began, in 1811; but the commencement, unquestionably, was occasioned by a defalcation in the supply of the precious metals; and the progressive depression since, is perfectly consistent with a progressive increase in the supply of other commodities, conducing with the scantiness of the supply of the precious metals to depress prices.

'Since 1814, with the exception of a few articles, the official and declared value of which is always the same, (umbrellas and parasols for example) the declared value of every article becomes less and less every year. Depression has fallen much more heavily upon some articles than upon others. The differences of depression can be accounted for, from circumstances applicable to each branch of manufacture; but it can no more be explained how depression should increase upon every article every year, than it can be explained how a great and sudden depression should have begun in the year 1811, otherwise than by a defalcation in the supply of gold and silver from the mines; which, in point of fact, we know happened in that year, and still continues, to the extent of three-fourths of the previous annual supply. Other causes may account for the differences, but no other cause can account for the commencement or continuation of the depression, without the intermission of even a single year. How much of the amount of the depression may arise from this cause, and how much from other causes, it is impossible to ascertain; but there is one among our articles of export which may afford reasonable evidence in this respect, namely, tin unwrought. The Cornwall mines are worked now exactly as they were in 1814. Tin is got nowhere else in Europe, and at present, from no other than the Cornwall and Banca mines. We have, therefore, in some measure, a monopoly of the article, and are enabled to suit the supply to the demand, the increase of which, as it should seem, should be to increase the price. Yet the quantity exported has increased yearly since 1814, until the three last years that it has fallen off. The finance accounts do not enable me to state how much depression fell upon tin in common with other articles of export, in 1811; but since 1814, the depression amounts to upwards of fifty per cent., which, as it appears to me, can be ascribed only to the defalcation in the supplies of gold and silver from the mines, increased by the consequences attending the return to cash payments in 1819, and the putting down of the small notes in 1826. Its depression, as stated in the finance accounts, accordingly appears to have been greatest in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821; again in the year 1826, and again in 1830; when the small notes were completely withdrawn from circulation.

'The general depression of the aggregate exports appears to have been also greatest in these years. Still the general depression in these years is much less than the depression experienced in 1811. The depression occasioned by the alteration of our currency, therefore, while it confirms the conclusion, that the commencement of the depression can alone be

ascribed to a defalcation in the supply of gold and silver from the mines, also shows that the defalcation must have had a much more powerful influence upon general prices than the alteration in the currency, to which all the distress we have suffered has been generally attributed. As the return to a metallic standard, for which preparation was made in 1819, could not have an effect beyond the difference between the mint and the market price of gold, so the withdrawing of small notes from circulation, could not exceed the amount of the exchangeable value of the gold required to take the place of the small notes. Either effect could only be temporary and limited, in its operation, in distressing industry.'—pp. 17—23.

We confess that we cannot readily see how this reasoning can be satisfactorily answered. No man can doubt that, since the mines in South America have ceased to yield the large annual supply which they produced previous to 1810, gold and silver have become scarcer, and consequently more valuable in Europe. But there are other restraints upon our money system besides the one just noticed, arising out of the monopoly enjoyed by the Bank of England. We have recently entered pretty much at large into this subject; but we may repeat here, with Mr. Mundell, that the great nuisance of the existence of such a bank is, that 'it is the factor as well as the banker of the state, and often advances money to this great customer, to the prejudice of its other customers, and often to its own inconvenience, and even sometimes danger; that it deals largely in the purchase and sale of exchequer bills, by which it expands or contracts its circulation at pleasure; and that the contraction is always more sudden than the expansion, to the derangement of the general industry of the country, and the not unfrequent ruin of individuals.'

In addition to these evils, Mr. Mundell shews, as indeed has been already most completely demonstrated by Sir Henry Parnell, that the exclusive privileges enjoyed by the Bank of England render all other banking establishments insecure, and, of course, endanger the safety of the sums deposited in them by private individuals. If these deposits be rightly estimated at twenty millions for Scotland, and three hundred millions for England, we may see at once the magnitude of the interests which may be implicated in the renewal of the charter. We are glad to find the advice of so able an economist as Mr. Mundell, against any proposition of that kind. His notions on the legitimate mode of banking are expressed with admirable clearness.

'Coin of gold or silver denotes the quantity of pure gold or silver contained in the coin, which may thus be taken, in exchange, without the trouble of weighing or assaying. Gold or silver having been assumed by civilised nations as the measure of exchangeable value, coin of gold and silver is thus rendered conveniently useful for the purpose of making exchanges, and in the employment of labour which, as well as commodities, is measured by gold and silver.

'Bills of exchange have been resorted to for the purpose of making payments, as between one country and the other, and between one individual

and another in the same country. The exchangeable value of the commodities for which they are granted is estimated in gold or silver; and the bills granted in exchange for commodities are payable in gold or silver, if required by the holder. Such bills of exchange are well known among merchants everywhere; but a banker's note, such as it exists in the United Kingdom, is hardly known in any other country in Europe, though approaches have been made to it in America. Our standard being gold, a banker's note is in the nature of a receipt for so much gold; not that gold is always given for it, but no banker issues a note without receiving value for it, estimated in gold.

'The only part of the United Kingdom where banking has not been interfered with by the legislature, (except that no note shall be issued for less than twenty shillings,) is Scotland, and there the most perfect security has been the consequence of the most perfect freedom. The currency of Scotland has attained the perfection described by Mr. Ricardo, but which he was not aware actually existed.—"A currency is in its most perfect state, when it consists wholly of paper money, but of paper money of an equal value with the gold which it professes to represent. The use of paper in place of gold substitutes the cheapest in place of the most expensive medium, and enables the country, without loss to any individual, to exchange all the gold, which it before used for this purpose, for raw materials, utensils, and food, by the use of which both its wealth and its enjoyments are increased." He adds, "Experience shows that neither a state nor a bank ever has had the unrestricted power of issuing paper money, without abusing that power; in all states, therefore, the issue of paper money ought to be under some check or control; and none seems so proper for that purpose as that of subjecting the issuers of paper money to the obligation of paying their notes either in gold coin or bullion."

'Silver is necessary for the purpose of making payments under twenty shillings; but gold is hardly ever seen in Scotland, where a banker's note is preferred to it. A banker's note, in Scotland, has every quality of the coin of the realm; for it is taken in exchange as money in every part of Scotland. A banker's note in Scotland, is not only superior, in that respect, to a banker's note in England, which has only a limited circulation in the neighbourhood of the place where it is issued; but it is even superior, in this respect, to a note of the Bank of England, which does not circulate generally in the country of England, where the note of a banker known in the neighbourhood is preferred to it.

'Banking appears to have extended itself in Scotland sooner than it did in England, and to have made its commencement, as England did, by the issue of notes under twenty shillings, which were prohibited in Scotland ten years before they were prohibited in England. Fortunately for Scotland, her banking operations escaped observation from the passing of that Act in 1765, until the year 1826, when the proscription of small notes in England, in that year, was also fortunately prevented from being extended to Scotland.

'The consequence of this freedom has been that, previously to the present year, three banking companies only, who issued notes, have stopped payment in Scotland, all of whom paid twenty shillings in the pound. The banker who became bankrupt in the present year had the vice, common to bankers in England, of not carrying on the business of banking as

a substantive trade, and his banking engagements were to a comparatively small amount.

'Seeing that deposits with bankers in Scotland were proved to exceed 20,000,000*l.*, no security for their notes, that could have been required from bankers, would have been of any avail. But the course of transactions consequent upon a free system of banking, has practically worked out a security for the issue of notes in Scotland, which no legislative provision could have obtained.

'The cash credits in Scotland, for which ample security is always taken, were proved, in 1826, to exceed 5,000,000*l.*, while the whole paper circulation of Scotland was proved to be under 3,200,000*l.*; so that the security taken for cash credits, in Scotland, was found to be much more than equal to the whole paper circulation in Scotland.'—pp. 37—41.

Upon the much debated subject of a metallic standard, Mr. Mundell is of opinion, that though England is upon the whole a rich country, yet there are parts of it, especially the agricultural districts, which are so poor as not to be able to retain the gold currency, and that a silver currency, or currency of small notes, would be more suitable to them than a currency of gold. He thinks that in this situation one of two things is unavoidable; either we must adopt a standard of silver; or, if we preserve our gold standard, with our present mint regulations as to the coinage of silver, we must again allow small notes. The mint regulations to which he alludes are these:—if any person chooses to get a bar of silver coined at the mint, he may do so; but his pound of silver will be coined into 66*s.*, of which he will receive only 62*s.*, the remaining four being retained by the mint. The consequence is, that nobody will go to the mint to lose four out of his sixty-six shillings. Mr. Mundell, however, would be for the renewal of a small note issue, only in case the bank charter should not be renewed, because we should then have a pledge against over-issue, which the charter at present facilitates. 'The same sanction,' he adds, 'which keeps notes of a large denomination sound, also keeps notes of a small denomination sound; namely, their convertibility into coin at the option of the holder. A banker's note, being in the nature of a receipt for so much gold, while gold is our standard, there is no reason, which I have been able to discover, why a receipt should not be granted for a small sum as well as a large sum, but the contrary. Our currency will then attain that perfection which is described by Mr. Ricardo. The exchangeable value of our paper currency, will always be equal to the exchangeable value of our gold coin. All the amount of gold now required to supply the want of small notes, will return to the general purposes of commerce; and with small notes, a silver currency will return to the country parts of England, where it is most wanted, for the purposes of industry.'

The result of the author's well-founded calculations upon the operation of the corn laws, very forcibly demonstrates that the

agriculturists and manufacturers have both been in error upon that subject. The former have conceived that the corn laws would afford them protection, whereas they have done exactly the reverse; the latter have believed that those laws would prevent them from exchanging the products of their industry for foreign produce, whereas they have given facilities for that purpose which did not exist before 1815, the period when those laws were passed, and since which the importation of corn has been increased. When the trade in corn was free, we grew at home as much as we consumed, and in some years more. Since the trade has been restrained, we have not grown sufficient for our consumption, and have been obliged to import. These are facts that cannot be contradicted. If they be true, is it not clearly the interest of the agriculturist that the free trade in corn should be renewed? The proof will be found in the book before us, and we look upon it as complete in all its parts. The practical effect of the present laws, as every landlord too well knows, has been to reduce the rents from year to year; and eventually, if they be not repealed, they will altogether destroy rents, and compel the owner of the land to cultivate it himself.

With reference to the restraints upon industry arising out of the operation of the poor laws. For some years back the sums expended in the relief of the poor, have not been much under seven millions per annum. The author thus sets forth the effects of the mal-administration of the poor laws upon morals and industry.

'A distinction having been created between married and unmarried labourers, so that, generally speaking, the latter do not receive above half the sum paid to the former, it follows that an unmarried labourer can save nothing to provide the means of keeping a family, which he is nevertheless induced to have in order that he may increase his parish pay. The effect of this abuse is to produce habits of improvidence among the lower orders.

'The moral effects upon young women are still more to be deplored. Among the lower orders, chastity in unmarried women has almost ceased to be a virtue. No harm is conceived to be done, until the fruit of this promiscuous intercourse promises to be a child; and then the expectant mother swears the child to any man she likes best, or finds most convenient; who, by another abuse in the administration of these laws, is obliged to marry her or go to prison. A young woman has thus only to get a child in order to get married; the consequence of which, besides degrading the woman, is to multiply children without any provision having been made for the means of maintaining them; and to destroy the natural love of parents for their offspring, by setting them free from the natural obligation to maintain their children, and by removing that solicitude about them, which endears them to their affections.

'Where mankind are immoral, they are rarely industrious. Carelessness, idleness, and indolence, are the natural consequences of this state of things; which further obliging the labourer to look to assistance from the parish to supply his wants, in place of being obliged to rely upon his own industry for his means of support, he becomes discontented with his condition, which being unable to improve by any exertion of his own, he further

becomes helpless and hopeless, but reckless withal, and ready for any sort of mischief that may be presented to him.

'The consequence of all these things to industry is, that the work done by a labourer lessens progressively. The Rev. Mr. Becher, already referred to (who has introduced a correction of the abuses of the poor laws into his part of Nottinghamshire, which will be afterwards noticed) says, that the work of a labourer in his district, is four times the quantity of work performed by a labourer in the other districts of that county where the abuses still prevail; so that a farmer, while he supposes he and the parish are paying such labourer only at the rate of two shillings per day, he and the parish are actually paying such labourer at the rate of eight shillings per day.

'It thus becomes manifest how the mal-administration of the Poor Laws, powerfully assist the operation of the Corn Laws in diminishing home produce by increasing the cost of production.'—pp. 95—99.

The effect of these laws in encouraging an undue population, is equally conspicuous.

'The Rev. Mr. Whately, vicar of the parish of Cookham, in Berkshire, who has introduced into that parish a system corrective of the abuses of the Poor Laws, (to be afterwards adverted to,) stated in his examination before the Lords' Committee on the Poor Laws in 1831, that he had examined the register of births in his parish for eighteen years before his system began, and for nine years afterwards, and he found the number of births in each period of nine years to be as follows:—593,706,676; so that the number of births, which increased 113 upon 593, the number in the first nine years, diminished, in the nine years after his system commenced, 30 upon 706, the number in the nine years immediately before it came into operation.

'Nothing can show, in a more striking manner, the effect of the abuses of the Poor Laws, in inducing an over-population, than the mere statement of this fact, which, with the operation of the Corn Laws in diminishing the home growth of corn, may serve to point out the errors committed by our political economists in their attempts to establish a ratio for the increase of the population. In every country there are restraints upon industry, which limit or diminish the growth of food, and increase the numbers of the population, which they do not take into the account; and most assuredly, in their reasonings upon the ratio of the increase of the population of Great Britain, they have altogether overlooked these two very prominent points. The accounts of the imports and exports of grain enable us to measure the diminution of the home growth of corn; but we are not yet in possession of sufficient details to enable us to appreciate the proportion of over-population, produced by the abuses of the Poor Laws; though the above fact leaves us no room to doubt that their operation is extensive in this respect.'—pp. 98, 99.

There can be no doubt whatever that a great portion of the existing practical administration of the poor-laws is unwarranted by the letter, and even by the spirit of the statutes: these abuses might at all events be remedied. The number of able-bodied paupers would thus be considerably reduced; and for those who could not find work by their own exertions, it may not be impossible to devise some expedients, such as those to which Mr. Mundell alludes.

'The grant of small portions of land to cottagers, which is a favourite measure with many, can only have a very limited effect in remedying the abuses of the Poor Laws. It may tend to produce a better description of labourers, and may be highly beneficial as an encouragement to well doing; but this is the extent of it.

'It is like a system which has grown up in the northern counties of England, and in the southern counties of Scotland, where every married farm servant has a cottage on the farm, with a piece of garden ground attached to it, to whom the farmer allows the keep of a cow and a pig, with some poultry, and ploughs for him a piece of potatoe ground, which is manured with the dung of the cow and pig; and whose services are paid in kind of the produce of farm, with a very small portion of money. These things do excellently well when left to themselves, but become vitiated when touched by an Act of Parliament, as may be exemplified by the 31 Eliz. c. 7, which prohibited the erection of any cottage, unless there should be assigned to "the same cottage or building four acres of ground at the least, to be constantly occupied and manured therewith, so long as the same cottage shall be inhabited;" an enactment which has been as little regarded in practice as the 43 Eliz. c. 2.

'A general Inclosure Act, which has been recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws of 1828, and for which purpose a Bill was introduced in the Session about to close, and is still pending, is a good thing in itself; but there are so many local interests to reconcile, that, in order to remove their opposition, provisions will be introduced, which, operating in the way of restraint, may do more harm than good. Though it is of great importance that the remaining commons and commonable lands of England should be brought under cultivation, it is of more importance that the lands already in cultivation should be well cultivated; and if land in severalty is not, or cannot be improved, by reason of the injurious operation of our Corn Laws, still less can land yet in common; so that a general Inclosure Act will remain a dead letter, in so far as relates to its main purpose, until the Corn Laws shall be altered; and in regard to the poor, it can only carve out of the inclosure a pauper farm; and this is incompatible with Mr. Whateley's system, which renders any such farm unnecessary, and would prevent its cultivation as a pauper farm.

'A bill to enable the majority of rate payers to come to an agreement, as to the mode of employing the poor, is unobjectionable, in so far as it gives only enabling powers; but the danger is, that these powers will be abused. This is not said lightly, seeing all the powers given by the statute of Elizabeth have been perverted as well as abused. But the bill introduced for this purpose in the House of Commons, in the session about to close, and now passed, as first brought in, proposed to enable the majority of rate-payers not only to send a pauper for employment to any rate-payer they pleased, but to compel such rate-payer to employ the pauper; as if a master was to be obliged to take a servant, whether he wanted him or no; and to take a servant not of his own choice, but of his neighbours, to say nothing about treating the pauper as a slave. I, therefore, cannot be without apprehension, that any such enabling bill may be perverted to this purpose, or to establish a labour rate, which is a favourite object with many country gentlemen, but would only increase

the evils it meant to remove. As a mere means of enabling a parish to adopt Mr. Whateley's system, such a bill may be harmless; but no bill whatever is necessary for the adoption of his system by any parish.

Emigration, upon which so much time and money have been spent, is the worst experiment of all, because it deprives us of our able-bodied workmen. Emigration should neither be encouraged nor discouraged. There will be always stirring spirits desirous of going abroad; these may be left to their own impulse: but, if industry be set free from restraint, all our able-bodied workmen will be required at home.'—pp. 115—118.

But perhaps the most effective of all the restraints which are imposed upon our home industry, are those that spring from the laws by which a great portion of the public revenue is created. Is it common sense to levy a duty upon exports? The legislature, one would think, ought rather to grant a bounty upon them, in order to encourage the increase of produce and manufacture at home, instead of restraining them, by levying duties on them the moment they are shipped for a foreign market. Undoubtedly the best mode of raising a revenue would be that which Mr. Mundell proposes.

'Every excise duty tends to repress home industry in the branch of it upon which such duty is imposed. But duties of customs, limited to articles of import, have no such effect; though they cannot be said to encourage, they do not repress, home industry; and, seeing we must raise a revenue for the service of the state, we ought so to raise it as not to repress home industry. In this way duties of customs may be said to promote home industry; inasmuch as, for all articles imported from abroad, articles of home industry must be exported to pay for them. But all mankind have been kept in chains by erroneous impressions respecting gold and silver; and in matters of revenue, as of industry, men have been alike wrong in all that relates to these metals, which are only commodities, at all times purchaseable by other commodities, as other commodities are by them. The total quantity of all the gold and silver in the world is small, compared to the total quantity of all the other commodities in it. As materials for industry, gold and silver are not to be compared to other commodities. It is industry alone, however, that enables a country to acquire riches, which consist not in gold and silver, but in the products of industry to give in exchange; it can always obtain, in exchange for them, any quantity of gold and silver it may require.

'In raising a revenue, however, too little regard has been paid to industry, though industry is the source of revenue, as it is of wealth. I put forth a pamphlet, in the spring of 1828, entitled "Reasons for a Revision of our Fiscal Code;" in which, remarking that in the year 1815, taxes to the gross amount of 85,311,706*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* were raised in Great Britain, with much less pressure upon the people than 58,417,729*l.* 7*s.* 2¾*d.* were raised in the year 1827, in the United Kingdom, I suggested the inquiry, ow it happened that, with an increase of our foreign trade, and with an mount in taxes, in 1827, less by 25,000,000*l.* and upwards than in 1815, ıe raising the lesser sum in 1827 should have borne more heavily upon the eople? The details in that pamphlet had relation chiefly to taxes of excise; nd its object was to show how infinitely more good might be done, even the way of revenue, by relieving industry from fiscal restraint, than by

any thing that could be done by diminishing expenditure, though there was no reason why every practical saving that could be attained should not be made also.

'The Finance Committee of that year confined their labours to what appeared to me to form the least important branch of the inquiry; namely, the diminution of expenditure. In the following year, however, its chairman made up for the omission by the publication of his book on Financial Reform.

'But, without going into detail, it remains to point out how almost all taxes of excise may be much diminished, if not removed, by deriving a larger portion of our revenue from duties of customs.

'These did not amount, at the commencement of the reign of George III. to 2,000,000*l*. The amount was much larger in 1830; but the duty on coals brought into the port of London has been since repealed, and the duties on corn imported last year have diminished.

'Duties of customs have been imposed at a time when the principles of taxation were little understood; and being levied by per centage increased from time to time upon articles imported, according to fixed official rates, established upwards of a century and a half ago, it is obvious that the amount of duties now levied cannot be upon a proper scale. A commencement has been made by what has been done in the present session, in adopting a better scale for certain articles of import. The whole list of articles imported should be gone through, and as the revenue of the customs improves from the adoption of a scale of duties corresponding with the present state of things, duties of excise should be repealed or diminished. Among such a variety of articles, it is impossible to lay down any rule; but thus much is evident, that the duty levied should not be disproportioned to the exchangeable value of the article; and the great rise which has taken place in the exchangeable value of money, moreover, renders a revision of our duties of customs peculiarly necessary. There may be exceptions; and so heavy a duty has been long levied upon tobacco, that upon this plant, perhaps, an excessive duty may and ought to continue to be levied upon its importation.

'The very large amount of duties of customs now, compared with their amount at the termination of the war, shows that this source of revenue, from increasing consumption, may be safely relied upon. Of the duties of customs at present levied, a very small proportion is paid by the people of Ireland; but as that country increases in wealth, (and with all its disturbances it is increasing in wealth) the improvement of Ireland, as well as the further improvement of Great Britain, present an additional source of increase. Here, as in every other case of taxation, consumption affords a sure rule: and as the consumption of articles imported increases, the amount of the duties of custom upon them should be diminished; for, as increase of industry arises from small profits with quick returns, so the increase of the revenues of customs arises from small duties on the small but increasing consumption of large numbers.'—pp. 121—127.

Even with a reformed House of Commons, we fear that some time will elapse before this author's practical common-sense views of the duties of the legislator shall be adopted. In conclusion, he takes occasion to remark, that, large as is the national debt, it need not give us very material concern. He assumes that the yearly

revenue now raised, amounting to nearly fifty millions, is easily spared from the annual returns of the industry of the country, which he calculates at not much under six hundred millions per annum. The whole amount of the national debt is therefore, he says, less than two years' returns of the national industry—no great charge, after all. We apprehend that there are several mistakes in this short statement. In the first place, we do not agree with the author in thinking that the revenue is so easily spared from the returns of industry as he imagines; and secondly, we fear that he greatly overrates the annual returns of the national industry, at the sum which he mentions. But notwithstanding his peculiar views of this subject, and of one or two others that we might mention, we strongly recommend his volume to public attention. It comes powerfully in aid of Sir Henry Parnell's labours in the cause of fiscal reform.

ART. III.—*The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot: with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works.* By John Dove. 12mo. pp. 116. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Leeds: Heaton. Hull: Purdon. 1832.

THIS highly interesting little volume forms part of a series of lives, which Mr. Dove some time since intended to collect and publish, under the title of "The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire;" but which, from circumstances not fully explained, he has been obliged to postpone. If he should ever resume his plan, we would take the liberty to recommend him to think of some better title. "The Worthies" is an old-fashioned phrase, that never had the merit of being a good one. Not wishing that his labours, so far as they had reached, should be altogether lost to the world, he has printed the life of Andrew Marvell in this separate form; and we hope that its success will induce him to follow it up by the biographies of those other eminent men of the North, for which, he states, he possesses ample materials.

Andrew Marvell is known to all the readers of English history, as one of the few true patriots whose names adorn its pages. He was born at Kingston upon Hull, on the 15th of November, 1640, and had the good fortune to obtain at an early age an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his genius was at once discovered by the Jesuits. It would appear that he had some intention of becoming a member of that celebrated order, and that he had even come to London for the purpose of joining it; but his father, who was master of the grammar school at Hull, pursued the ardent fugitive to the metropolis, and persuaded him to return to the University. His father soon after perished in the Humber, as he was attempting to cross it in rough weather, with a young lady, the only daughter of a worthy woman who was much attached to Mr. Marvell's family. The good woman, at her decease, left young

Marvell all her property. With this and the small fortune his father left him, he deemed himself sufficiently rich to give up a regular attendance at the university; a circumstance which, added to some indiscretions, made the masters and seniors resolve to refuse him the benefits of the college. He left Cambridge in 1642, without attempting, so far as it is known, to vindicate himself against the charge upon which the resolution was founded, and it is presumed that he then commenced his travels through the usually frequented parts of Europe. At Rome he became acquainted with an English priest named Flecnoe, upon whom he wrote some verses, which would appear to have suggested Dryden's well-known satire of "M'Flecnoe." At Rome also he formed the acquaintance of Milton, with whom he associated a good deal. His poem prefixed to Paradise Lost is generally printed in the old editions of that work, and indicates considerable poetical talents. He was one of the first literary men of his day who recognised, and endeavoured to convince the public of the merits of that immortal production.

After spending four years in visiting Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, Marvell returned to England, where it appears he spent some time in the family of Lord Fairfax, instructing that nobleman's daughter in the languages. In 1652, Milton recommended him to the council, as a proper and efficient person to become assistant to himself in the office of Latin secretary. In his letter of recommendation Milton describes his young friend as a person "of singular desert for the state to make use of," as versed in the Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek languages, and of approved conversation. The application was not at that time successful, but Cromwell appointed the young aspirant tutor to his nephew, a Mr. Dutton, a dull creature, whose name would probably never have been known to us but for this circumstance.

In 1657, Marvell was appointed assistant Latin secretary to the Protector, with Milton; but little is known of his conduct in that capacity. In 1660, he came forward as a patriotic member of Parliament for Hull, never taking any decided step upon measures of importance without previously consulting his constituents. He was indefatigable in his attendance, and in reporting to the corporation the debates which took place. He was a decided enemy to a permanent army in time of peace, and used his utmost efforts to have it disbanded. He was also opposed to the excise laws. The corporation rewarded his diligence, as well as that of his colleague, Mr. John Ramsden, by an occasional present of a *cask of ale*. During the session of 1663 he absented himself for months together, not choosing, probably, to be present at the discussion of several strong measures which emanated from the throne. In the summer of that year he accepted the appointment of secretary to Lord Carlisle, who was sent out as ambassador extraordinary to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The appointment did not vacate his seat; he received permission both from the house and his constituents to go abroad.

The mission continued nearly two years; and in 1665 we find Marvell attending Parliament at Oxford, where he began to correspond with his constituents almost every post. Many of his letters written after this period have been preserved, and are curious for their historical and parliamentary information. It would appear that the mysteries of political economy were just as puzzling to the agriculturists of those days, as they continue to be to the land-owners of our own time. The cry always has been with them, "the rents are falling—we must do something to keep them up." And so, in their consummate wisdom, they passed a law to prohibit the importation of Irish cattle! There certainly were some practical legislators in the Commons at that time, for Sir John Pritiman, member for Leicester, having been suspended from his seat for a breach of privilege, and having been sent for to the Speaker's chamber to receive sentence upon his knees at the bar, it was found that he had effected his escape by the back door. The door was forthwith ordered to be *nailed* up for the future! A bill was passed making all conventicles *riots;* and a penalty of five shillings was directed to be imposed on all those who took part in them, and who refused to tell their names. If they were not able to pay the five shillings, it was provided that they should "work it out," in the house of correction! Instead, however, of following the details of Marvell's parliamentary correspondence, we shall content ourselves with the author's general remarks upon it, which are followed by some of the most interesting passages in his narrative.

'We have now followed Marvell through his regular correspondence with the Corporation of Hull for upwards of twenty years, and have selected a few passages for the purpose of elucidating his history, yet a very insufficient part to give an idea of the excellent matter contained in his letters, which possess considerable strength, and clearness of style, though the expressions occasionally appear quaint. The orthography also, of that period, was soon overcharged with letters, as the present is, perhaps, too much divested of them. They, however, throw considerable light on the character of Marvell, and are of importance in shewing the sense, which so able a man, and so illustrious a patriot entertained of the duty he owed his constituents, and of the relation he bore to them in Parliament. He expresses himself upon the several matters upon which he writes, with that spirit and freedom which distinguished his character, and which drew upon him the notice of persons in power. Not content with discharging the duty his station required, he appears to have been an active friend to the town of Hull, in all affairs that concerned its nterest. By this attention, Marvell gained the affections of his constituents. He had no private views to gratify; the welfare of Hull, and he love of his country, were all his study and pursuit.

'We cannot find, however, by any writings, *that he ever spoke in Parliament;* the journals of that time make no mention of such speeches; but, by his own account, he always took *notes* of what passed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwise, he obtained a great ascendancy over the minds of the members. He preserved the respect of the Court,

even when he was most determined in his hostility to its measures. The good sense of Prince Rupert was conspicuous in making him his friend, for when Marvell's name became the hatred of the Court party, and it was dangerous for him to appear *abroad*, Prince Rupert would privately go to his lodgings; so that whenever his Royal Highness voted on the side of Marvell, which he often did, it was the observation of the adverse faction, "*that he had been with his tutor.*"

'The severe tracts which he was frequently publishing against the profligate Court, and the inflammatory literary fight which he had with Parker and others, often made his life in danger; but no bribes, no offers of situation, could make him swerve from the virtuous path, in which he continued to walk invariably to the last. A man of such excellent parts, and such facetious converse, as Marvell, could not be unknown to Charles II., who loved the company of *wits* so much, that he would suffer the severest jokes even upon himself, rather than not enjoy them.

'Marvell having once been honoured with an evening's entertainment, by his Majesty, the latter was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of his judgment, and the keenness of his wit, that the following morning, to show him his regard, he sent the Lord Treasurer Danby, to wait upon him with a particular message. His Lordship, with some difficulty, found Marvell's *elevated* retreat, on the second floor in a court near the Strand. Lord Danby, from the darkness of the staircase, and its narrowness, abruptly burst open the door, and suddenly entered the room in which he found Marvell writing. Astonished at the sight of so noble and unexpected a visitor, Marvell asked his Lordship, with a smile, if he had not mistaken his way. "No," he replied, with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing that he came with a message from the king, who wished to do him some signal service, on account of the high opinion his Majesty had of his merits. Marvell replied, with his usual pleasantry, that his Majesty had it not in his power to serve him. But becoming more serious, he told the Lord Treasurer that he knew the nature of Courts too well, not to be sensible, that whoever is distinguished by a prince's favour is expected to vote in his interest. The Lord Danby told him his Majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at Court he would accept. He told the Lord Treasurer he could not accept anything with honour; for he must be either ungrateful to the King in voting against him, or false to his country, in giving in to the measures of the Court; therefore the only favour he begged of his Majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and more in his proper interest, in *refusing* his offers, than if he had accepted them. The Lord Danby, finding that no arguments could prevail, told Marvell that the King requested his acceptance of 1,000*l.*; but this was rejected with the same steadiness; though soon after the departure of his noble visitor, he was obliged to borrow a guinea from a friend.

'This anecdote has been somewhat differently related in a pamphlet printed in Ireland, about the year 1754, from whence we shall extract it: "The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman, of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that

he would be theirs for properly asking, they sent his old schoolfellow' the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for 1,000*l.*, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, calls after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again into the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right, child." "What had I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the *blade-bone* to *broil?*" "'Tis so, very right, child, go away." "My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; *I am not one.*" —pp. 33—36.

The latter anecdote has been told so repeatedly, that no person has ever questioned its authenticity. Nevertheless, it rests upon a very slender foundation; perhaps its best title to credibility must be derived from its being at all events perfectly in keeping with Marvell's well-known character. Another anecdote of a similar description is told in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1738. "Marvell frequently dined at an ordinary in the Strand, where, having one day eat heartily of boiled beef, he drank his pint of port; and on paying his reckoning, he took a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb,—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half-a-crown?'" The biographer thus further enlarges on this prominent trait in Marvell's character.

'Of all men in his station, Marvell best deserves to be selected as an example of the genuine independence produced by a philosophical limitation of wants and desires; he was not to be purchased, because he wanted nothing that money could buy; and held cheap all titular honours in comparison with the approbation of his conscience, and the esteem of the wise and good. Hence Mason, in his "Ode to Independance," says of him,

'"In awful poverty his honest muse
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
In vain *corruption* sheds her golden dews,
In vain *oppression* lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and armed with truth alone,
Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne."

'It may be here remarked, that if the "Qualification Acts," had taken place in the days of Marvell, he could not have been elected a member of Parliament. And this reflection may perhaps lead us to doubt, whether those acts have been so beneficial to the constitution as it was at first supposed they would be; or, rather, whether they have not been prejudicial. It is evident they are some restraint upon the electors. Men of known integrity and abilities are but few in every class of life, and the inhabitants

of small towns and boroughs are sometimes at a loss to meet with persons properly qualified, whom they could choose to send to the great council of the nation. And should they have ever so much confidence in the integrity and abilities of any particular man, whom they would wish to elect as their representative in Parliament, they cannot return him, if he be not possessed of *the requisite qualification.* And as none but men of fortune can be chosen, these are too apt to consider themselves much superior to the generality of their constituents, and act more independently of them. Nor can the mere possession of an independent fortune be considered as a sufficient security against corruption. It is true, that when we reason only speculatively, it appears rational to suppose that men of large fortunes would not be so liable to corruption, as those whose less affluent circumstances seem to expose them more easily to temptation. But experience often proves that this kind of reasoning is fallacious: those who possess *much* are desirous of obtaining more; they are solicitous to rise higher, and with this view, court the favour of those above them; and are often too much enervated by luxury to be influenced by principles of patriotism. Whilst on the other hand, men of inferior fortunes, but of more moderate views and expectations, and of more regular and temperate habits; though they enjoy less property, often possess more independence of mind, and are more influenced by a virtuous affection for their country.'—pp. 37, 38.

Mr. Dove's remarks on the qualification rendered necessary for members of the House of Commons might have been spared, if he had reflected upon the well-known fact that there have been, and are at this moment, several persons in the House, not possessed of any property whatever. The difficulty is got over by an assignment to them of property sufficient for a qualification; and if they chose, they might legally apply it to their own use. We believe that there has been no instance of so base an act. The qualification has therefore become a mere fiction; but in cases where it is given to persons who require it, it affords a pledge at least that they are men not altogether unworthy of confidence. We much doubt whether it would at all tend to the improvement of the House of Commons to do away with this restriction, or even materially to reduce it.

The controversy between Marvell and Dr. Samuel Parker, already alluded to, was commenced in 1672. The latter, who began life as a puritan, became, like many others after the Restoration, a violent high church man, and a furious advocate for arbitrary government. He was subsequently made Bishop of Oxford, a promotion to which he made his way through a series of the most servile compliances with the will of the court. He was a distinguished opponent and persecutor of the Non-conformists, when he attracted the notice of Marvell, being at that time a Prebendary of Canterbury. Burnett says of him, that he was "a covetous and ambitious man, and seemed to have no sense of religion, but as a political interest: he seldom went to prayers, or to any exercise of devotion, and was so proud, that he was insufferable to all who came near him." This

man published, in 1670, a book entitled "Ecclesiastical Polity," the character of which will sufficiently appear from a single sentence:—"It is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of Nero and Caligula, than to hazard the dissolution of the state: it is absolutely necessary to the peace and government of the world, that the supreme magistrate of every common-wealth should be vested with a power to govern and conduct the consciences of subjects in affairs of religion." The book was attacked ably by several writers; it was keenly and ludicrously satirized by Marvell, in a work of which his biographer gives us the following account.

'The controversy between Marvell and Parker is a striking example of the efficient powers of genius, in first humbling, and then annihilating, an unprincipled bravo, who has placed himself at the head of a faction. Marvell was a master in all the arts of ridicule; and his inexhaustible spirit only required some *permanent* subject, to rival the causticity of Swift, whose style in neatness and vivacity, seems to have been modelled from it: for, in his "*Tale of a Tub*," he says, "we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago." But Marvell placed the oblation of genius on a *temporary* altar, and the sacrifice sunk with it; he wrote to the times, and with the times his writings have, in some measure, passed away. He left behind him no poem of permanent interest; and although his satirical poetry is fraught with sparkling and poignant wit, yet the subjects were chiefly personal and temporary, and not, like the more elaborate work of Butler, identified with the national history, manners, and opinions.

'Such are the vigour and fertility of Marvell's writings, that an old chronicler of literary history, Anthony Wood, considers him as the founder "in the then newly refined art (though much in fashion almost ever since) of sporting and jeering buffoonery;" and the crabbed humourist describes "this pen combat as briskly managed on both sides; a jerking, flirting, way of writing; entertaining the reader, by seeing two such right cocks of the game so keenly engaged with sharp and dangerous weapons." Bishop Burnett calls Marvell "the liveliest droll of the age; who writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining conduct, that from the king to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure." Charles II. was a more polished judge than either of those uncouth critics, and to the credit of his impartiality (for that witty monarch and his dissolute court were never spared by Marvell) he deemed him the best prose satirist of the age. But Marvell had other qualities than the freest humour, and the finest wit, in this "newly refined art," which seemed to have escaped these grave critics—*a vehemence of solemn reproof*, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius, and may give some notion of that more ancient satirist, whose writings are said so completely to have answered their design, that, after perusal, their unhappy object hanged himself on the first tree; and, in the present case, though the delinquent did not lay violent hands on himself, he did what, for an author, may be considered as desperate a course,—"withdraw from the town, and cease writing for some years."

'This quarrel originated in a preface written by Parker, in which he poured contempt and abuse on his old companions the Nonconformists. It

was then that Marvell clipped his wings with his "Rehearsal Transposed;" and his wit and humour were finely contrasted with Parker's extravagance —set off in his usual declamatory style—of which Marvell wittily compares "the volume and circumference of the periods like too great a line; which weakens the defence, and requires too many men to make it good." The tilt was now opened; and Parker's knights attempted to grasp the sharp and polished weapon of Marvell, and to turn it against himself; but in this kind of literary warfare, they were greatly inferior to their gifted antagonist. Parker, in fact, replied to Marvell anonymously, by "A Reproof of the 'Rehearsal Transposed;' with a mild exhortation to the magistrate to crush with the *secular* arm, the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." But this was not all; an anonymous letter was despatched to Marvell, short enough to have been an epigram, could Parker have written one; but it was more in character, for it contained a threat of assassination, and concluded with these words;—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against *Dr. Parker*, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat.'—pp. 42—44.

Marvell's work is certainly written with great ability and bitter sarcasm; it may even still be read with interest, for the pungent quality of its style, and its well-turned classical allusions. The following paragraph will give the reader some notion of its merits. All books were at that time licensed before they were published, and as Parker held the office of licenser, he issued the imprimatur for his own work, and recalled the license that had been granted for Marvell's. "He is such an *At-all*," says his formidable antagonist, "of so many capacities, that he would excommunicate any man who should have presumed to intermeddle with any one of his provinces. Has he been an author? He too is the licenser. Has he been a father? He will also stand for godfather. Had he acted *Pyramus*, he would have been *Moonshine* too, and the *Hole in the Wall*. That first author of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' Nero, was of the same temper. He could not be contented with the Roman Empire, unless he were, too, his own precentor; and lamented only the detriment that mankind must sustain at his death, in losing so excellent a *fiddler*." Junius must have formed his style, in a great measure, upon that of Marvell.

Besides the above work, Marvell wrote several excellent political tracts, in which he advocated frequent parliaments; but of the broad principles of religious liberty he had no just notion. Indeed very few persons had, at that period, when the contests between rival religions were so fresh and so violent. He became, by his writings, so obnoxious to the court, that he was beset, on all sides, by powerful enemies, whose hostility rendered it dangerous for him to appear in public. Hence he was, for some years, obliged to be very cautious in going out; he frequently changed his abode, for the sake of concealment; and at length he died in 1678, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, not without strong suspicions having been entertained, as his constitution was yet vigorous and unbroken, that he had been poisoned. The authentic particulars

that are known of his life are very scanty. According to the united testimony of his contemporaries, he was "a man of retired habits, and reserved conversation, except amongst his most intimate friends, with whom he was lively, facetious, and instructive." They describe him as "of a middling stature, pretty strong-set, roundish-faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired, always temperate, and of a healthful constitution to the last." There is an original portrait of him in the British Museum, which was presented to that institution by his great-nephew, Mr. Nettleton, a London merchant.

We shall add a few extracts from Marvell's letters and poems, in order to shew the versatility of his talents. The following letter, though exhibiting rather too much of artifice and study on such a subject, is, however, highly creditable to Marvell's heart; it was addressed to Sir John Trott, on the death of his son.

'"Honoured Sir,

'"I have not that vanity to believe, if you weigh your late loss by the common balance, that any thing I can write to you should lighten your resentments; nor if you measure things by the rules of Christianity, do I think it needful to comfort you in your duty, and your son's happiness. Only having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my spirit, I cannot forbear to inquire, how you have stood the second shock, at your sad meeting of friends in the country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our better fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of nature, so that they spring from tenderness only, and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together, like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and if they be placed with the same advantage towards heaven as those are to the sun, they, too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief—the prodigality of sorrow—is neither to be indulged in a man's self, nor complied with in others. If that were allowable in these cases, Eli's was the readiest way, and highest compliment, of mourning, who fell back from his seat, and broke his neck. But neither does that precedent hold; for though he had been chancellor, and in effect King of Israel, for so many years, (and such men value, as themselves, their losses at a higher rate than others), yet when he heard that Israel was overcome, that his two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were slain in one day, and saw himself so without hope of issue, and, which embittered it further, without succession to the government, yet he fell not till the news that the ark of God was taken. I pray to God we may never have the same parallel perfected in our public concernments. Then we shall need all the strength of grace and nature to support us. But on a private loss, and sweetened with so many circumstances as yours, to be impatient, to be uncomfortable, would be to dispute with God. Though an only son be inestimable, yet it is like Jonah's sin, to be angry with God for the withering of his shadow. Zip-

porah, the delay had almost cost her husband his life, yet when he did but circumcise her son, in a womanish peevishness reproached Moses as a bloody husband. But if God take the son himself, but spare the father, shall we say that he is a bloody God? He that gave his own Son, may not he take ours? It is pride that makes a rebel; and nothing but the overweening of ourselves, and our own things, but raises us against Divine Providence. Whereas Abraham's obedience was better than sacrifice; and if God please to accept both, it is indeed a farther trial, but a great honour. I could say over, upon this beaten occasion, most of those lessons of morality and religion, which have been so often repeated, are as soon forgotten. We abound with precept, but we want examples. You, Sir, that have all these things in your memory, and the clearness of whose judgment is not to be obscured by any greater interposition, should be exemplary to others in your own practice. 'Tis true, 'tis a hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And where yourselves are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body, and read the anatomy lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty, while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things you would do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you; the word of God, the society of good men, and the books of the ancients; there is one way more, which is, by diversion, business, and activity, which are also necessary to be used in their season. But I, who live to so little purpose, can have little authority, or ability to advise you in it.

'From your very affectionate friend,
'And most humble servant,
'ANDREW MARVELL.'—pp. 76—78.

Marvell's poetry is more unequal than his prose, to which we think it much inferior. There is something of the delicacy of Cowley in his earlier effusions, and rather too much, in all of them, of those conceits which were then found in poetry of every description. The following lines frequently exhibit this blemish, but in other respects they are not destitute of merit.

'EYES AND TEARS.

'How wisely Nature did agree
With the same eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
Two tears which sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true prize of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter turns to tears!
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendents of the eyes.'

I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all those flowers I saw
No honey but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day
Distils the world with chymic ray;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they when grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own due.
So, Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolv'd those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet,
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair,
As two eyes, swoln with weeping, are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire.
Yea, oft the thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear!
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practice so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear in distance strop:
Now, like two fountains, trickle down:
Now like two floods o'er run and drown;
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things;
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.'—pp. 97—98.

The "Mower's Address to the Glow-worm" is not in better taste: we give it as a sample of the fashion of the day in such trifles.

'Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate:

'Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall:

'Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers show the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray:

'Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd,
That I shall never find my home.'—pp. 101, 102.

Marvell's character of Holland shews that his true forte, even in poetry, was the satirical. It is full of his powerful wit, and displays some fancy.

'Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea,
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

'Glad, then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore;
And div'd so desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if't had been of ambergris;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

'How did they rivet with gigantic piles,
Through the centre their new-catched miles!
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

'Yet still his claim the injured ocean lay'd,
And oft at *leap frog* o'er their steeples play'd;
As if on purpose it on land had come,
To shew them what's their *mare liberum*,
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish oft times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau;
Or, as they over the new level rang'd
For pickled herring, pickled herring chang'd.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake;
Therefore, necessity, that first made Kings,
Something like government among them brings;

For, as with pigmies, who best kills the crane;
Among the hungry he that treasures grain;
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their Lord, and country's father, speak.
To make a bank, was a great plot of state!
Invent a shov'l and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dike grave, unperceiv'd, invades
The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades;
But, for less envy some joined states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers:
For these Half-anders, half-wet, and half dry;
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

'Tis probable *religion*, after this,
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th' apostles were so many fishermen;
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptise;
Tho' herring for their God few voices missed,
And poor John to have been th' Evangelist,
Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawned upon this shore,
More pregnant than their Margaret, that lay'd down
For Hans-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-town.

'Sure when Religion did itself embark,
And from the east would westward steer its ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found;
Hence *Amsterdam*, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear;
The universal church is only there.
Nor can civility there want tillage,
Where wisely for their court they chose a village.
How fit a title cloathes their governors,
Themselves the hogs, and all their subjects boars!

'Let it suffice to give their country fame,
That it had one Civilis call'd by name,
Some fifteen hundred and more years ago;
But surely never any that was so.

'See but their mermaids, with their tails of fish,
Reeking at church over the chafing dish.

A vestal turf, enshrin'd in earthenware,
Fumes through the loop-holes of a wooden square.
Each to the temple with these altars tend,
But still does place it at her western end;
While the fat steam of female sacrifice
Fills the priest's nostrils and puts out his eyes.

* * * * *

'And now again our armed Bucentore
Doth yearly their sea nuptials restore;
And now the Hydra of seven provinces
Is strangled by an infant Hercules.
Their tortoise wants its vainly stretched neck;
Their navy all our conquest, or our wreck;
Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome,
Would render him fain unto our better Rome;
Unless our senate, lest their youth disuse
The war, (but who would) peace, if begg'd, refuse.
For now of nothing may our state despair,
Darling of heaven, and of men the care;
Provided that they be what they have been;
Watchful abroad, and honest still within;
For while our Neptune doth a trident shake,
Steel'd with those piercing heads, Dean, Monk, and Blake,
And while Jove governs in the highest sphere,
Vainly in hell let Pluto domineer.'—pp. 104—106.

A Captain Thompson, who was a great admirer of Marvell, and published the first edition of his works, in 1776, in three volumes, quarto, had the courage to claim for him many of the best poems inserted in the Spectator; amongst others, the beautiful hymn on Gratitude, in No. 453; and the still more beautiful ode, beginning—

"The spacious firmament on high,"

as well as the hymn, beginning—

"When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand."

There is no ground whatever for these pretensions. It is well known that the two first were written by Addison, and the latter by Dr. Watts. Marvell would very probably have been more successful in poetry had he been less engaged in politics, and in religious controversy. If he had given up his genius to literature, he must, we think, have become one of its brightest ornaments. He may, therefore, be set down as one amongst the many men of genius, whom the temporary charms of public life have seduced, in this country, from the path that might otherwise have led them to a more permanent and a more enviable fame. We look back with a degree of pity upon those men of talent, who, though they may have achieved some good in parliamentary contests, yet seem to have had a fretful existence, and have left little behind them that posterity cares to become acquainted with. But Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope,—what a luminous and unfading glory is theirs, as compared with the constantly decaying names of even the most eminent among their political contemporaries!

ART. IV.—*The Present State of the Established Church, an Apology for Secession from its Communion.* By a Seceding Clergyman. 8vo. pp. 65. Whitby: Kirby. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1832.

WHEN we lately presented our readers with an account of Lord Henley's very able and effective pamphlet, recommending an extensive reform in the present scheme of the National Church, we did not, perhaps, sufficiently explain our own views with reference to what are called existing interests. It would be very far from our wish to see a single family or even a single individual, deprived of the means of subsistence which they have hitherto enjoyed. We would go further, and say, that reasonable expectations of a livelihood in the Church, where they have been actually held out, and encouraged young men to devote their studies to that object, ought to be treated with tenderness and consideration. Let justice, in its fullest and most equitable sense, be dealt out, and liberally too, to all those to whom it may appear to be due. We should be as decidedly opposed to any measure of spoliation as the most rigid churchman: we war not with persons, but with evils; and though desirous to see the evils removed, we should wish to have that great purpose accomplished with as little injury as possible, and, if practicable, without any injury at all, to existing interests. The revenues attached to the sees of Canterbury, York, Durham, and London, are enormous; but we say let them remain inviolable so long as the present possessors of them shall live. A rigid moralist might argue, that there would be no real injustice done by reducing those revenues at once to a reasonable amount; for the true injustice, he might say, consists in their being allowed to remain as they are. But we do not go this length. We think that such precipitancy might look like spoliation, and might possibly affect the stability of other titles to property, with which the state has no right whatever to meddle. It might lower the standard of good faith in the minds of the people of this country, and prepare the way for interference with the public funds, which we look upon as sacred. Should any dishonest tampering ever take place with those funds; should the holders of them be called upon to give up a single shilling of their property, in violation of any pledge that has ever been given them, or upon any ground not universally applicable to all other property in these kingdoms, the character of the nation would be irretrievably lost, every Englishman would have good eason to hang down his head, and blush, as if the perfidy were his own particular act. Whatever views we entertain with reference o the Church, we beg leave here once for all to say, that they are ltogether and exclusively prospective, so far as the existing interests f individuals are concerned.

Having made this declaration, we shall as candidly avow that our ideas of reform go the whole length of Lord Henley's, and much

farther. His Lordship is anxious, from motives which we believe to be of a sincerely religious kind, to bring about extensive alterations in the temporal condition of the Church; to distribute its revenues among the working clergy in a more equitable manner; and to place the whole system upon a footing that may render it more conformable with the spirit of the times in which we live. We have always frankly declared our hostility to the Church, on account not only of its overgrown wealth, but also on account of its doctrines, and its alliance with the state. We consider it as an institution altogether political and secular in its origin; imposed upon the people of this country by royal ordinances and acts of parliament; an institution abounding in errors of the most material description, which affect the hopes of future salvation entertained by those who deliberately remain in communion with it; an institution full of inconsistencies; incapable of fulfilling the duties required of a Christian Church; and tending, so long as it shall remain amongst us in any form whatever, to lead men's minds from the true path of the gospel. We should therefore wish to see the Church in the first place separated from the state; and in the second place divested of all its revenues to the very last farthing. If there be those who honestly think that the Church does contain in its bosom a true and satisfactory interpretation of Christian doctrine, let those persons by all means have the opportunity of adhering to the religion which they believe to be the best. But let those persons, and those persons only, pay for the maintenance of their clergy and their houses of worship. Why should others, who demand not the aid of a Protestant clergy, who frequent not a Protestant house of worship, be called upon to contribute to the support of either? If benevolent dissenters have any fancies that way, let them be indulged: it would be delightful to see the spirit of charity manifesting itself in this manner amongst all sects and creeds. But let the law be silenced upon the subject. Let there be no legislative provision, no forced taxation for the maintenance of any form of faith; it is but reasonable and just, and very soon it must be established in this county as an unalterable and fundamental principle of our regenerated liberties, that no citizen shall be compelled by law, either directly or indirectly, to contribute to the support of a church, whose spiritual assistance he does not require.

We are not, we believe, very singular in the opinions which we entertain concerning the numerous errors in a doctrinal point of view, that are found in the Established Church. If the population of the three kingdoms were polled, we mean such portion of it as can be reasonably supposed to have any settled ideas of religion at all, we are morally certain that three-fourths of the whole would appear to be out of the pale of the Church of England. Place Catholic Ireland by the side of Presbyterian Scotland, and to these add the various classes of dissenters in England, and the churchmen will exhibit a minority of one to three—a minority

whose ranks are becoming weaker and weaker every year. We know ourselves numerous instances of persons, among them clergymen, who have recently seceded from it, and we have little doubt that when the Establishment shall have been shorn of its worldly splendour, as it soon will be, it will present a spectacle to the world of complete abandonment. People will wonder, and ask themselves how, with an idea in their heads, they could have been such fools as to have remained so long under the delusions which they will then perceive with the utmost clearness of vision. Poverty is a sad exposer of pretensions. What a contemptible creature does the quack doctor appear, when fortune turns her back upon him!

Of the author of the pamphlet now before us we have no personal knowledge. Speaking of him according to the impression which his work is calculated to make upon an unbiassed mind, we should say that he was a well-informed scholar and theologian, and a Christian man ardently anxious to discover where the truth lies, and to follow its precepts wherever he finds it. Possibly he may have been disappointed of promotion; he may have been chagrined by neglect, or rendered desperate by insult. All this is possible; but we know nothing of the facts, and therefore we should not be justified in imputing motives which may not exist. It is enough for us to know that, having been a clergyman of the Church of England, he has seceded from it, and become a Dissenter; and that in order to satisfy his friends of the propriety and reasonableness of the step which he had taken, he has drawn up this explanation of his reasons. If he be desirous of doing something more; if he indulge the hope 'that the considerations which have so powerfully wrought upon his own mind may, when fairly stated and candidly weighed, operate as strongly and as decisively on the minds and conduct of others,' it is a proof, we think, at all events, of his sincerity, and of his zeal for the welfare of others.

He informs us, that he had for many years been uncomfortable in his mind upon the subject of religion: that during nearly twenty years he laboured in the ministry of the Established Church: that when a young man, fresh from the University, he was a conscientious member of the Church, and published largely in its favour; but that subsequent reflection excited doubts as to the soundness of his own principles; that those doubts he publicly expressed; and that he was eventually obliged to relinquish an offer of preferment, through a conscientious inability to make the necessary subscription of his unfeigned belief "of all things contained and prescribed in and by the book of Common Prayer." Though a dissenter, he is certainly no bigot; and though we do not approve of every page of his pamphlet, we strongly recommend it to the attention of those who feel that they have still their religion to form; and that to this duty all worldly duties are but as a drop of water compared with the ocean—as a moment with eternity!

The author sets out with stating, that, in seceding from the Church, he acted under no other influence than that of his own deliberate reflection and thought. He was convinced, he says, 'by long experience, that the Church of England is not best adapted by its constitution and government, and general arrangements, to the great purposes of a Christian institution;' that its whole structure is worldly; that its dignitaries more resemble princes, in their lives and manners, than ministers of the gospel; that a system of profligate rapacity and nepotism prevails among its clergy; that many of its ceremonies are unscriptural; that on many occasions it requires from its ministers the sacrifice of a good conscience, or subjects them to the tender mercies of the law; that the rule of the superior over the inferior clergy is unjust, galling, and oppressive: 'that, very generally, its preferments are the results of convivial habits, parliamentary influence, matrimonial alliance, or pecuniary arrangement; that, in various instances, the interest of the souls of men, so far as depends on ministerial faithfulness and diligence, are notoriously matters of public bargain and sale among money-lenders and Jews; and that the lavish and shameless prodigality, with which it ministers to the dignity and pomp of worthless sinecurists, is only to be paralleled by the ingratitude, neglect, and poverty, which await the faithful, laborious curate, when a broken heart, or the infirmities of age terminate his work, and leave him the alternative of a workhouse or a prison.' This is a tolerably strong bill of impeachment; but we believe it to be well founded in every accusation it brings against the Church of England; and it certainly derives no little force from the fact, that it is brought forward by an individual who, for twenty long years, was one of its own ministers.

The author informs the world of a fact of some importance, which he states from his own knowledge, and for the truth of which he appeals to others extensively acquainted with the sentiments of the clergy, that, from scruples similar to his own, there are '*very many* amongst the most devoted and pious of them, who begin to feel deeply that, unless some change take place (the *spes vana* of lingering attachment), they cannot long continue the discharge of their ministry in the Established Church.'

After tracing briefly, but very correctly, the political origin of the Church, the author grapples at once with the question of the lawfulness of an Established Church.

'And here it appears both advisable and appropriate, that I should advert, before I proceed further, to *the lawfulness of an Established Church*. On abstract questions, where the law of God has not left any specific direction, I know no safer mode of proceeding, than to avail ourselves of the aids of former experience, as discoverable by the light of history. The same general results will be found uniformly to flow from the same causes. Churchmen say, "It is manifestly the bounden duty of the State to up-

hold the Church; and that prophecy has sung of the happy time when kings shall be its nursing fathers, and queens its nursing mothers." I agree with them, that it is the duty of the secular powers to countenance the Church of God; but here I stop: they, to be consistent, must go farther, and plead, not for protection only, but for favour, patronage, honour, and alliance. Here, then, we differ *toto cælo*. *The lawfulness of an Established Church* is an equivocal proposition; and before it can be admitted or denied, we must agree as to the meaning of our terms. What is an *Established Church?* Not *necessarily* an episcopal, endowed, and wealthy Church; nor one necessarily and inseparably woven with the State; nor yet one, the very creature of "the powers that be," dependent on them for its support and very existence; for I can imagine a Presbyterian Church, or an Independent one, recognized, favoured, and specially protected by the State. But this will not, I presume, satisfy your ideas of an Established Church. When I am asked to admit the lawfulness of such a Church, I necessarily revert to the Established Church of this country, such as I find it, with its pomp and pride, its princely revenues and exalted dignities, its splendid fanes and royal palaces, its worthless, useless, cathedral dignitaries, its pluralists, its fox-hunters and preferment hunters, its courtiers, its un-preaching prelates. With such appendages as these, I must decidedly deny the lawfulness of an Established State Church. As a general question, let experience be the judge. What was the result of Constantine's patronage of the yet comparatively pure and simple Church? When the world became the Church, did not the Church soon after become the world? From the very hour that it obtained the patronage of the throne, did it not rapidly depart from its original simplicity and spirituality, and decline in its purity and attachment to "the truth as it is in Jesus?" From the moment that Christianity was no longer called to endure patiently the hatred of the world, and to win its way by its own native power and influence, it sensibly lost its own characteristic excellency, and became debased by an admixture with the unholy elements of this world; it soon began to repose for its security and protection, not on the favour of Him who was pledged to carry it through all its conflicts and trials, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, but on the power of the sword and the arm of man. Instead of the contentment, meekness, gentleness, and humility, which were once its glory and its strength, it imbibed the spirit of this world—the spirit of pride, avarice, dominition, and ambition.'—pp. 6—7.

The point scarcely admits of a doubt, that the connexion between the Primitive Church and the State was exceedingly injurious to the latter in many respects, though its essential doctrines remained unchanged and unpolluted. As a general question, the interference of the state in matters of religion is much to be deprecated, and, in a free country especially, is constitutionally wrong and objectionable. And as to the true Christian Church, wherever that is to be found, it does not need the aid of secular power for its maintenance. It is in itself a kingdom, but not a kingdom of this world; it needs no acts of parliament, no palaces, no equipages; 'the Church of the Living God,' as the author truly expresses it, whatever other denomination that Church receives, is 'spiritual in

its nature, simple in its constitution, and independent of all human influence or power for its perpetuity.' He then proceeds to consider the actual state of the Established Church, in reference to her clergy, doctrines, and discipline, with a view to shew that these not only justify but urgently command immediate secession from her communion. And, first, as to her clergy, hear one of themselves.

'In treating of the Clergy, I feel considerable difficulty in arranging my materials; so various are their ranks, orders, dignities, &c. As to their spiritual functions and powers, they are, as you know, usually considered under the three-fold denomination of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Whatever may have been the original intention of the Church, in the admission of candidates for holy orders into the office of Deacon, it is evident that it has long been disregarded. My belief, though at the moment I cannot name my authority, is, that Deacons were originally appointed, in large parishes, as assistant ministers to the more aged and experienced of the clergy. Such an appointment, only under a different name, occasionally prevails among the Dissenters, where junior ministers or co-pastors assist the original or senior minister, in discharging the duties of one church. In such an appointment I can see no objection, but very many advantages. The aged servant of God, wearied by the toils of a long and active ministry, ripening himself for Heaven, hereby gains some needful repose and relief; his people obtaining the energy of youthful zeal and vigour, in conjunction with the wisdom, experience, and confirmed piety of age; whilst the younger pastor finds, in his aged fellow-labourer, the advice and the example of maturer and sanctioned wisdom, under whom he is gradually trained up for years of future labour and usefulness. But however beautiful such an arrangement may appear in theory, it is one which, in the Established Church, is seldom realised. Of the many hundreds who are yearly admitted to the office of Deacon, few, I believe, are ever associated in labour with the senior clergy. They, generally inexperienced, untried, untaught, and sometimes, as we know, unteachable, enter at once, and alone, on the duties of their ministry, even in large parishes. Surely such arrangements are most inexpedient, unwise, and even offensive. As far as the practice of the Established Church proceeds, I know of no one good purpose which results from the institution of this order of the ministry; if the authority of *antiquity* be pleaded for its preservation, then go back at once to the practice of antiquity, and let the young clergy learn, in retired and subordinate situations, to "make full proof of their ministry." I well know that men of piety and of years have often deeply deplored the very boys who have been appointed to minister to them in holy things, to whose discretion or prudence they would not have confided the ordinary concerns of life. You must be aware, that the pulpit, too generally, and too immediately, follows *the schools*; so that our young men are as unqualified for its duties, as they too frequently are unimpressed with its obligations. If the authority of Scripture be appealed to on this subject, then I must express my decided conviction, that the Deacons of the New Testament and those of the Established Church have no other feature or character in common. Of the priesthood, however I may dislike the cognomen (*borrowed evidently from Rome*), little need be said—as all churches now admit and recognize the ordination of its mini-

sters—though we may probably differ as to the faculty or power of ordination; you restricting it to bishops and presbyters jointly, and I admitting its validity when exercised by presbyters only. On this point, however, we may dwell the less, as it is involved in a question of a more extensive kind:—the nature of the episcopal office;—into which it is not my intention to enter. My own opinion is decidedly opposed to the claims, both of jurisdiction and grace, which are put forth by the advocates of high church principles. I do not, I confess, comprehend what is meant by apostolical succession; nor the transmission of divine power, through successive generations, in the seat of episcopacy. This is a spiritual legerdemain far beyond the limits of my shallow capacity to comprehend. I can well understand, that he who, among his brethren, was eminent in piety, in wisdom, in estimation, was often selected as a præses, or presiding presbyter—*primus inter pares*—and that without the assumption or appearance, he practically obtained the reality of power—a power not based upon the chimera of divine right, but on public opinion and public veneration. But this discussion enters not into my argument. I find the office existing—right or wrong—and my inquiry simply is, are the circumstances of the office conformable to the word of God?'—pp. 9—11.

The seceder gives the establishment rather a hard blow, in that phrase, 'spiritual legerdemain,' with reference to Apostolical succession. There certainly never was such a farce attempted with so much success, to be imposed upon a thinking people, as that which has been played in this country since the reign of Elizabeth, whereby it has been maintained with the utmost gravity of countenance, that the established archbishops, bishops, and clergy of this country, derive their succession in the ministry from the Apostles! If the fact were indeed so, they ought to blush for their degeneracy from the primitive ministers of the Church; for what can be more unlike the scarcely-sandalled St. Paul, than the be-coached, the be-palaced, the my-lorded archbishop of Canterbury?

'Conceding that Episcopacy might, under certain circumstances, be an objectionable mode of ecclesiastical government, the mind naturally reverts to the best days of the Church, when Paul was a metropolitan, having, as he says, "the care of all the churches;" and when Timothy and Titus were his suffragans. But can any two things or persons be more dissimilar than our Apostolic Archbishop and His Grace of Canterbury or York? I have seen and read of Lambeth, of Bishopthorpe, of Auckland, &c.; and of the splendid furniture—the princely pomp—the sumptuous banquets—the fascinating concerts—the public days*—the shameless

* 'Has the reader ever, by accident, found his way into Lambeth palace on one of his Grace's *public days?* If he has, it is unnecessary that I should recall to his recollection the shameless profusion, the profligate luxury, the princely splendour, the almost oriental gorgeousness, by which they are distinguished. Such banquets can never be forgotten by any right judging or right feeling mind; they astonish by their magnificence, but they must, as infallibly, disgust by their incongruity. Who can think of such scenes, and of Him "who had not where to lay His head," without being convinced, that the whole system of our English prelacy is totally opposed to the simple, unworldly, and self-denying nature of the

luxury, which, to my mind, disgrace them. I have seen, also, the crowds of powdered lacqueys and porters who throng the episcopal hall, proclaiming, at once, the disgrace as well as the pride and pageantry of their spiritual Lords. I have myself seen the equipages of princes and of nobles round the Episcopal Palace, alighting from which, crowds of titled dames have sought within the holy dwelling the relief of *ennui*, and comfort for a diseased mind in the bewitching charms of music, loo, and chess. There, also, have gathered the wealthy dean, the well-stalled canon, the lazy sinecurist, and the expectant chaplain. Is this an overcharged statement? Does it not find its reality in every day's experience? But when did the sun ever witness the poor, the friendless, the laborious curate, welcomed by the condescension, encouraged by the approbation, and entertained by the hospitality of his diocesan? You must well recollect, how frequently and how deeply we have lamented the want of all sympathy between the Bishops and the inferior clergy. Elevated to the rank of princes, and, in some instances, above it, with revenues and patronage far beyond those of many temporal sovereigns, plunged into the ensnaring cares of politics, flattered by the senseless adulation of hungry sycophants, entangled in the intrigues of court, and scheming for translation—they have but little leisure and less inclination for the proper duties of their callings. Never, surely, did the bitter foe of God and man devise a more certain plan for secularizing the Church, destroying its usefulness, and degrading it in public estimation, than when Bishops were taken from their dioceses and metamorphosed into worldly politicians. Our metropolitan Paul, whose diocese, like an Indian bishopric, leaves even Canterbury far behind in extent and importance, was not, so far as I can remember, a privy councillor in Cæsar's court; nor is there any record of his going *in state* to attend the levees either of the emperor or the pro-consul. Does history testify aught of the splendour and pomp of his *enthronization*, such as a southern city of ours has recently witnessed? Where was his unbounded patronage, with which he glutted the cormorant appetites of hungry relatives? Think you, when the great Apostle shall render an account of his Bishopric to his Lord, that therein will be found so long, so foul, so detestable a display of spiritual chopping, changing, and jobbing, as has *recently* disgusted the British nation? Think you, that with the revenues of *his* Archbishopric, he found it necessary to give security to the inn-keeper, in his own cathedral city, ere the mitred carriage could find a standing, and the wearied horse a stall? Can you imagine, that on the eve of an ordination, the ladies of his household would be found at an assembly, or sitting

---

Redeemer's kingdom? No fouler libel, no more detestable slander was ever uttered, than to designate the actors in such scenes, *successors of the Apostles.*

'It may be proper here to state, that "*the public days*," at Lambeth, are those on which, after the custom of golden times, his Grace exercises a *general* hospitality, receiving at his table *strangers* and *unbidden* guests; the custom is, however, only *nominally* preserved, for though the guests may, *pro hac vice*, be uninvited, yet they are no longer the stranger, the widow, or the fatherless, but the private friends of his Grace, or those specially introduced; whose names must be previously given in at the palace.'

down with the chaplains and the young divines, at an innocent rubber of whist? Yet these are scenes, in our episcopal palaces, with which hundreds have been familiar, till disgust succeeded to sorrow, and indignation to disgust. Did we seek men eminent in faith, and of abundant labour, self-denying disinterestedness, holy devotedness, separation from the world, unwearied zeal, kind condescension—it would be difficult to determine where, among our spiritual nobles, we should find them. No such difficulty, however, could exist, if we sought for examples of unbounded pride, haughty carriage, worldly-mindedness, self-gratification, unblushing indolence, and idolatrous covetousness. Where are now "the preaching prelates, more often seen in pulpits than in princes' palaces; more often occupied in his legacy, who said, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to all men, than in embassages and affairs of princes of this world? And who, as they were most zealous and diligent, so they were of excellent godliness of life; and by both, of great authority and credit with the people?" (Hom. of Idolatry.) With a *very few* honourable exceptions, it would now be difficult to find a prelate who does more than publicly preach his half-hour's sermon more than once a quarter, whilst he leaves the composition of his triennial charge to his chaplain's pen.'—pp. 12—15.

All this is powerfully, pointedly written; it is not declamation; its greatest merit is that every syllable here set down, though in eloquent phrase, is literally and substantially true. Some persons may consider it severe; but it is just; and however undeniable it may be that the bench has been occasionally graced by piety and learning, yet it must be admitted, as the author expresses it, that, 'as a body, the Bishops have not deserved the public confidence and esteem.' Nor are the men so much to be blamed for this as the system. They owe their promotion, in nine instances out of ten, to party influence. Look at the Bishop of Exeter, to go no farther; does not every one know that he owes his mitre to his pen, and that, when it suited his purpose, he veered about from principle to principle, like the weather-cock on the top of his own cathedral?

The author alludes to a right reverend prelate, who was not long since found guilty of a trespass, while engaged in the Evangelical pursuit of fox-hunting. It transpired, in the progress of the trial, that this worthy successor of the Apostles held no fewer than *eleven* different pieces of preferment! We are only surprized that he did not succeed in making up the dozen. Of the worldly-mindedness of some of them, we have here a striking proof, in an anecdote worth relating. 'When the Rev. Mr. P—m waited on his diocesan for institution to the small living of R—ll, in Herts, his lordship, to whom this poor preferment was a prize, supposing im some poor curate, kept him standing while he declaimed gainst Methodism and Calvinism, and on the powers of Episcopal urisdiction. When his lordship had terminated his harangue, Mr. P. intimated his wish to retire, as his brother, the member for he county of B—— was waiting his return. Astonished at the

discovery, the Lord Bishop of L——, with unwonted condescension, pressed the new rector to be seated, and would fain have detained him to take refreshment.' This short anecdote needs no comment. It speaks a volume.

As to the mode in which the Bishops of the establishment exercise their patronage, we suppose that we may take the testimony of a clergyman, who manifestly writes from the fulness of his own experience.

'The immense patronage vested in our Bishops is a solemn trust, but one, the obligations of which they very generally disregard. I conceive that each Bishop should consider himself bound to use his patronage for the exclusive benefit of those of his own clergy, otherwise unprovided for, whose assiduity, piety, and long standing in the ministry, might point them out as worthy of encouragement and reward. Unblest with private property, and unpatronized by the men of this world, they naturally look, and ought as naturally to find in their Bishop, both friend and patron. Look, indeed, they may—and, if ignorant of the world, expect they may; but disappointment will ultimately teach them not to put confidence in man. Some splendid, but rare examples of just regard to the worth and merits of their clergy may be found; and, but for the very system of the Church, which mars every thing good and disinterested, more, it is presumed, might occur. The Bishop himself is so connected with the great men, and so mixed up with their schemes and their arrangements; so distracted by the solicitations of Parliamentary interest, and so hampered by promises and obligations to his own patron, that, in very many cases, he is not himself a free agent. An instance of this kind, of which I had personal knowledge, offers itself to my recollection at the present moment. When, some years ago, a certain living, in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, was vacant, the parishioners unanimously solicited it for the then curate, a man of sincere piety, kind disposition, and gentlemanly manners. The patron, the then Bishop of London, would cheerfully have complied with a request so honourable, and so reasonable; but he candidly stated to the deputation of the parishioners, and, subsequently, to the curate, that compliance was impossible, as he was so circumstanced that he could not refuse the solicitation of the Speaker of the House of Commons, on behalf of his chaplain. Thus, whatever good a kind, a just, an honourable man would do, his hands, as a Bishop, are tied by the very system under which he governs. By the influence necessarily exerted for his own elevation, he has created such obligations, that, until they are discharged, he is not a free agent in the disposal of his own patronage. He may not, like Simon Magus, offer a sum of money, but he pays, in stalls and livings, the understood price of his own pomotion; and what is the patronage of a Bishop, but the price which he pays to the minister for his influential interest? Review all these things, and then tell me, am I not more than justified in the detestation with which I reprobate so unholy and so profligate a system? Are these, think you, the Bishops whom St. Paul calls "the stewards of God, blameless, given to hospitality, not *greedy* of filthy lucre, lovers of good men, well reported by them which are without."

'And here I must be permitted to remark the disgust, with which, in common with every man of Christian feeling, I have uniformly heard the

preferments of the Church spoken of as "property," and witnessed the tenacity and tenderness manifested for its rights. It seems to be totally forgotten, that mixed up with this property are other interests than those of the clergy. The proceedings in the Upper House, on the *Pluralities' Bill*, whether on the part of the part of the Temporal or Spiritual Peers, seem exclusively to regard the property of the Church, as apart from, and unconnected with, any duties attached to its possession; and, as if the people had no concern whatever with the arrangements of the Established Church, though those arrangements affect them more immediately, and more sensibly, than they can affect others. The offices of the Church are evidently not regarded as involving duties to be discharged, and responsibilities to be undertaken, but as property to be enjoyed. The great objects of the ministry, its obligations—the mutual relation of minister and people, the reciprocal affection, the congeniality of temper, feeling, and opinion, the unity of purpose between them, are all forgotten in the arrangements of "property." It would seem as if the discharge of some stated public duty was the unwelcome condition of holding the property; which duty was most grudgingly discharged, but only as the stipulated price or quit rent of the tenure, and not the property, willingly paid, and gratefully enjoyed, the reward of faithful labours and affectionate services.

'Thus lamentably have men's minds come, at last, to regard the most solemn obligations, and the most intimate relations, as matters of mere pecuniary value; to which no reference or regard is henceforth to be paid, should they ever come into competition or collision with the worldly interests of the patron's nominee. How insignificant are men's souls, and their eternal destiny, in the estimation of legislating Bishops and orthodox Churchmen!'—pp. 21, 22.

Our readers will, perhaps, bear testimony to the opinions which we have frequently avowed with reference to every part of the system of the Church: but we have never gone to half the length in the way of censure, to which this clergyman has penetrated, backed as he is by facts that must overthrow that tottering and wretched mockery of Christianity in the good opinion of all men, whose opinion is worth the slightest respect. We protest, that if it had been our misfortune to have been amongst the members of the Established Church, this pamphlet would have driven us from it, hanging down our heads for very shame. The more we know of its practical administration, the more convinced are we that it cannot stand five years longer against the advancing intelligence of the age. Indeed, we should not be surprized to find it attacked by a species of moral cholera morbus, during the next session of Parliament.

We have been accused of misrepresenting the doctrines, and of undervaluing the utility of the Established Church, as a religious institution. But we appeal to our readers, whether we ever ventured to write of it in terms of such overwhelming reproach as those which we here subjoin. 'You will bear me witness,' says the author,—a writer, mind, who speaks from twenty years' experience of the "sayings and doings" of the said Church—'how often we have mutually lamented the want of even common

decorum, during the performance of Divine Service in the cathedrals of —— and ——? The reader probably supposes that the want of decorum here spoken of was found amongst the congregation. No such thing. 'The laughing, the unconcern, the whisperings, the runnings to and fro of the *choristers;* the yawnings, the drowsiness, the indifference of the *clergy;* the insipidity and heartlessness of the *worship*, and the theatrical routine of the whole ceremony, too plainly indicate the absence of all devotion and piety in the *performers* themselves, and induce the suspicion, in the minds of others, that, apart from the *gain*, they care nothing for religion.' We are no friends to prosecutions for libel; but if this be a libel, we must say that it ought to be prosecuted; and if it be not a libel, the Church ought to be torn down by the populace, as a den of corruption, worse than any brothel in the land. But let us hear this fearless and conscientious man a little farther.

'If we consider the Church as constituted with a view to the glory of God and the welfare of man, it will be evident, that our cathedral dignitaries in no one possible manner subserve either; indeed, from long observation I believe, that our smaller cathedral towns are deeply and seriously affected, and injured in their religious interests by the presence of so many idle, worldly-minded, card-playing clergymen. What are the duties of deans, canons, prebends, and the whole retinue of the inferior dignitaries of a cathedral? *Positively and really nothing!* except an occasional sermon from each, which might be better preached and more ably composed by some poor curate. For what purpose are they appointed, but to constitute bribes for a prime minister, or to satiate the nepotism of a bishop? Much ignorance prevails as to the constitution and revenues of our deaneries and chapters; were but half the truth known, the whole country, from the Tweed to the Land's End, would resound with one loud burst of indignation. The pension list of England, in the worst days of the most corrupt and profligate of her ministers, never displayed a more odious enumeration of worthless, titled paupers, preying on the energies, industry, and wealth of the country, than that which the clerical almanack exhibits of the idle, pampered dignitaries of the Established Church, connected with our cathedrals. On what possible pretence of utility or necessity are,—a dean, with an income of from 1200*l.* to 5000*l.*; eight or ten prebendaries or canons, with from 500*l.* to 3000*l.*; and twenty or thirty other dignitaries, with from about 200*l.* to 1000*l. per annum*, attached to *one church* in every bishop's see? Why, *in addition to such splendid incomes*, have these vast bodies ecclesiastical patronage generally shared among themselves? And it must be remembered, that these dignities being altogether sinecures, without, in most instances, any, even the least duty attached to them, operate as a premium and an encouragement to the idle and indolent clergy, who thus practically learn, that neglect and idleness are better paid than the most unwearied labour, or the most exemplary devotedness. You will, I know, say, that these dignities are intended as the rewards of distinguished piety and learning; and that the Church, like the state, ought to possess the means of rewarding her distinguished servants and able champions. But I object, *in limine*, that church patro-

nage should never be the reward of *mere* learning—such an appropriation of it is always an unjust, and sometimes an awful perversion of its proper purpose. Learning has, or ought to have, *sua premia laudi*. Do you not know, at the present moment, of a dignitary enjoying the highest rank in the Established Church, deservedly honoured and distinguished as a scholar, but whose heterodoxy and unsoundness in faith, ought to have excluded him from any, even the humblest office, where the care of souls was concerned? Now this lamentable evil has partly arisen independently of, yet in connection with, political feelings, from the very principle which I condemn, of making ecclesiastical dignities the reward of secular learning. In looking over the names of cathedral dignitaries, say, honestly, are there no names there which *decency*, to say nothing of piety, disowns? Can you find none whose chief recommendation to honour is the sneer and buffoonery with which they have treated evangelical religion, or the grace and skill with which they contributed to delight and soothe the royal ear? Some few hallowed names, dear to piety and to the Church of God, are, I know, recorded there; but they are, indeed, lights amid surrounding and thick darkness.

'Have you ever heard or read of a small country town, nearly in the centre of the kingdom, having a cathedral or minster, being also the parish church, with a host of dignitaries attached to it, enjoying very extensive ecclesiastical patronage, in not distant parishes? Have you, as I have done, inquired into the state of the town and neighbourhood, and thus ascertained personally the practical advantages resulting from the residence of so many dignified clergymen in it? Here it might naturally be supposed that no room would be left for labours of Dissent; that ignorance could not exist among so many teachers, nor vice prevail among so many *custodes morum*. But here, as in all other cathedral towns, I have observed that the clergy form the aristocracy of the town, who seldom mingle beyond their own body with their neighbours. Their influence, which is no where beneficially felt but in their dealings among the tradespeople, is seldom exerted, except to denounce a bible or missionary meeting; whilst with the poor they have no concern. The result of all this is, that amid much form there is very little religion, but much practical ungodliness; their zeal evaporates in an annual sermon for the "Venerable Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," or the establishment of a national school; but as to the great purposes of the christian ministry, they are almost totally lost sight of. In the town to which I refer, an evening service in the church has long been desired by the most respectable inhabitants; but amid so many resident clergy the matter has hitherto remained one of desire; the Wesleyan methodists secure the poor, whilst the tradespeople remain at home, or frequent the coffee-house or tavern. But what care the prebendaries for that? And how fare their parishes around them, from residence on which their stalls exempt them? For what purposes are such swarms of spiritual locusts permitted to exist? Under what alleged pretence is such a system tolerated? These are questions to which common sense will readily furnish a reply.'—pp. 24—26.

Had we any pity in our hearts for the iniquitous, we should feel for the Church, lashed about and trampled upon as she is, by this her undutiful son. It has never fallen to our lot to read such bitter invectives against her, as those which succeed each other,

with the rapidity and thunder of almost supernatural anger, in the pages that are passing in review before us. The most surprising part of the matter is, however, that the author makes not a single assertion which is not true in all its parts. In fact he says nothing of which we had not been ourselves well apprised several years ago. He next proceeds to expose the system of pluralities. But that system stands so completely condemned ; so inevitably doomed to annihilation, in public opinion, that we shall not waste another word upon it.

The author next proceeds to treat of the doctrines of the Church, which abound, he says, in inconsistencies and errors. He objects to the baptismal service as unreasonable and absurd—an objection in which we by no means concur with him. He further objects to the funeral service, because it is used equally with reference to the saint and the sinner. The same ritual is made use of with respect to a public prostitute, whose friends can pay the clergyman his fees, as with respect to a virgin, whose life has been a brief but unsullied career of irreproachable innocence. Over both the clergyman reads, We are called "to give hearty thanks to Almighty God, for that it hath pleased him, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our *dear* sister here departed," and to express his hope, that the departed "*rests* with God." The author can see no difference between the Churches of Rome and England upon the doctrine of absolution : in the latter it is held to be "declaratory" only in the daily service; in the communion service, it ascends a degree higher, and becomes "conditional;" and in the visitation of the sick, it rises to the perfection of the "positive and judicial." There is no charge which Protestants are in the habit of making more frequently, and with an air of greater triumph, against the Catholic Church, than this same power which it assumes, they say, of absolving the sinner from his sins : yet here we have the same power assumed, and affected to be exercised in all its plenitude by their own ministers. The reason of this striking inconsistency is, that lay Protestants in general are ignorant of the real doctrines of their own Church, and that their clergy are either not much better informed with respect to those doctrines, or altogether disbelieve them. How then is it to be accounted for, that the Protestant clergy continue to promulgate tenets which they do not conscientiously believe? Let our author answer the question from his twenty years' experience. 'When a good living is to be obtained,' says he, 'it is wonderful how the consciences of such men can suddenly dilate to the required standard of orthodoxy ; and by some unknown process of theological alchemy, they can so divest these services of all that is unscriptural, as solemnly to declare their unfeigned belief and assent, and consent to "all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer."'

In mercy to the Establishment, we shall only give one extract

more from this pamphlet, presenting a passing, but withering glance at its discipline and constitution.

'I think I ought not to omit allusion to some defects in the discipline and constitution of the Church, which do not, perhaps, affect conscience, but which materially impair her usefulness as a Church of God; I now refer to that total want of reasonable discipline, which pervades her whole constitution. There is abundant, indeed too much, power lodged in the hands of the Bishops; but it is irresponsible, arbitrary power, which governs by no fixed rules; and, therefore, overlooking the more guilty culprit, descends, too often, with unmerited severity, on the innocent, or but partially offending. It is matter of deep and frequent regret, that the clergy know not how to govern their actions. That which one Bishop commends as pious zeal and praiseworthy devotedness, is censured by his successor, as a zeal without knowledge, and unallowable irregularity. If the squire complain, it is evident at once that the curate must be in fault; and the bishop hastens to convey the required reprimand, and to threaten the withdrawal of his license. Appeal and remonstrance are in vain, or only tend to aggravate the first offence, by the added insolence of questioning a Bishop's infallibility. If the Bishop condescends to put the curate on his defence, mark the hardship of being obliged to spend half-a-quarter's salary in a journey to London, or to the episcopal palace; where, when arrived, it is very improbable that he will reap aught, save vexation and disappointment, if his lordship should happen to be one of the anti-evangelical party. Nor have the clergy any appeal, except in extreme cases, from the decisions, however manifestly partial and unjust, of the Bishop. Whilst, over the curates, their lordships possess and exercise an undefined and unlimited power; they have not, over the incumbents, any, by which to control even the most public and disgusting malconduct. The case of the late rector of Sutton, has proved that, as against all but the poor unprotected curate, their lordships' anathema is but "*brutum fulmen, telum imbelle, sine ictu.*" By this want of all power on the one part, and its unlimited exercise on the other, it comes to pass that the Church possesses no system of government at all. It is, moreover, worthy of remark, that, in a profession where character is more especially needful, and where its inculpation most deeply affects both interest and usefulness; there is no mode by which it can be vindicated, to which a clergyman can, or ought, save in very extreme cases, to resort. An appeal to the law is forbidden him, by his profession as a christian; whilst his integrity, his feelings, are wounded with impunity by the slander of the wicked. In similar cases, an officer might demand a court martial, and thus vindicate his conduct, without appearing to be actuated by revengeful feelings towards his slanderer. Ought not a clergyman to have some mode of calling on his adversary before an authorised tribunal, either to retract, to substantiate, or to apologise for his accusation; so as to place the name and the character of the injured minister, honourably before the world. And might not the Bishop be authorised to delegate the investigation to the church-wardens and some of the neighbouring clergy, who should proceed to call on the accuser to bring forward his accusation and his evidence, and then, after hearing the accused and the witness, adjudicate on the evidence submitted to them? Such an inquiry would restrain the tongue of slander, and afford protection both to character and feelings.

'It appears all but incredible, that the Church of England should have no peculiar legislation; no code of disciplinary regulations, by which her internal government might be conducted. She possesses no *lex scripta*. What she has is either traditionary or presumptive. You will say, perhaps, that she has her "*constitutions and canons ecclesiastical:*" but it is more than questionable, how far these are now in force; and, indeed, it would not be creditable to the clergy or the Church generally, to suppose them obligatory. I think some of the canons would not disgrace the charitable anathemas of the Trent Council; whilst the unmeaning and even foolish minuteness of others would only provoke a smile of ridicule or contempt. The annual meeting of the convocation of the clergy and the election of deputies, is one of those ludicrous ceremonials, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The fact is, plainly, that the Church of England is so completely bound up with the State, so identified with the carnal policy of the world, so linked in with its arrangements and its laws, that she has most servilely surrendered her own rights, and abandoned her own duty, and committed both the odium and the power of legislating for her, to the rulers of this world, with whose maxims and spirit she is so identified as to renounce her allegiance to that Divine Lawgiver, who hath said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

'One of the Angelican prelates, of the last century, (Bishop Gibson, I think) has candidly acknowledged, that, when the affairs of the Church are at the disposal, and under the influence of secular power, "they will always be managed in subservience to temporal ends, far more than to the ends of religion, and the real benefit of God's Church;" and does not every day prove, that such is, and must be, the case? Is not the Church of England thus virtually deprived of all independence, and thrown completely on the State, not for protection and favour only; but even for the power and laws of internal government? Is not this a perversion of that rightful order of things, which would rather exhibit the Church, as the example and model of peaceful and christian organisation to the State?

'It is to this worldly conformity, that we must attribute it, that many who, on the Sabbath day, ought to be preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and who at all times ought to be examples to the flock of Christ, are frequently to be found, on the very eve of the Sabbath, busied in all the filth of a police-office; preparing their minds for the holy and tranquil, and heavenly engagements of the Lord's day, by investigating cases of bastardy or rape; committing some juvenile depredators to the tread-mill; unravelling the mysteries of family quarrels; or sentencing some poor victim of seduction, as a vagrant, to the House of Correction! Are these employments for a minister of Christ? Is this the atmosphere he should breathe? Is this "the ministry of reconciliation," to which he is solemnly devoted? Does not every provincial paper announce the degradation, and proclaim the shame of the English Church, when we find her clergy drawn from the duties of their parishes, to be stewards of the race-course, or of an assize ball? Who foremost in the chase? who the keenest sportsman in the field, but the parson of the parish?

'Was not the Rev. J. P——, rector of ——, Northamptonshire, very lately, and very awfully, summoned to give an account of his stewardship, as he was following the hounds, and after the indulgence of very violent

passion and cruelty but a few minutes previously, towards his horse, because of a false leap? Was this the state of mind, and was this the employment, under which a clergyman, knowing that in the midst of life we are in death, would wish to be found by God? Was this his first attendance at the hunt? If not, where was the vigilance of Dr. Marsh? Where the honest jealousy for the honour of christianity? The zeal that constructed the eighty-seven celebrated questions, could surely have found an object worthy of its exercise, in enforcing a wholesome discipline, over a worldly-minded young clergyman.

'The appointments to the magistracy are confided to the discretion of the lords lieutenants of the several counties; in some of which there are no clerical magistrates; whilst in others, they form a majority, or a large portion of the whole number. The object of such appointments is obvious. The clergy exercise, both directly and indirectly, great influence in county elections, especially where Tory principles prevail. If the son, the brother, or the neighbour, of the lord lieutenant is to be returned, the clergy, clerical magistrates in particular, are found the strongest supporters of such a candidate; and if Tory principles prevail at court, the support thus seasonably afforded at the hustings, finds its reward in the preferments of the premier, or the chancellor. Can you remember no master of a college, promoted to the bench, for the seasonable support which, at a very critical moment, he afforded to the minister of the day, at a county meeting?

'Now, all these crying, grievous evils, could not exist, nay, would not be tolerated, one day, were there any discipline in the Church, or any system of christian administration, under which its affairs might be administered. Parliament can legislate about tithes, and residence, and pluralities, and commutations, and building glebe houses, and erecting churches; it can tithe mint, and anise, and cummin, but, alas! for the weightier matters of the law, these are left to chance, or to neglect. The sepulchre is whited, beautified, and adorned; yet *it is the sepulchre still.* How often, dear sir, have you assured me, that your sacramental sabbaths lay heavy on your heart! Whilst a tender conscience has kept many back from the Lord's table, whom you could wish to greet there; how many, on the other hand, have blindly, self-righteously, or most unworthily approached, whom you could have desired absent! How could this be, under a proper discipline, and a well-regulated system of Church government? But such, or any thing like it, your Church has not. The Church of England, in her commination service, (a worthy relic of the Church of Rome) affects to lament the want of "godly discipline," among the members; and the same lamentation has been re-echoed, through nearly three centuries of woe, without one effort, so far as history records, to restore the ancient discipline, or to substitute any other in its place. Are there not manifest insincerity and duplicity in this annual service? If the rulers of the Church really see and lament this general want of discipline, do they not know, that its perpetuity is their shame and sin, and its removal their duty?'—pp. 43—47.

In one of the notes appended to this passage, we find a fact stated, the bare reading of which will make the blood of every father of a family run cold through his veins with horror; 'The Rev. Dr. D. W——, rector of B——, Somersetshire, left his

wife and family at the rectory, under the plea of attending a trial in London. He was accompanied by a governess, a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, who was subpœnaed as a witness; whilst the governess, as a young female, was, for the sake of propriety, attended by her brother's widow. Whether the tale of the trial was true or false, I am unable positively to affirm. Arrived in London, *the seduction of both* followed; his own wife and family were soon plunged into a state of the deepest destitution, and obliged, in circumstances of urgent poverty, to quit the parish. An attorney of London immediately placed the living under sequestration; and, in defiance of the bishop, who demurred to his right, put in a curate. Now, notwithstanding this truly horrible profligacy, the Rev. Dr. D. W——, is *still* the rector of B——, receiving the emoluments of this valuable living. Acts of imprudence may be forgiven; but such deep laid schemes of deliberate villany deserve the strongest reprobation and condemnation, of which outraged and indignant virtue and decency are capable. One of these poor victims was the favourite of my own youthful days; fallen and ruined, she has, after long and painful separation, found a home, once more, in her father's dwelling; whilst her guilty seducer glories in his shame!!!'

For such an Established Church, as this author has, from his experience of twenty years, described, *reformation* will not do: it must be *extinguished*.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of General Lafayette and of the French Revolution of* 1830. By B. Sarrans, Secretary to General Lafayette. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Bentley, (late Colburn and Bentley), 1832.

No work has yet appeared upon the French Revolution of 1830, which has the slightest pretensions to be compared to the volumes now before us, in point of authenticity, or in the quantity and interest of the materials of which it is composed. Their only great blemish, if, indeed, justly speaking, blemish it be, is, that they have been strongly coloured throughout by the hand of an avowed partisan. An enthusiastic admiration for the hero of his Memoirs appears openly and without disguise through every page of M. Sarrans' labours. Is this a fault? Is it not allowable to a friend to express freely the sentiments of his heart towards the object of his regard; to praise his virtues, to extenuate his defects, to defend his character from the imputations of his opponents, and to do all this with sincerity and fervour? Undoubtedly, we never can obtain a correct knowledge of any man's character, without being intimately linked with him in the bonds of friendship, and if, sometimes, we do not see those faults which others have supposed in him, it may be that they do not exist, or are much exaggerated by calumny; it may be that we are, to a certain degree, blinded to them by our feelings of gratitude for favours received, and of sympathy for one

with whom we have been long accustomed to hold familiar intercourse. What of that? The utmost that can be said of us is this, that our report of his character ought to be taken with due caution. It is the duty of the historian, who writes only from documents, to weigh his authorities in the scales of the most rigid justice; but from a friend, writing the memoirs of his friend, impartiality cannot and ought not to be expected; it would be ungenerous, it would be unworthy of the sacred ties of true friendship.

M. Sarrans has acted for some years in the capacity of private secretary to General Lafayette: he appears to have been thoroughly acquainted with the part which that distinguished individual took in the late revolution especially; and every thing that came to his knowledge upon that subject, he has here set down, as he assures us, with the greatest fidelity, and without reserve. Indeed, he acknowledges that in the latter respect he has been 'guilty of an indiscretion, perhaps it will be said of an abuse of confidence.' We can easily understand this confession. It will be convenient for the General to say that he has not sanctioned the publication, as it discloses matter with respect to which probably he might have been expected to have observed a discreet silence during his life. It cannot be supposed that M. Sarrans would have sacrificed his character as a man of honour, by publishing against the avowed wishes of his friend and patron.

Passing this point over as a matter, to the public at least, of little interest, it must, we think, be admitted by every person who peruses these volumes, that they throw a flood of light upon the history of the late revolution, and upon the present confused, motley, unsatisfactory, and, indeed, portentous state of parties in France. The political arena of Paris is at this moment, and has been for upwards of two years, a stage upon which all are actors; no man appears upon it in his own natural character; e ery body is masqued and dominoed, apparently engaged in watching the movements of those around him, with the ultimate view of pushing his fortunes as soon as the moment most favourable to his purposes shall have arrived. In other words, the active politicians at present conspicuous in France, are little more or less than a set of gamblers, playing at dice, the stakes being places in the cabinet, instead of sums of money. There is not amongst them any one powerful and transcendant mind, capable of collecting men of ability within the shadow of his name, and of restraining them there by the attraction of his personal influence. The king has shown much doggedness, but no talents that can command respect, no disposition that can win regard. We believe that he is generally disliked in France, and that since the commencement of his war against the press, he is looked upon as in nowise a better Bourbon than Charles X. Laffitte was tried, and found inadequate to meet the difficulties that beset his ministry: Perier, who promised well, has fallen a victim to his new occupations: Louis Philippe has suc-

ceeded him, and plays king and minister, until he can find another Perier. Every thing looks unsettled; the trade of France becomes every day more embarrassed; the government has been thrown back into a provisional state; and it is too little thought of, that, during all this time of ministerial interregnum, the military spirit of the nation is becoming more and more inflamed against the autocrat of the north, and the wily diplomacy of Vienna. 'Parties vie one with another,' says M. Sarrans, 'in artifice. One affects confidence in the midst of alarm, another joy, when overwhelmed with grief; one, which lives only on its fond recollections of the past, pretends to plead for the future; and another yields to existing things, only to arrive the more surely at things which do not exist. Interested policy everywhere takes place of honesty and energy, and the spirit of expectation and disguise overrules all circumstances.' To describe this multiplicity of interests and views, is the object of the present work; a most interesting enterprise it is, in every point of view, and a very successful one, so far as we, who are placed at a distance from the scene of action, are enabled to judge.

The late revolution was so utterly improvised; it was so sudden in its origin, so rapid in its progress, so decisive in giving victory to the people, that no one had time to think of the principles upon which the popular victory might be turned to the greatest advantage of the nation. A few words pronounced by Lafayette—'a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions,' had the effect of a talisman: they afforded the hope of immediate tranquillity to the timid, who feared a republic; they flattered and directed the enthusiasm of the bold, who were fresh from the battle against the old monarchy. But though the new king accepted the throne upon the republican conditions with which it was accompanied, it has been his constant aim under a variety of pretexts, to get rid of the conditions, and to look upon himself rather as a successor to the throne, called to it out of his turn by circumstances, than elected to it by the representatives of the people. The vice of family pride appears to be as predominant in his character, as in that of the unhappy Duchess d'Angouleme herself; and it has led him into a train of policy, which will certainly terminate in his expulsion from France, and in the establishment of republican institutions without any throne at all.

M. Sarrans commences his work with a brief review of the early life of Lafayette, into which it is not our intention to enter, as it is already sufficiently well known. It is also known, that during the combat which in Paris followed the famous ordinances, Lafayette was the first to propose the idea of a provisional government. But it is not equally well known—at least we never heard, until we perused these volumes—that at one of the conferences held by the deputies during the earlier stages of the revolution, Perier 'confidentially proposed offering some millions to Marmont, to seduce

him to the cause of the people; and even insisted that M. Laffitte, who had pecuniary transactions with Marmont, should undertake the negociation.' But Lafayette resisted this idea, and suggested that Marmont should be ordered to stop the firing on the people. It is a curious fact, that the first meetings of the deputies were well attended, though they had yet no notion of making a revolution: but as soon as the people received a check, not half the number of deputies attended; and, in point of fact, the declaration which was issued as if signed by sixty-three deputies, was signed only by eight, the names of the others were added without their consent being even solicited. "Should we be vanquished," said M. Laffitte, "they will belie us, and prove that we were only eight: if, on the other hand, we are conquerors, be satisfied, the signatures will be matter of emulation." One party was for bold and decisive measures; another still for compromise with the reigning dynasty; and when it was proposed to raise the tri-coloured cockade, the dissentients retired, and thus reduced the patriotic party to *five!*—Lafayette, Laffitte, de Laborde, Maugin, and Audry de Puyraveau. This was on the memorable night of the 28th of July; the night when the barricades were erected. Early the next day, all the probabilities of victory declared for the people: a provisional government, or rather an imaginary government, bearing the names of Lafayette, Gerard, and Choiseul, was assumed to have been formed: a rallying point was thus given to the people, and they triumphed at all points. Laffitte's house was the great centre of operations, whence were supplied cartridges, orders, commanders, and sometimes even bread. By this time the meetings of the deputies were again increased: as many as thirty or forty attended, and deliberated under the presidency of their host; but even still they lagged behind the people in their exertions. The people, in short, achieved every thing; the deputies, at least the great majority of them, did nothing, until they could no longer help it. Up to this moment Lafayette was busy everywhere, and everywhere received with enthusiasm by the people; but the deputies seemed afraid or jealous of his interference, and were anxious, if possible, to dispense with his services. But his offer at the critical moment to take upon himself the command of all the military forces, could not be refused, and from that time he became one of the principal leaders of the revolution. He was borne to the Hotel de Ville in triumph, a municipal commission having been organized at the same time. The author thus sums up the events of the momentous preceding days.

'From the moment of the publication of the ordinances, some men, devoted during many years to the interests of the house of Orleans, had conceived the project of substituting the younger for the elder branch of the reigning house, and all their proceedings, during the three days' struggle, tended towards this result.

'M. Laffitte was especially the patron of this *dénouement.** The Duke of Orleans was at Neuilly; between the court, which committed the error of not summoning him to St. Cloud, and Paris, to the insurrection of which he was a total stranger. So early as eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, M. Laffitte, who had arrived only a few hours previously, sent for M. Oudart, secretary to the Duchess of Orleans, and despatched him to Neuilly, with notice to the Prince of the meeting of deputies which was to take place at noon, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau, and to entreat his royal highness to be careful to avoid the emissaries of St. Cloud. This opening, which no doubt was not confined to a simple message of prudential advice, was made on Wednesday morning, a period when every thing was still in suspense. His royal highness, therefore, kept his thoughts close, and said little. The Duke of Orleans, however, was sensible of the tender solicitude of M. Laffitte, and in pure condescension to the recommendation of his banker, condemned himself to the inconvenience of passing the entire night in a kiosk, concealed in the middle of the park, around which vigilant and faithful friends were on the watch. On Thursday morning M. Laffitte again sent M. Oudart to Neuilly; his importunities were now pressing; he informed the prince of all that had passed in the meetings of the preceding days, of the exasperation of the public spirit against the elder branch, of the singular importance of his present situation, and of the necessity in which the Duke of Orleans stood of choosing, within twenty-four hours, between a crown and a passport. It is said, that already the choice was no longer doubtful; and that this time his royal highness's reply was such as to satisfy his partizans upon the cruel sacrifice they exacted of his patriotism; in fact, the die was cast, and the Duke of Orleans submitted to place upon his citizen head that crown of thorns, up to which, as every body knows, he had never elevated his ambition. Therefore, had M. Laffitte, who, during the whole of Wednesday, and the morning of Thursday, exchanged several messages with the Duke of Orleans, already dexterously prepared the minds of the deputies, and of several members of the provisional government, in favour of the lieutenancy of the kingdom by the Duke of Orleans, when Lafayette and the municipal commission installed themselves in the Hotel-de- Ville.

'While the military chiefs were taking measures to consolidate the victory achieved by the people alone, and the municipal commission, with the commissioners entrusted with the different departments, were re-organizing the general advice, a fraction of the chamber of deputies, in a meeting at M. Laffitte's, were employing themselves in arranging a new

* 'This idea was of many years' standing. The discourse pronounced by the deputy of the Seine, on the 10th of February, 1817, on the subject of the project of law relative to the finances, and in which he maintained that the English are indebted for their liberty to the revolution which passed the crown to William III., is still remembered. Not only was this bold opinion then made the text of the most violent attacks upon M. Laffitte by the journals of the restoration, but it gave occasion to the prime minister, the Duke of Richelieu, to demand of the honourable deputy a categorical answer, whether or no his intention had been to excite a movement in favour of the Duke of Orleans.'

order of things. A deputation, composed of M. M. d'Argout, Sémonville, and Vitrolles, had presented itself at the Hotel-de-Ville, to treat in the name of Charles X., and to announce to the commission that the ordinances were withdrawn, and a new ministry nominated, which included M. M. Casimir Perier and Gérard. These envoys were introduced to the municipal commission, and the presence of Lafayette was requested. The answer was not delayed: the people had fought to the cry of, *Down with the Bourbons*, and it was too late; the Bourbons had ceased to reign. This was what M. M. Lafayette, Audry de Puyraveau, and Maugin, formally declared to the ambassadors from St. Cloud, in the presence of M. Perier, who kept silence. The royal commissaries were about to retire, when M. de Sémonville having addressed himself to Lafayette, the latter asked him if the Bourbons had yet assumed the tri-coloured cockade; and on his answer that it was a serious consideration, the general replied, that they might now dispense with any pain this act might cost them, as it was already too late: all was over.

'The next day, M. de Sussy, the bearer of a letter from M. de Mortemart, the new prime minister of Charles X., and an enclosure containing the recall of the ordinances, found Lafayette surrounded by his officers, and a crowd of citizens. "We need be under no constraint," said he to M. de Sussy, "I am here in the midst of my friends, and have no secrets with them;" and opening the papers, the contents of which he read in a loud voice—"Well!" said he to the people, "what answer shall we make?" "No more negociations!" was the cry from all sides. "You hear," continued Lafayette, "it is too late."

'Some time afterwards, a patriot orator, sent to some regiments which covered the court, having brought back information that the commander of the royal troops, on the bridge of St. Cloud, complained that since the recall of the ordinances, no explanation had been made to them, and asked a categorical answer; Lafayette sent him back immediately, with a billet couched in the following terms:—

'"I am asked for an explicit answer on the situation of the royal family, since its last aggression upon the public liberty, and the victory of the Parisian population; I shall give it frankly: it is, that all conciliation is impossible, and that the royal family has ceased to reign.

'"LAFAYETTE."

Since their propositions were obstinately rejected at the Hotel-de-Ville, the commissioners of Charles X. hoped to find a better reception at M. Laffitte's. About nine or ten o'clock in the evening, M. d' Argout presented himself to the members of the Chamber, who were sitting at the house of this deputy, and declared to them, that he was commissioned to announce to them, in the name of the king, his master, the recall of the ordinances, and the formation of a ministry composed of characters more acceptable to the country; that matters were therefore re-established as before the violation of the charter, and that Charles X. made no doubt but the national representation would interpose its mediation to bring the people back to their allegiance. The answer of M. Laffitte was as peremptory as had been that of M. Lafayette, at the Hotel-de-Ville. "War has decided," said he to M. d' Argout;" Charles X. is no longer king of France." M. d' Argout withdrew, after vainly insisting on the guarantees of inviolability with which the constitution still surrounded the person of the king.

Some moments afterwards, M. Forbin Janson came to announce that his brother-in-law, the Duke de Mortemart, claimed a safe conduct, to present himself before the meeting of the deputies. This demand was acceded to, and M. Laffitte was solely charged to answer the overtures of the new president of Charles X.'s council of ministers; but M. de Mortemart did not appear.

'From that moment the cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was irrevocably lost, not only in the will of the people, but in the thoughts of the two centres of action, which had possessed themselves of the direction of affairs. The Hotel-de-Ville, and the Laffitte meeting, were agreed as to the definite expulsion of the reigning family, but by no means so as to the form of government ulteriorly to be adopted, or the new dynasty to be elected. These capital questions were subjects of warm controversy at the Hotel-de-Ville; while at Lafitte's, almost an entire unanimity prevailed upon the choice of the Duke of Orleans, or rather upon the proclamation of his choice, already prepared by the efforts and the manœuvres of the honourable banker.'—vol. i. pp. 312—318.

Here, then, were two parties already formed at the head of the revolution: Lafayette and his military colleagues being, as we may believe, for a republic upon the American plan, and Laffitte and the other members of the municipal commission being for placing the crown on the head of the Duke of Orleans. The latter project is described by M. Sarrans as 'a great intrigue,' brought about chiefly by the exertions of Laffitte. Neither party, we must here observe, seems to have thought of consulting the people,—the people to whom alone the victory belonged: Laffitte and his friends actually appear to have managed the whole affair, as if it had been a mere matter of business with which they, and they only, had been entrusted. We must continue this singular narrative.

'About ten o'clock, almost all the deputies present in Paris met at M. Laffitte's; some peers also joined them, amongst whom was the Duke de Broglie, who spoke at length upon the popular exasperation, and the danger of a republic. These dangers, purposely exaggerated by M. Dupin, produced a pretty general anxiety, of which M. Laffitte skilfully took advantage, to propose the election of the Duke of Orleans, as the only means of arresting the torrent, and fixing all uncertainties. This opinion, now officially expressed for the first time, produced some astonishment, and provoked some contradiction; but M. Dupin supported it with so much eloquence and energy, that it became immediately evident, that a measure, which it was affected merely to offer for deliberation, was no other than a project already agreed upon between the Prince, and a party headed by M. Laffitte. Numerous deputies were, however, still undecided, and the discussion became more animated; when the adroit champion of the House of Orleans observed with solemnity, that the place for the deputies of France, re-constructing the government of a great empire, was the Palais Bourbon, and not the cabinet of a private individual. This recommendation prevailed, and it was determined that in two hours the deputies should assemble in the Hall of Sitting of the chamber. The Orleanists made good use of this interval, in re-doubling their persuasions and seductions.

'Nevertheless, at the opening of this memorable sitting, opinions appeared more than ever divided: all systems, the republican excepted, here found partizans; by turns the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Bordeaux, the Duke of Angoulême, were named; and even Charles X., who, incredible fact! united the evident majority of voices. It was at this decisive moment, that M. Sebastiani was heard to exclaim on the subject of the tri-coloured flag, displayed on the Hotel-de-Ville, that "The white flag is now the only national standard!" It was also at this moment that M. de Sussy, repulsed from the Hotel-de-Ville, came to present to the Chamber the recal of the ordinances, and the formation of a new ministry; insisting, but in vain, as may be imagined, that M. Laffitte should transmit these nominations to the parties for whom they were destined.

'The principal object of the meeting, was to determine upon the declaration which was to call the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenancy of the kingdom. A committee had been directed to present a report to the Chamber on this important measure: and some members of the Chamber of Peers had joined themselves to it; the Duke de Broglie was one of these. A warm discussion arose in the mixed committee, upon the principle on which the throne should be declared vacant; the peers, and some deputies insisting on the absolute necessity of taking for its exclusive basis, the abdication of Charles X. and the Duke of Angoulême.

'Meanwhile, great agitation was manifested, both within and without the palace of the legislature. New and secret machinations were spoken of, for adjourning the decision of the Chamber; it was affirmed that a considerable personage, recently elevated by Charles X. to the presidency of the Council of Ministers, had been met on the road to St. Cloud: and, in fact, this report had been confirmed at the Hotel-de-Ville, by several patriots, upon whose depositions, an order of arrest had been issued against M. Casimir Périer. Whatever may be the truth of this matter, the uneasiness was general, when the President of the Chamber, M. Laffitte, informed of what was passing in the committee, and yielding to the impatience exhibited on all sides, sent a secretary to invite the committee to an immediate return to the Chamber, and to admonish it that if it hesitated longer, the deputies would deliberate without hearing its report. This bold and daring measure put an end to the representation of the legitimatists, and to the uncertainty of the fearful. The proclamation was drawn up, such as it appeared in the *Moniteur* of the following day.

'M. de Mortemart, to whom a rendezvous had been given at the Chamber, did not appear there. The parliamentary mind, however, was still so much inclined to Carlism, that it is reasonable to believe, that the presence of this diplomatist might yet have persuaded the majority into a determination, by which either the Chamber or the revolution would have been irrevocably lost. But, however this might have been, the address of the deputies, calling the Duke of Orleans to the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom was signed, and the victory remained with this prince.

'A commission was charged to present this message to the Duke of Orleans, which repaired to the Palais Royal about eight in the evening; the prince was still at Neuilly. The commission wrote to him, to inform him of the nature of its mission, and to transmit the debate which had

just taken place in the deputies. His Royal Highness hastened his return to Paris, where he arrived on foot, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by Colonel Berthoix, now aid-de-camp to his Majesty. At eight o'clock the following morning, the members of the deputation, composed of M. M. Gallot, Bérard, Sebastiani, Benjamin Delessert, Duchaffau, and Mathieu Dumas, were informed that the prince was ready to receive them; and at nine o'clock they were admitted to his presence.

'I call the attention of my readers to all the circumstances of this interview, because they are of unexceptionable authenticity, and of a nature to throw a strong light on some ulterior events.

'M. Bérard spoke first, and developed at much length the motives of general interest, as respected the nation; and of private interest, as regarded the prince himself; which, according to the orator, imposed on the Duke of Orleans the necessity of acquiescing in the proposal of the deputies, by accepting the reins of government, under the provisional title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

'M. Sebastiani was the first to maintain the contrary opinion, and contended, upon arguments drawn from the respect due to legitimacy, from the precarious situation of affairs, and from the possibility of the return of the royal family, that the Duke of Orleans should unhesitatingly decline the offer that had been made to him. M. Benjamin Delessert, adopting the opinion of M. Bérard, whose arguments he repeated more earnestly and pressingly, conjured the prince to save France from the anarchy and civil war which threatened her, and his own house from the impending ruin, of which his refusal would infallibly be the signal. M. Delessert never before spoke so convincingly, so persuasively.

'Undecided, and manifestly under the alternate tyranny of hope and fear, the Duke of Orleans dwelt tediously on his family ties with Charles X., and concluded by declaring that he could come to no resolution without consulting a person who was then absent, and his Royal Highness retired to his cabinet, where M. Dupin was already waiting, and where M. Sebastiani was shortly summoned. Who was this eminently sagacious personage, to whose wisdom the destinies of France were subordinate? It was M. de Talleyrand. In fact, M. Sebastiani secretly repaired to the house of the ex-great-chamberlain of Charles X., now become, as the reader perceives, sovereign arbiter of the revolution of July. Here he also found a brave admiral, whose royalist sentiments were beyond doubt, but whose heart bled for the calamities of his country. M. Sebastiani placed the declaration of the deputies in the hands of M. de Talleyrand, who replied: "*Well, it must be accepted.*" These facts, I repeat, are strictly accurate.

'Now, let these transactions be compared with the primary motive which determined the subsequent retreat of M. Laffitte, and we shall, perhaps, find a key to many circumstances over which a fearful mystery yet hovers. Be this as it may, after an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by M. M. Sebastiani and Dupin, rejoined the committee, and declared that he accepted the office of Lieut.-General of the Kingdom.'—vol. i. pp. 319—326.

The 'fearful mystery,' here darkly alluded to by the author, means more than strikes the ear. He states in a note, that Laffitte's subsequent retirement from the ministry was caused by the con-

cealment from him of diplomatic dispatches which had been received by Sebastiani, and not laid before the council. The deference which the Duke of Orleans paid to the advice of Talleyrand appears to have nettled Laffitte, who had the ambition of appearing to be himself the great arbiter of the destinies of France on the occasion. But there is still something more than this behind the curtain. How did it happen that Sebastiani, Talleyrand, and the 'brave admiral,' whose 'royalist sentiments were beyond a doubt,' formed the secret council, by whose advice the Duke of Orleans was really guided? Was there any understanding between them and the elder branch of the Bourbons? Did the Duke act in concert with the latter? Does he in truth hold the throne *pro tempore*, only to surrender it to the Duke of Bordeaux? These are the suspicions to which the author evidently points in the phrase 'fearful mystery;' but to what extent they are justifiable, we have no means of forming any judgment.

Had Lafayette been a younger man, and a man of more decision, he might have in the mean time easily settled the question by proclaiming a republic, which was loudly demanded by the crowds assembled at the Hotel de Ville—a republic upon the American plan, with Lafayette for its first President. Some even talked of making him king; but his ambition did not at all tend that way; and it must be admitted that, in all the great movements in which he has taken a part, no man could have shewn himself more indifferent to personal aggrandizement than Lafayette. True to his old and firm attachments to the rights of the people, he was desirous only that a provisional government should be formed, until the people should have an opportunity, in their primary assemblies, of determining upon the kind of government which they might wish to adopt, it being by him, however, understood as a condition, that it was to include a monarchy more or less restricted. But even upon this point he soon gave way, with his characteristic indecision, and acceded to the resolution of the deputies which offered the crown to the Duke of Orleans. Up to the last moment Lafayette also received propositions for placing the Duke of Bordeaux on the throne, the regency having been offered to himself. As to the intrigue in favour of young Napoleon, Lafayette certainly never favoured it. His letter to Joseph Buonaparte on that subject, which will be found in the first volume, sufficiently proves his indifference to the views of the Napoleon family; the recent death of the unfortunate young prince himself takes away all the interest that might have otherwise attached to the correspondence which took place upon this subject. It is of importance to have, from a by-stander, so well-informed on all points as M. Sarrans, the very words that passed on the occasion of the Lieutenant-General's installation, between His Royal Highness and Lafayette.

'"You know," said he, to the Duke of Orleans, "that I am a republican, and that I consider the constitution of the United States as the most perfect system that has ever existed."

'"I think so too," replied the Duke of Orleans; "it is impossible to have lived two years in America without being of that opinion; but do you think, in the situation in which France stands, and in the present state of public opinion, we can venture to adopt it here."

'"No," replied Lafayette, "what the French people want at the present juncture, is a popular throne, surrounded by republican institutions."

'"That is just what I think," replied the Prince.

'All that passed in this interview between the Prince and Lafayette, indicated the same republican sentiments on the part of his royal highness, whose liberal professions went even beyond the expectations of the general.'—vol. i. p. 254.

We find here nothing new relative to the departure of the dethroned family from the territory of France. The conspicuous popularity of Lafayette had already, on more than one occasion, rendered him an object of uneasiness to Laffitte's party. It was a marked circumstance, that Lafayette had not been invited to the private preliminary discussion which took place at the Palais Royal on the draft of the new charter. There was manifestly a desire in a high quarter that the pledge as to the abolition of the hereditary peerage should be postponed or evaded, but when the charter was publicly debated, Lafayette insisted on the pledge to its fullest extent, and he was successful. Of this charter, originally drawn up by M. Berard, and hence called the Charte-Berard, M. Sarrans gives a new and interesting account; as both were contributors to the Journal de Commerce, he was much in communication with Berard, and was enabled to ascertain all the circumstances of his conduct. The Doctrinaires, who had adroitly possessed themselves of power, had also their draft of a charter prepared, which followed as closely as possible the act of our convention for calling the Prince of Orange to the throne. The difference between the two was, that one contemplated the revolution as a mere transfer of the crown from the elder to the younger branch of the dynasty, through the intervention of the legislature, in order to give the proceedings as *legitimate* a character as possible; while the other, the Charte-Berard, considering the revolution as the work of the people, desired that the sovereignty of the people should be plainly recognized, and that the throne should be considered as created *de novo* by their dictation. These two principles are still struggling for the victory in France, a kind of compromise having been then made between them. How the contest is likely to end can hardly be a matter of doubt. The author thus expresses his opinion on the result of the discussions between the conflicting parties.

'The new charter, thus suddenly improvised, assuredly fell short of what victory was entitled to demand, and more particularly fell short of the hopes which so noble a triumph had excited. Still the distance was already great between the republican forms, which were yet respected, and the servile forms of the court which a few days before had oppressed France. The most ardent friends of the revolution could still dream of justice, liberty, glory, a throne protecting the rights of the people, and an

indissoluble compact between the government and the nation. As for myself, I confess, I believed that the dreams of my youth were realised; for it was to the sound of the music of the Parisienne and the Marseillaise, executed beneath the peristyle of the chamber, that the lieutenant-general appeared for the first time in the bosom of the national representation; and, relying on the duration of a future which had been so long expected, I imagined that I should be able to exclaim, with the old man, Simeon, *Nunc dimittis.* . . . Alas!

'It had been decided that the throne should be offered to the Duke of Orleans, and that the new monarch should take the name of Louis Philippe V. This was the first attempt of counter-revolution, to renew that *chain of time* which the barricades had so unceremoniously interrupted. Lafayette objected to this denomination, which he called unworthy of a republican monarchy, that ought to have nothing in common with the pretensions and tinsel show of the ancient kings of France; manliness on this occasion triumphed over *doctrinaire* courtliness, and the Duke of Orleans wrote with his own hand these English words—"You have gained your point; it shall be as you wish it."

'It was indeed a glorious spectacle, to witness the enthronement of a king issuing from the midst of the people, entering the sanctuary of the laws, to the sound of the popular songs of 1792, blended with the patriotic inspirations of 1830, and modestly seated on a stool until the delegates of the nation should permit him to take his place on the throne. Who will ever forget it? The people were still in all the dignity of their power, and never were the relations of the creation nearer to the creator, or more religiously observed. Cries of *Vive le Duc d'Orleans,* and not of *Vive le roi,* resounded from the benches and the tribunes. The president of the chamber, M. Casimir Perier, having read the new charter to the Duke of Orleans, and the prince having declared he accepted it, honest Dupont de l'Eure, presented it to him to sign and to swear to. A king standing addressed his seated people; and finally, when authorised, he seated himself on the throne for the first time, and was saluted with the title of Monarch. Such were the last homages that were rendered to the sovereignty of the French people.

'When the Lieutenant-General arrived at the Hotel de Ville, his first care had been earnestly to solicit Lafayette to retain his function of commandant-general of the national guards of the kingdom. The prince reiterated this request on ascending the throne, adding that it was the most efficacious, perhaps the only means, of consolidating his work. Lafayette, believing that, in fact, circumstances required that his command should still continue in his hands, consented to retain it provisionally, although, as I previously stated, he had refused it forty years before, because he was of opinion that it conferred too exorbitant and dangerous a power upon any single man.'—vol. i. pp. 377—380.

Upon the influence which the revolution in France exercised instanter throughout all Europe, M. Sarrans is enthusiastic. He does not exaggerate it much, for undoubtedly though sudden, it struck deep into the heart of the civilized world, in both hemispheres. While considering the commanding attitude which the revolution gave in the first instance to France, M. Sarrans enters into the discussion of an important question; namely, whether

after the establishment of the republican throne, there was any longer a European public law—in other words, whether it was incumbent upon the new French government to look upon itself as not bound by any treaties which had been entered into by preceding governments. It surprises us, rather, to find such a question as this gravely stated by M. Sarrans; for, there is no principle better established in international law, than that whatever kind of government it may be which rises out of the furnace of a revolution, it immediately succeeds to all the duties and obligations of its predecessor, as far as foreign states are concerned. It is pretty clear, therefore, that M. Sarrans is a member of the party which was desirous of seeing the boundaries of the empire restored with the tri-coloured flag, and of propagating the revolution abroad by fire and sword. He prudently abstains, however, from saying what he thinks France ought to have then done: but his sentiments may be easily gathered from the animadversions he has passed on what it has done.

'Immediately after the days of July, two systems of foreign policy offered themselves to the choice of France. While awaiting the development of a futurity pregnant with so many hazards, I purpose to examine the qualities of those two systems, either of which the best patriots considered as fit for adapting, but in different ways, the position of France to the new circumstances in which she was placed by the revolution.

'A numerous party thought, with reason, that a monarchy born in three days of the sovereignty of the people, could not long co-exist with the old dogmas of legitimacy which the revolution had just crushed in France. This party conceived that the moment was decisive for the glory and the security of the country; and that the interests as well as the duties of a monarchy, based upon acts destructive of the spirit, and the letter of the treaties of 1814 and 1815, were evidently to suffer the revolutionary movement to run through the whole national sphere, to sweep the ignominies of those treaties to the Rhine, and thence to excite to a complete change of the public law of Europe, a work of violence or agglomeration of unnatural alliances, and of charges without compensations, which certainly could not be binding upon oppressed nations, any longer than while they lacked the means of liberating themselves from them.

'As to the fidelity due to these treaties, the partizans of war replied, that in political morality it was a horrible corruption of right to make it an instrument of oppression and ruin; and in the way of facts, they excited all the wars which the very persons who now appealed to treaties had undertaken, to evade engagements which they had imposed upon themselves. "What," said they, "did Austria care about all the treaties which she had conducted with the republic, the consulate, and the empire? How did England observe the treaty of Amiens, Prussia those of Presburg and Tilsit, and Russia that very treaty of Vienna, which had conferred on heroic Poland a semblance of nationality, and certain shadows of liberty?"

'The partizans of war saw no conditions of stability and permanence for the revolution, but in a general system of similar perturbations which should break all the bonds of patronage and inferiority established by the treaties of 1814 and 1815; treaties by virtue of which Russia holds dominion

from Thornville to Memel, Austria from the Lake of Constance to the gates of Belgrade, and from the Tanaro to the frontiers of Turkey: and, what is still more alarming for the civilization of Europe, by virtue of which a semi-barbarous empire has established itself on the Oder, whence it threatens the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine.

'Lastly, the war party was desirous that Europe should be re-settled, not by convulsions, but by an equitable return to natural national ties; and it conceived that the monarchy of July was not bound to ratify the spoliation of Landau, of Sarre-Louis, of Phillipville, of Chambery, of Huningen, &c. According to its views, it was the duty of France to make herself as strong by her alliances as by her own weight; and it regarded, as her proper allies, not the great powers, but the secondary states which she had taken under her ægis ever since the war of the Reformation—in the Poles, the Belgians, the Swedes, the Danes, the independent members of the German family, the free men of all countries. In short, this party calling to mind, with pride, that France had at all times united her cause with that of weak and oppressed nations; that, though catholic, she had undertaken the defence of protestantism; that, though an absolute monarchy, she had fought for republican insurrection, loudly insisted that she should now carry her popular doctrines to the Rhine, the Pyrenees, beyond the Alps, and there assuming the character of auxiliary or umpire, she should guarantee to the nations who wished to be free, the right to make themselves so; and to those, if any such there were, who preferred absolute power, the right of retaining it; for to whatever shades of opinion they are attached, the genuine men of July no more assume the right to combat the fanaticism of slavery, than they admit that of attacking the enthusiasm of liberty.

'Such is the first system of foreign politics, of which the most ardent friends of the revolution of 1830, desired the adoption. Would it have produced the results which they promised themselves? I know not; but this I know, that the overthrow of the most ancient throne in Europe, the unexpected return of England to a liberality relatively excessive, the insurrection of Belgium, the prodigious struggles of Poland, the convulsions of Italy, the agitation of Switzerland, the commotions of Germany, and even the patriotic reminiscences of Spain, seem to indicate that the hour for the complete redintegration of France, and the emancipation of Europe had arrived: the rest belonged to Providence.'—vol. i. pp. 405—409.

Between the two extremes, a middle term was found in the principle of "Non-interference," upon which the changes have since been rung by both parties throughout all their chimes. The non-interference government would not go to Poland, but it had no difficulty in travelling as far as Belgium. To please the propaganda party, an army was sent to the Papal States; but to please the non-interference party, it was at first disowned, then fettered to inaction. By the operation of both parties, the policy of Louis Philippe shifts about to every point of the compass, being "every thing by turns, but nothing long."

'If I turn to more recent transactions, I there find proofs of a deception, or a blindness beyond all comparison. At the opening of the present ses-

sion, the crown guaranteed to papal Italy *a real amnesty, the abolition of confiscations and positive ameliorations in the administrative and judicial departments.* Well! but what was there real in this real amnesty? The dungeons of Venice transferring to the dungeons of Milan, the patriots whom France knew not how to wrest from a few Austrian pirates; civil war desolating anew the plains of Rome; the pillage of Cesina; women, children, and aged men, slaughtered by regimented banditti under the banner of the cross, and a tribunal of blood borrowed from the barbarism of the middle ages. What is there, then, real in the independence promised to central Italy? why, the arms and intrigues of Austria tending incessantly to the subjugation of the whole peninsula.

'In regard to Belgium, Louis Philippe said, "The fortresses erected to threaten France shall be demolished." They are still standing.

'*The Polish nationality shall not perish.* What, alas! has become of the nationality of a magnanimous people, whose melancholy lot it is to be murdered four times in a century, through the cowardice of Europe! Look at that race of heroes consigned to the sword of tyrants; the deserts of Siberia peopled with men to whom posterity will erect altars; those few remnants of the brave soliciting of us a hospitality, which a timid policy dares scarcely grant them: the Russ alone is seated on the hearth of the great people.

'Such are the consequences of the dereliction of the principle of non-interference constantly invoked by Lafayette. Instead of protecting our friends, the royalty of July has suffered them to be trampled upon in despite of the most solemn promises; instead of providing at a distance means of attack and defence, he awaits the enemy in the very citadel; and while it is as evident as the light of day, that the absolute monarchies are drawing closer together and colleaguing, she, the offspring of a revolution, denies her natural auxiliaries, and is content to exchange, against an abject submission, all our recollections of glory and power. I know not with what name she dignifies her policy, but I can tell that which history reserves for it.

'But, we are told, peace is insured, and a general disarming will soon crown the system of the cabinet of the 13th of March; and this peace and this disarming will give a positive contradiction to the foretellers of war. Away then with all uncertainty, all the alternatives of calm and storm, which chilled the heart and struck France aghast. The fact is certain; it was false, that it behoved the revolution of July to seek its triumph in the identity of French interests with the interests of all the nations into whose bosoms the volcano had thrown the brand of liberty. Look around: such of those nations as, after our example, rose to re-conquer their country, their distinctive names, manners, and physiognomies, and laws conformable with their nature, are again bound under the yoke; in Poland, a re-acting, vindictive, barbarous, policy, has ground to dust the very last elements of that nationality which the declaration of the King of the French had guaranteed in the face of the world; Italy, decimated by a priest, is still a prey to all the calamities of civil war, and a two-fold foreign interference; Belgium is still chained in a cramped and false situation; fresh convulsions are preparing in Spain and Portugal; Switzerland is dismembering itself; national independence, personal security, the progress of civilization, are everywhere threatened; in short, all things in Europe are clashing without coming

together; jumbling without uniting; and yet, the ratifications of the twenty-four articles are exchanged, peace is no longer doubtful, the royalty of July has slipped into the family of legitimate monarchies, the *juste milieu* triumphs, and peace will be maintained. Such are the practical results of that diplomacy, so inactive, expectant, so cowardly, which, amidst the rapid movement which hurries Europe along, seems, you would say, to have struck dumb that noble France of July, who, according to you, could not re-conquer the notoriety of her preponderance but by shewing herself resolved to brave all dangers, and giving the world a high idea of her determination and courage. Well! that idea she has trucked for letters of vassalage, she has stripped off her virile robe to put on the rags of the holy alliance; that character of the revolution of July which ought to predominate in all possible situations, that ascendancy of armed reason, of power in the hands of liberty, which she ought to exercise in the councils of Europe, she has bartered for the disgrace and the mischief of a royal embrace; and yet peace is ensured! What more have you to say? Believe in us and hold your tongues. Such is the argument of the *doctrinaires*.

'Be it so then! The spirit of war is laid; the execution of the twenty-four articles is guaranteed by all the Powers; Holland herself is forced to submit to all the stipulations of that treaty; she acknowledges King Leopold, and accredits an ambassador to his court; Russia removes from Poland part of the regiments which cover its soil; in short, the treaty of Europe is definitely established on these bases. Let us take all these things for accomplished facts, and even admit that a disarming, which the difference of the military systems of Europe will always render illusory, comes to crown this peace, and to fix the various nations of the continent in the precarious, false, ruinous condition in which they find themselves, as well in regard to one another, as in their relations to their respective governments. Let me ask—is there a man of sense and foresight who can believe in the permanence of this monstrous re-organization, and is not convinced that such a state of things must necessarily generate fresh and speedy convulsions.'—vol. i. pp. 415—420.

Lafayette soon perceived Louis Philippe's tendency to retrograde from the popular principles of the revolution, and with his usual frankness said to him one day, "I know only one man who can now bring France to a republic; and you are that man. Continue to disavow the principle of your origin, and I will answer for it, that the republic, or I may, perhaps, say, the demagogic system, can desire no better auxiliary than your Majesty." "Wait," replied the King, "until a certain time, and you will see." "Wait till that time!" resumed Lafayette, "but are you sure that you will reign till then? For my part, I doubt it." The reader will not be surprised to learn, after this, that the whole of the *Doc-naire* and *legitimate* interest was united for the purpose of re-wing Lafayette altogether from public affairs.

'This combination of the contemptible refuse of every regime against purest and most devoted patriotism, had been some time hatching. r a long while, the fine gentlemen of the doctrine, in conjunction with tain ambassadors, had taken care to have it published in some English d German newspapers, that Lafayette was greater than the king, and

that Louis Philippe was only an instrument in the hands of the Commander General of the armed nation, for the establishment of a vast republic, and the implanting of his dear American institutions throughout the whole of Europe. The most insidious caricatures were placed before Louis Philippe's eyes, representing the prince with the crown in his hand, and Lafayette saying, "Sire, be covered;" and some deputies affected to style him, in the saloons, and even in the king's cabinet, *the Mayor of the Palace!*

'The Court was, on its part, well disposed to listen to these insinuations. Nay, the unconquerable dislike which it entertained for Lafayette, needed not their aid for its manifestation. Indeed, notwithstanding the sincere affection which he had felt for the royal family, ever since he became acquainted, as he thought, with their private life, and the simplicity of their domestic habits, which he believed afforded a guarantee for the liberality of the national sentiments;* notwithstanding his respectful behaviour and language to the king in the tribune, and in every other place; notwithstanding the apparent sincerity of the respect which Louis Philippe shewed him both in public and private, it is evident that a Court which was already dreaming of the return of the royal etiquette, a corrupt court of *juste milieu*, quasi-restoration, and quasi-legitimacy, must necessarily view with impatience and humiliation the influence of a citizen, whose presence unceasingly called to mind the programme of July, and the republican conditions of a monarchy of the barricades.

'The repugnance of the Crown was strengthened by that of the old European aristocracies, who for half-a-century had professed abhorrence of Lafayette, whom they regarded as the most persevering enemy of right divine, of privileges, and of all the abuses, for the maintenance of which cabinets were leagued against the emancipation of nations. After their efforts to ruin Lafayette in 1792; after raising every obstacle to his release from Olmutz; after seeing him, in 1815, on the point of heading a renewal of the movement of 1789; after witnessing the mortifying spectacle of his triumphant journey through America, and the daily attack which for fifteen years he directed against them from the tribune, his enemies became the more implacable in proportion as they were humbled. They now beheld him anew at the helm of a purely popular revolution, acknow-

---

* 'To one who saw, during the early period of the monarchy of July, the family of the king, sitting in the most simple and domestic manner round a work table, Lafayette's delusion will appear perfectly natural. The spectacle which the palace offered, then only guarded by the men of July, to whose fidelity the most honourable posts were entrusted; the liberty and respectful familiarity which prevailed in the household, caused even Americans to say, that it was an exact picture of the domestic life of the President of the United States. What a difference between this confidence and familiarity, and the distrust and foolish pride which have surrounded the monarchy of July with the forms of the restoration. Who, then, would have predicted the resurrection of that swarm of gentlemen of honour, ladies in waiting, aides-de-camp, household officers, of courtiers, of cup-bearers, of chamberlains, and that crowd of valets, which now separate the king from the rest of the people.'

ledging no thrones but those based on institutions essentially republican; and during the first days of that revolution giving a haughty impulse to French diplomacy, by obliging it to proclaim the system of non-interference, a system which could obviously secure the emancipation of nations, and the destruction of the treaties on which the Holy Alliance rests.'—vol. ii. pp. 116—119.

All these intrigues, as well as all the measures of opposition openly directed against Lafayette, only tended to confirm, and even to extend, the popular influence which he already enjoyed. He felt his position, and it is a striking proof of the disinterested views, the true single-heartedness of the man, that he repeatedly proclaimed the predominant character with which he was thus invested, as "a bad institution, and one which ought to last as short a time as possible," thus substantially according with M. C. Dupin, who declared in the chamber, that "General Lafayette cannot remain all his life the *living law*, at least, unless the political law be defunct." From the period of the removal of Lafayette from the command in chief of the National Guards, there was hardly any question upon which he agreed with the government of Louis Philippe. Abroad and at home, he wished to see popular liberty advancing, whereas the whole object of the French government was, as far as possible, to engraft the consequences of the revolution upon the state of things that existed before it took place. Then, at length, commenced that open and declared war between the Doctrinaires and the Patriots, which has since been constantly carried on with doubtful success on either side. The tumults which occurred in Paris, and in consequence of which martial law, as we should say, was proclaimed there, enabled the government to assume a bold, perhaps rather a violent attitude, and to appear, at least, to possess a greater degree of strength than it had attained before. There is no doubt, however, in whatever way those tumults began, at the obsequies of M. Lamarque, that they did not end, until after a deadly conflict between the conquerors of 1830, and the monarchy of the barricades.

While the streets of Paris were yet deluged with blood, a meeting of patriot deputies was held at M. Laffitte's, at which Lafayette was present. M. Sarrans gives a solemn contradiction to the truth of the report, that at that meeting the deposition of the king was proposed. It was at first suggested, that an address should be presented by a deputation to the king, requesting him to use with moderation the military victory he had obtained, and warning him to correct the causes that had led to the insurrection. To neither of these propositions, it seems, did Lafayette agree: he deemed them both utterly useless. It was next proposed that there should be no address, but that a deputation should wait on the king, to make some verbal representations. Of this deputation Lafayette refused to form a part. In the first place, he said, that from the last conversation he had with the king, his mind was

fully impressed with the conviction of his being so tenacious in his governmental opinions, that persuasion, at least from him, would have no effect upon the system adopted. His second reason was, that his presence must necessarily remind the king of having violated a solemn engagement. The meeting separated without coming to any conclusion, and met again the following day. Lafayette, after hearing the proposition for the deputation again renewed, withdrew, as not being desirous to take any further share in the discussion, which soon after terminated in the nomination of Messrs. Laffitte, Arago, and Odillon Barrot, who were authorised to proceed to the Tuileries. It was then four o'clock in the evening of the 6th of June last: the combat between the adverse parties was still going on in the streets of Paris, though victory had declared for the stronger—the government. The king had just returned from a ride through some of the streets, where he had been well received. The deputies demanded an audience, which was granted on the spot. M. Sarrans must report the particulars of the highly interesting scene that followed.

'The three deputies were immediately introduced into the bedchamber of Louis XVIII., transformed by the *ouvriers* of July into the office (*cabinet de travail*) of Louis Philippe, who was not long in making his appearance by a door which communicated with the queen's apartment. The manner and physiognomy of the king were calm, his deportment was easy, free from agitation, and expressive of none of that anguish of mind which might have been justified by his situation. His majesty received the three patriots with politeness; he said he was very glad to see them; that the opposition could not have chosen negotiators more agreeable to him; and after desiring them to be seated, and placing himself before his writing-table, he seemed ready to listen to them.

'What occurred then? If any facts are to be relied on, the following is what took place at this memorable interview. I relate the circumstances without reserve, just as they were transferred from another's recollection to mine.

'M. Odillon Barrot was the first to speak; and in a serious, measured, and respectful address, this honourable orator represented to the king, that the deputies of the national opposition, like all good citizens, deplored the disorders and calamities of the preceding day; that they could not express their censure and indignation at the culpable excesses of those who had set at naught the laws, and resisted the legal authority with arms in their hands; but that it was likewise their duty not to disguise from the chief of the state, that the retrograde policy of his cabinet,—the disregard of the engagements of July,—the disappointment of the expectations of the revolution,—the neglect of national honour,—and, finally, the whole of the system of the 13th of March, had exasperated and inflamed the mutual animosities amongst the citizens, which had caused blood to flow in the streets of Paris, and was a prelude to the most frightful of all calamities, a civil war. Placing thus before the king, the respective wrongs of the government and its adversaries, M. Odillon Barrot concluded by conjuring his majesty to stop the effusions of blood, which still continued to flow,—to silence the cannon,—which then

resounded even in the royal abode,—to be indulgent towards the vanquished; and to prevent a renewal of these scenes, by a prompt and frank return to the principles on which his dynasty had been seated by the revolution.

'The king replied, that having been audaciously attacked by his enemies, he had a legitimate right to defend himself; that, in short, it was time to quell a revolt, and he had employed cannon as *the shortest way of ending it*; that he had, nevertheless, rejected the proposal which had been made to him of placing the city of Paris in a state of siege; that, as to the pretended engagements of the Hotel de Ville, and those republican institutions, about which the opposition made so much noise, he could hardly comprehend what it all meant; that he had more than fulfilled the pledges he had made, and given to France as many republican institutions as he had promised, and even more; that the programme of the Hotel de Ville had only existed in the brain of M. Lafayette, whose incessant appeals were evidently the result of a mistake; that, with respect to the system of the 13th of March, it was wrong to give the credit of it to M. Périer; that this system belonged to the king, and was the result of his own convictions, the fruit of his meditations, and the expression of his reflections on politics and government; that he, Louis Philippe, had consented to *take* the crown only on the conditions indicated by the development of this system, which was most conformable to the wishes and wants of France, and from which he would not deviate, even should they *mince him in a mortar* (the king's literal expression): "in short," the king added, "it will not do, gentlemen, to allege vague accusations; specify the charges you have to make against the Périer system, of which poor Périer is guiltless enough. What have you to say against this system? Let us hear it."

'M. Arago replied by a rapid and animated exposition of the divisions by which France was lacerated, and which the policy of the government cherished with an almost scrupulous solicitude; he referred to his own family, which had surrendered itself to the schism of political opinions; he instanced his brother and his nephew, who, perhaps, at the very moment he was speaking, were ranged in opposite ranks, prepared to take each other's life; and, to characterize the situation by an example, he adverted to the League, and to the D'Ailly, who, under Henry IV., slew his own son in the streets of Paris. M. Arago then spoke of the public posts given to the partizans of the fallen regime; of the scandalous indulgence which screened the machinations of the Carlists, whilst the failings of individuals and the press were prosecuted with a rigour unexampled in the judicial annals of the restoration. M. Arago mentioned, likewise, the astonishment and deep disgust, which the apparent impunity the Duchess de Berri seemed to enjoy, excited throughout France, and the invidious interpretations to which this impunity might give rise.

'At these words, Louis Philippe exclaimed, that his government had no other enemies than the carlists and the republicans—that what had been objected to him, was only the result of their manœuvres—that he had been accused of avarice—(he, in whose eyes money had never possessed any value)—that his best intentions had been perverted to such a degree, that, for a long time past, he could not read either the *Tribune* or the *National*—that his father, *who was the best citizen of France*, had been

calumniated like himself, and impelled to give the revolution a *bloody pledge*, which he ought to have refused—that the exigences of the two revolutions were equally unsustainable—that he, Louis Philippe, was not obstinate, which he had shown, when, after long resistance, he had improperly given way to importunity, had effaced from the outside of his palace, and from his armorial bearings, the *fleurs de lis*, which had been, from time immemorial, the arms of his family. With regard to the representations concerning the Duchess de Berri, Louis Philippe declared, that if that princess was arrested, justice should take its course; but that, whatever happened, his reign should not witness a *bloody drama*. At this moment, the cannon of St. Merry made the glasses in the palace shake.

'The discussion having brought M. Arago to foreign affairs, and this deputy deploring the state of abasement and submission into which France had fallen in the eyes of Europe, the King, on the other hand, took credit to himself for his foreign policy. "This policy," said he, "has prevented the Powers from doing what they were resolutely bent on doing. For more than six months I have held them in my own hand. The King of Holland is about to yield. I give France a new ally in King Leopold, whom I make my son-in-law, in spite of many causes of umbrage. In short, if it must be told, the Powers are in such a position, that my throne would be the most difficult to shake; not one of them has the stuff of a Duke of Orleans." "But, Sire, the affair of Ancona. What! the tri-coloured flag removed, by order of Rome, from the towers of a citadel occcupied by our soldiers? What! the ambassador of the King of July at the feet of the Pope?" "Not so loud, Sir," said the King, quickly, "I can hear you. True, there is, indeed, something to say respecting the affair of Ancona; but it was necessary to succeed—it was essential, and we have succeeded. And surely some condescension towards an aged and obstinate priest involves no vast consequences. Besides, whatever were the means employed by my ambassador, he has completely justified himself in his correspondence. Proceed."

'The discussion having returned to the system of the 13th of March, the King, who affected to make a very good use of M. Perier, pretended that this system was really but the continuation of that of the 3d of November. "I appeal," said he, "upon this point, to M. Laffitte; was it not that system you followed?" The late President of the Council at first maintained a negative silence; but Louis Philippe having subsequently again insisted upon this parity, M. Laffitte loudly protested against an assimilation, which was the more incorrect, since it was notorious that a radical difference between the King and himself, as well respecting affairs at home, as the direction of our exterior policy, had occasioned his retirement from the council.

'In conclusion, Louis Philippe observed to MM. Odillon, Barrot, Laffitte, and Arago, that his duty requiring him to listen to the representatives of France, and to study the wants and wishes of the country, he should always receive them with pleasure; that whenever they made any well-grounded representations he should pay attention to them; but that, candidly speaking, he had found nothing in their statement; and that the system pursued by his government being the result of his own conviction, he was sorry to be obliged to declare that he could make no change in it.

'On rising, M. Laffitte told the King that he should retire penetrated with the deepest sorrow: he entreated him to compare the eagerness and enthusiasm which his presence formerly excited, with the effect it now produced; that this alteration denoted a deep seated evil, and he conjured his majesty to ask himself, whether a King of *France*, who required 50,000 men to guard him, was really King of *France*.'—vol. ii. pp. 422—429.

'What inference,' asks M. Sarrans, in his concluding chapter, 'is to be drawn from all that has been stated in the course of these volumes?' To this question he gives an answer wrapped in a mystic garb:—'that both system and ministry exhibit the traces of decomposition, and the mark of death; that Lafayette continues to be the highest and purest personification of the revolution of July; that he has endured the same alternations as betrayed liberty, and that he will obtain the same triumph, when, the episode being concluded, the history shall terminate.' Let us translate this obscure passage into more intelligible language. M. Sarrans means really to say, that Louis Philippe has ruined his throne in the public opinion of France; that no ministry acting upon his principles of government can be constructed with any chance of permanence; that he must yield up the helm of power to the patriots; which is in other words to say, after all that has passed, that he must abdicate; that his short reign will only have been an episode in the history of the barricade revolution, and that that history must of necessity terminate in the establishment of a republic, of which, old as he is, Lafayette may live to be the first president, 'the purest personification of the revolution of July.'

The author then proceeds to draw up what he calls a balance account, between Louis Philippe and the principle of that revolution. The question now, he thinks, is less one of liberty than of equality, less a struggle between democracy and power than between the people and 'a silly coterie, which possesses only the inconveniences and pretensions of the old patrician race.' He is perfectly correct in contending that there is no resemblance whatever between the English revolution of 1688 and the French revolution of 1830, beyond the mere fact of the transfer of the crown from the right line of descent to a collateral branch. It is perfectly true, that our revolution was aristocratic not only in its origin, but in all its great objects, and that for the people it scarcely effected any thing, except that it gave us the precedent of a fundamental change, and established it as part and parcel of the law of the land. But the late French revolution was democratic in its origin, and would have hitherto been so in its progress but for the Doctrinaires, who changed its tendency to aristocratic and *legitimate* purposes; a change in which Louis Philippe, notwithstanding all his republican declarations, has personally sympathised, and which he is resolved to perfect into stability if he can. In attempting to accomplish their common object, Louis Philippe and the Doctri-

naires have put themselves out of the pale of the revolution, and must eventually be overwhelmed by its growing preponderance. M. Sarrans thus winds up his biographical harangue.

'The monarchy of July, stripped, by the system of the 13th of March, by its acts and its declarations, of its utility, the only bond on the contract, its fairest prerogative, its only right, had no longer a solid foundation.

'All that this system gained in duration, France lost in liberty, in strength, in industry, in honour.

'Around this system gravitated, at different points of distances, the *heroes* of Ghent, Grenoble, Nimes, and Lyons. Perhaps these were titles to the *estime* of the *juste-milieu*, but the France of July had no more wish to range herself under the dictatorship of the paladins of legitimacy, than under that of the men who promenaded round the prevotal guillotines in the plains of Alsace, the Rhone, and Dauphiné. She is forgetful of these glories; she recognises no such services.

'The system of the 13th of March has deprived France of her resources, when France has no desire to be invaded; it has created for her only enemies, when she wanted only friends.

'The system of the 13th March has destroyed the work of July, and raised the shade of legitimacy, buried for thirty-eight years with the head of Louis XVI. France wishes not to be disinherited of a sovereignty so dearly purchased.

'In compensation for the loss of her recognised rights, the system of the 13th March offers France a ruinous repose, an infamous peace, projected canals, the formation of roads, the construction of monuments. France requires only liberty, honour, honest ministers, and all the consequences of the revolution of July, let them be popular, or monarchial.

'The system of the 13th March has destroyed trade and commerce; because the prosperity of trade and commerce is either consequent on a state of peace, with a security of its duration, or on a state of war, with presumption of victories. But we have neither war nor peace: and France cannot exist without trade and commerce.

'The system of the 13th March has deadened the spring of the arts, stifled the sciences, frightened away poësy, deprived life of all its blandishments; its cupidity has dried up all the sources of pleasure and happiness. France did not fight at the barricades in order to conquer a cloister.

'The liberty of the press is consecrated by a law of 1830; but the prisons gape before it—thanks to the laws of the republic and the empire! But France has read, in the pages of Montesquieu, that one of the principal tyrannies of Tiberius was the abuse he made of the ancient laws, the offspring of the civil dissensions of Rome. France repudiates such a monstrous imitation.

'The patriots are the objects of your raillery, for having flocked to the barricades under the fire of the Swiss. They are now compelled to hide their scars, and to fly the signals of their glory, in order to escape the police-serjeants, or the clubs of their hired ruffians. France is weary of the impunity of these hangmen: this reign of terror must also have its ninth Thermidor.

'Either France, or the system of the 13th March, must then perish.

'France will not perish; because she possesses for her defence, the union of all the interests of a great people; whilst her enemies have only weakness and pride to overcome her with; and because, whilst they gain over to their side, the deputies, the electors, and the *juste milieu* of all denominations, there is left for her only the feeling of the rightfulness of her cause, the spirit of liberty, and the hatred of her enemies.

'To say the truth, France likes not the *juste milieu*, because she knows no *juste milieu* between the ancient and the new dynasty—between the hereditary and the non-hereditary institution of the peerage—between the rejection and the acceptance of Belgium—between war and peace—between the liberty and the censorship of the press—between the freedom and the monopoly of commerce—between religious liberty and St. Simonianism—between natural independence and the chains of the holy alliance—between the hatred and the friendship of freemen—between glory and shame, honour and infamy. France thinks, in truth, that the *juste milieu* means nothing when applied to questions of actual policy. The *juste milieu* round which France would have rallied, was a popular throne, environed by republican institutions: this has been denied her.

'The doctrinarian system, the *juste milieu*, are then condemned to perish. But must they necessarily drag along with them, in their downfall, all that is propped up upon their unpopularity? I do not think so; for I state the extreme limits of possibility. The very nature of a representative government opens an extensive view of happiness to the monarchy of the barricades; and offers the probability that that monarch, giving way before the condition of humanity which is to change, will avow to France that it has been the dupe of false and interested representations; that it has received bad councils, committed faults; that the term of all the usurpations which paralyzed the revolution is arrived; and that it feels the necessity of marching with the events, if not with the men of July.

'France deserves to hear such language as this, and to recompense it by oblivion of the past and confidence in the future.

'But if the monarchy is not inclined to reject any of the counsels it has received; if France is condemned to bow in silence her forehead to the dust, it should not be forgotten that, in the event of a violation of the constitutional compact, the refusal of the taxes is the literal, the complete interpretation, and, in some sort, the dogma in full vigour of the representative system.

'And, then, what comes next? Ordinances? Coups d'etat? Or, if they are not strong enough to play at that game—

'We must await the judgment of heaven.'—vol. ii. pp. 447—451.

The conflict that must again attempt, at least, to put an end to the present disquietude of France, cannot be far off. A civil war in Portugal, the probability of an immediate and more bloody civil war in Spain, arising out of the recent death of Ferdinand,* the unsettled state of Switzerland and Italy, and Germany and Belgium, already threaten to surround France with an almost complete circle

* Query, if *dead* he be?—a point not settled when this sheet went to press.

of fire, which must set her armies and her numberless discontented citizens again in motion. If the Carlist party in Spain admit the title of the queen, as queen-mother, to succeed to the throne, until it shall appear whether the infant she is supposed to bear in her womb be a prince or princess, in the latter alternative taking place, they will as certainly dispute the throne with the daughter already in existence. Ferdinand, it is true, issued a decree to rescind the Salic law in Spain, but the Carlists have uniformly protested against that decree, and consider it as altogether nugatory. How the troops are disposed will soon be known, but it is not improbable that, in the event of a contest arising between the Queen and the Carlists, either of the parties, probably the Queen, will assemble the Cortes, and proclaim a free constitution. Every hour, we may say, seems to add a fresh cloud to the portentous darkness that has been for some years, indeed ever since the Congress of Vienna and the establishment of the Holy Alliance, gradually, but progressively, spreading itself over the whole political horizon of Europe. Nothing that has been done since that period, has been able to assume, even for a season, the character of stability. Every thing that was meant to be unchangeable has soon become changed by circumstances, which no one state, nor any confederation of states, seems capable of controlling. The storm that has been so long gathering must break at last; the two principles of democratic equality and aristocratic monarchy must soon appear in presence of each other, face to face, and fight, not only for present victory and preponderance, but for the annihilation of the antagonist.

ART. VI. *The Shah Nameh of the Persian Poet Firdausi, translated and abridged in prose and verse, with notes, and illustrations.* By James Atkinson, Esq., of the Bengal Medical Service. 8vo. pp. 608. London: *Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland.* Sold by Murray; and Parbury, Allen, and Co., 1832.

WE observe with the greatest satisfaction the active exertions of a Society, which has been for some time in operation, and the object of which is to cause to be published, in the English and French language, translations of all such portions of oriental literature, as can be supposed, in their opinion, to possess any claims to general attention. They have been working hitherto in comparative obscurity, and if, from the very nature of their labours, they are never likely to attract great popularity, this is an additional reason why we should pay them the humble tribute of our praise. They have already been the means of introducing into the English and French languages no fewer than twenty-seven different volumes, including specimens of almost every class of Asiatic composition—Travels, Memoirs, Drama, Military and Civil History, Romance, Poetry, Biography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Buccaneerism, and Anti-

quities. Among the most important of these works, are the "Travels of Maccarnius, Patriarch of Antioch, written in Arabic by his attendant, Archdeacon Paul, of Aleppo;" a Chinese tragedy, a Chinese romance, entitled "The Fortunate Union;" two Cingalese poems, the first descriptive of the Ceylon system of demonology, the other of a curious series of characters, assumed by natives of Ceylon, in a masquerade. To these are added, "Memoirs of a Malayan Family," written by themselves; a History of the early sovereigns of Persia; Annals of the Turkish Empire for upwards of a century; and the Poems of Shah Nameh, now before us.

The list of works in the press, patronised by the Society, embraces nine other volumes; several of these are curious, particularly the Japanese history of the ecclesiastical emperors of Japan, from the year 600 before Christ; the history of Morocco, from the Arabic, which traces the establishment of the Mahommedan power in the Barbary states, and in Spain, from the eighth to the fourteenth centuries; the celebrated epic poem by Kalidasa, which is to be accompanied by the Sanscrit text; and the Bibliographical Dictionary of Haji Khalifa, which formed the ground-work of D'Herbelot's well-known and much-admired "Bibliotheque Oriental." Besides these, the Society have issued a long catalogue of other works, which they, or able men in their employment, are preparing for publication.

It is in such a case as this, that societies, composed of men of high distinction, contribute, by the influence of their names, their pecuniary subscriptions, their personal and collective exertions, to promote a purpose that falls legitimately within their sphere. Asiatic literature never was popular in this country; it was always considered, even when assisted by Sir William Jones's accomplished pen, and graceful talents, as nothing better than an exotic curiosity. Individual booksellers, or translators, would have no chance of remuneration for their outlays and labours, if they attempted to publish on their own account a version of even the most deservedly celebrated work that ever was imported from Asia. Indeed, far from being remunerated, they would entail upon themselves certain loss, which they might balance against a very small modicum of fame. It is here that a society steps in with the best effect, to add to our literature the treasures of Oriental genius; but at the same time to protect authors and publishers from the pecuniary losses which they would otherwise certainly incur, if they attempted the enterprize without such assistance. We are happy to see at the head of such a society, the name of his Majesty; and among its vice-patrons, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, (ever to be found where public substantial good is to be done) the Lord Chancellor, and other individuals of reputation, wealth, talent, taste, and affection for literature, the sciences, and arts.

"Shah Nameh" is the title given by Firdausi to his great heroic poem; it is now given for the first time in the English language, and in an abridged form. It is, in fact, in the original Persian, a

rhymed history of the ancient Kings of Persia, beginning with Kaiumer, the Adam of the Fire-worshippers, and terminating with the year 636 after Christ—thus embracing a period of more than 3,600 years. It appears to have been finished early in the eleventh century, and to have been founded principally upon tales and legends traditionally known throughout the country. We abridge the learned translator's preface, in stating, that the work abounds in adventures of the most wild and romantic description, in wonderful efforts of valour; and not only in heroes but heroines, the latter being, of course, always as beautiful as they are intrepid. It is considered one of the finest productions of the kind, of which Mahommedan nations can boast, being comparatively free from those excessive ornaments of style, which, to our taste, render Oriental poetry in general so unmeaning. For a Persian production it is simple, energetic, graceful; the versification is smooth, flowing, and free from inverted forms of construction. The author, Firdausi, is looked upon as the Homer of the East; not, however, from any resemblance of his poems to those of the Greek bard, but because, in epic grandeur, he is above all the other poets of his country. "Both," says Sir William Jones, "drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only from reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, the likeness of a likeness; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, the rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry." Nobody pretends, for a moment, to suggest that there is the slightest comparison between the Shah Nameh and the Iliad.

The manners described by Firdausi bear a strong resemblance to those of the age of European chivalry—an age, by the way, which it would be very difficult to fix—manners, too, which, we suspect, exist more in the imagination of poets and romancers than in reality. This age of European chivalry, so much talked of, is, in truth, a mere historical fiction; for never was barbarism more completely established in manners, in education, in the means of imparting knowledge to young or old, than in the age which we popularly, but erroneously, and ludicrously, call the age of chivalry. Such, however, as the imaginary manners of that imaginary period have been painted, are, in some degree, those represented in the work before us. There is nothing to be wondered at in this. Chivalry dates from the Moors in Spain; the Moors brought their manners from the East; and thus the enigma is solved. In another respect, the Shah Nameh is perfectly chivalrous in the character of its poetry. It pays no respect whatever to chronology or geography—a fault which pervades most of the chivalrous compositions. Firdausi's principal hero is named Rustem, and we know not how many centuries he lived. The Spanish prayer of kindness, "May you live a thousand years!" would have been no boon to Rustem, whose career would have been limited rather than enlarged by that period. He is the Persian Hercules.

Of Firdausi little is known in the way of biography. He was born at Tus, a city of Khorassan, about the year 950. His father, Ishak Sherif Shah, worked on the domain of the governor of Tus as a gardener. The last king of the Sassanian race having collected all the chronicles, histories, and traditions, connected with Persia, from the earliest period to the accession of Khosraus, had them digested under the general title, Bastan Nameh. This chronicle was afterwards continued, and, in the tenth century, ordered to be versified. A small part, however, was reduced to distiches, until the eleventh century, when the literary characters of the court were directed to prepare a history of the kings of Persia, from all accessible records. The Bastan Nameh was then discovered amongst other compilations; and from this work the reigning Sultan, Mahmud, selected seven stories, which he delivered to seven poets, to be reduced to verse, in order that he might be able to judge of their poetical pretensions respectively. A bard named Unsari gained the palm, and he was accordingly engaged to arrange the whole history in verse. At this period Firdausi was in his native city; and having heard of the wish of Mahmud, that the history should be versified, he succeeded in procuring a copy of the Bastan Nameh. He turned a portion of it into verse, which was so much admired, that he was immediately invited to the Sultan's court, where he speedily produced another poetical version of a part of the same chronicle. Mahmud, delighted with the composition, commanded him forthwith to complete the Shah Nameh; ordered him a liberal pension; and, at the same time, conferred upon him the surname of Firdausi, which signifies Paradise; because that he had diffused the delights of that region of bliss over his court. The progress of his work was witnessed with envy by many, but generally with admiration; and presents were showered upon him from every quarter. The composition, consisting of sixty-thousand couplets, cost him the labour of thirty years. At its conclusion Mahmud ordered an elephant-load of gold to be presented to him, but the gift was intercepted by a malignant vizier, who had it exchanged for a contemptible gift in silver. The poet, mortified at the insult, wrote a bitter satire against the Sultan, and fled to Bagdad. He lived to a good old age; but before he died, the Sultan discovered the treachery of his vizier, and, anxious to compensate Firdausi, sent him a magnificent present, which found the eastern Homer on his death-bed. His tomb is in his native city, and much frequented by pilgrims.

The work before us contains merely the substance of the original, though some parts are given in detail. So popular is the Shah Nameh in Persia, that copies of it are innumerable, some of which are beautiful specimens of ornamental writing, enriched with coloured drawings exquisitely finished, and illustrative of the most prominent incidents of the poem; others, splendidly illuminated and sprinkled with gold, are said to be worth a hundred guineas.

each. The work is much prized, not only in Persia but in Hindostan, and the southern regions of the East: it is perhaps most known by an epitome of it, written by Shumshir Khan, in the year 1063 of the Mahommedan era.

The poem opens with a pious invocation to the Creator, in which the history of the Mahommedan faith is briefly given, and the poet confidently predicts immortality for his work,

> 'a structure pointing to the skies,
> Whose solid strength destroying time defies.
> Centuries may pass away, but still my page
> Will be the boast of each succeeding age.'

The invocation concludes with a high-flown eulogium upon the various virtues of Mahmud, whose voice rent the flintiest ear; on land a tiger fierce, on the wave a crocodile; admired on earth, beloved by heaven; deadly as the dragon's tooth in battle, and inspired in all his thoughts by the very soul of Gabriel! The poem begins with the achievements of Kaiumer, already mentioned; he was a patriarch, living among the mountains, clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and he exercised the functions of a monarch in Persia. He reigned thirty years in the most paternal manner. Blessed by a son, named Saiamuck, to whom he was fervently attached, he had not an enemy in the world, save a hideous demon, who viewed his power with envy, and sought his ruin. This demon, too, had a son, fierce as the wolf, who imbibed all his father's hatred of the good old patriarch. When Saiamuck was made acquainted with their hostile dispositions, he provoked them to a combat, in which, unfortunately, he was slain, leaving behind him an only child, Husheng, whom the patriarch loved even more than his father. When Husheng was of age to wield arms, Kaiumer despatched him with a large army against the demon. So great a favourite was the young hero with heaven, that the wolf, the tiger, the lion, the panther, came forth from the forest to give him their aid; even the birds of the air became his auxiliaries, and he succeeded in slaying the two demons, father and son, with his own hand.

We have next the history of Husheng's reign, told in a similar style. He is said to be the first who elicited fire from the flint, and to have founded the religion of the Fire-worshippers. He discovered the art of the blacksmith, improved the system of agriculture by irrigation, conducted water to the city from distant fountains, and brought into use the fur of the sable, the squirrel, and the ermine; invented raiment superior to the skins of animals for his people; taught them the method of making bread, and the art of cookery. He was a wise and beneficent legislator; and the empire flourished beneath his sway during a period of forty years, at the expiration of which he was succeeded by his son, Tahumers, who was the first to commit the duties of legislation to an assembly of wise men. In his days, wool was spun and woven; garments and carpets manufactured; panthers, falcons, and hawks, tamed

and taught to assist in the sports of the field. He, too, was troubled with demons; a whole army of them came to attack him; but he killed their chieftain with his own hand, and made all his followers prisoners. He was about to destroy them, when they prayed his mercy, promising that if they were spared they would teach him a wonderful art.

> 'They taught him letters, and his eager mind
> With learning was illumined.'

The monarchy next descended to his son Jemshid, whose name is connected in the East with the invention of armour, cuirasses, and swords, and with most of the arts that contribute to the improvement of agriculture, architecture, and the business of life. He is said to have had a number of demons under his command, who raised him in the air whenever he desired it, and transported him in a moment to any spot he chose, however remote. On the first day of the new year he gave a feast, at which numerous mortals, genii, demons, and peris assembled, and were sumptuously regaled with all kinds of viands, wine, and music. He reigned seven hundred years, and during that long period not one of his subjects died.

> 'Man seemed immortal, sickness was unknown,
> And life rolled on in happiness and joy.'

But at length he became insolent with much prosperity, and boasted that he never had an equal in the world. For his pride God humbled him, and he fell into a state of degradation and misery. The remainder of his story is beautiful and pathetic. His throne is usurped by Zohak, a neighbouring chieftain, who is powerfully assisted by an evil spirit called Iblis, and Jemshid becomes an outcast and a wanderer. Arriving at the city of Zabul in the spring season, when the roses were in bloom, he happened to pass near to the garden of King Gureng, where his daughter was amusing herself at the time. Now it had been predicted by her nurse that the princess would one day be married to Jemshid, her father having already given her permission to elect for her husband the sovereign whom she loved best. The keepers of the garden refused to allow him to proceed in that direction; and being fatigued and dispirited, he sat down by the garden door, under the shade of a tree. A slave girl seeing the wearied traveller, took pity on him: he asked for a cup of wine; she ran to her mistress, and told her that a young man, more beautiful even than herself, was sitting at the gate, and asked for refreshment. She hastened to see him:

> 'His visage pale as the pomegranate flower,
> He looked like light in darkness.'

They became at once mutually predisposed in favour of each other; she took him by the hand, and leading him along the beautiful walks till they arrived at the basin of a fountain, they seated themselves upon royal carpets. Refreshments were brought by a crowd

of attendants; while Jemshid was drinking, the princess, observing the peculiar elegance of his manner, said to her heart, "This must be a king!" She next convinced herself that he must be King Jemshid, and thought of searching for a picture of him which was in her father's gallery, in order to compare the portrait with the original. Her bow and arrows were brought; the former was so strong, that besides herself there was no other warrior in all the kingdom of Zabulistan who could even draw the string. Two ring doves alighted on the garden-wall, and she challenged Jemshid to bring one of them to the ground. He promised, provided that if he hit the female, the lady whom he most admired in the company should be his. The princess assented. Jemshid drew the string, and struck the female dove so skilfully, as to transfix both the wings, and pin them together. The male dove flew away, but soon returned to the same spot, attracted by natural affection. When the damsel saw the ease with which the stranger handled the bow, she thought within herself that there was no necessity to send for the picture, as surely he could be no other than the expected of her heart. She then proposed to take down the male bird, on the condition that, if successful, the man whom she might choose from the company might be her husband. The stranger understood her meaning. At this moment her nurse arrived, and after leisurely examining him from head to foot, whispered to her that he was Jemshid, that he certainly would be her husband, and that she would bear to him a son, who would be the conqueror of the world. The picture was then brought, and the princess, finding the resemblance exact, placed it in his hands. In secretly recognising the likeness, it so forcibly reminded him of his past glory and happiness, that he burst into tears. When asked the cause of his sorrow, he said that it was pity for Jemshid, who, though once the lord of a powerful kingdom, was now a wanderer, and perhaps devoured by wolves. The damsels were not to be imposed upon by this tale; and, taking him aside, said that they knew well he was Jemshid; but he denied himself, until love at length overcoming his reluctance to entrust his secret to a woman, the princess took him to her chamber, and they were married according to the customs of the country. But Jemshid being apprehensive of being betrayed to his potent enemy, the marriage was kept secret, and when Gureng beheld his daughter in a state of pregnancy, he became furious. She was obliged to reveal her marriage, according to the freedom of choice among kings which he had given her. He rejoiced at it, because it would place Jemshid in his power, whom he declared he would send bound to Zohak, in the hope of being magnificently rewarded. The princess, overwhelmed with grief, entreated her father rather to assist him to recover his kingdom, which, his parental compassion being moved, he promised to do. He had an interview with the exile, who, mistrusting his professions, took once more to flight, turning his steps

towards India. Having travelled a great distance, he one day came to a tower, under whose shadow he sought repose, and fell asleep. Here the agents of Zohak found him, and he was brought in chains into the presence of the usurper, who had his body divided longitudinally into two parts. The princess took poison, and died, her affliction being inconsolable. We have given this tale at some length, in order that the reader might form some idea of the character of the whole poem, which is composed of a great number of short legends of this description.

In the extracts which we intend to give, we shall endeavour to exhibit the poetical character of Firdausi, without going into any more detail concerning the legends from which we shall select them, than will be barely necessary to render them intelligible. One of the legends is entitled Rudabeh, the name of a beautiful damsel, the daughter of the chief of Kabul. She had a lover named Zal, and in order to admit him into her chamber, which opened into a high balcony, she loosened her luxuriant hair, and casting it down from the balcony, after fastening the upper part to a ring, she desired Zal to take hold of the other end and mount up. Kissing her tresses, he quickly ascended. The translator, who, when he comes to a poetical passage, generally renders it in blank or rhymed verse, contenting himself with prose for the other parts of the work, thus exhibits the scene that followed.

'Then hand in hand within the chambers they
Gracefully passed. Attractive was the scene,
The walls embellished by the painter's skill,
And every object exquisitely formed,
Sculpture, and architectural ornament,
Fit for a king. Zal with amazement gazed
Upon what art had done, but more he gazed
Upon her tulip cheeks, her musky locks,
Breathing the sweetness of a summer garden
Upon the sparkling brightness of her rings,
Necklace, and bracelets, glittering on her arms.
His mien, too, was majestic—on his head
He wore a ruby crown, and near his breast
Was seen a belted dagger. Fondly she
With side-long glances marked his noble aspect,
The fine proportions of his graceful limbs,
His strength and beauty. Her enamoured heart
Suffused her cheek with blushes, every glance
Increased the ardent transports of her soul.
So mild was his demeanour, he appeared
A gentle lion toying with his prey.
Long they remained immersed in softest pleasure;
In mutual bliss. At length, the warrior rose,
And thus addressed her:—"It becomes us not
To be forgetful of the path of prudence,
Though love would dictate a more ardent course.
How oft has Sam, my father, counselled me,

Against unseeming thoughts—improper deeds,
Always to choose the right, and shun the wrong.
How will he burn with anger when he hears
This new adventure; how will Mináchihr
Indignantly reproach me for this dream!
This waking dream of rapture! but I call
High Heaven to witness what I now declare—
Whoever may oppose my sacred vows,
I still am thine, affianced thine, for ever."
And thus Rúdábeh:—"Thou hast won my heart,
And kings may sue in vain; to thee devoted,
Thou art alone my warrior, and my love."
Thus they in mutual rapture passed the hours,
Till dawn appeared, and then voluptuous kisses,
And lustrous eyes, bedimmed with pearly tears,
Bespoke the parting moment. "O, thou sun,
The glory of the world—why with thy beams
Intrusively divide two happy lovers!"
Thus they exclaimed,—then Zal, with fond adieus,
Softly descended from the balcony,
And hastened to his tent.'—pp. 84, 85.

Demons and dragons performed many wonderful feats in those times, and it was enough to stamp a warrior a hero at once, if he slew one of these monsters. We find a hero of the unpoetical name of Sam, thus magnifying his services upon one of these occasions.

'I am thy servant, and twice sixty years
Have seen my prowess. Mounted on my steed,
Wielding my battle axe, o'erthrowing heroes,
Who equals Sam, the warrior? I destroyed
The mighty monster, whose devouring jaws
Unpeopled half the land, and spread dismay
From town to town. The world was full of horror.
No bird was seen in air, no beast of prey
In plain or forest; from the stream he drew
The crocodile; the eagle from the sky.
The country had no habitant alive,
And when I found no human being left,
I cast away all fear, and girt my loins,
And in the name of God went boldly forth,
Armed for the strife. I saw him towering rise
Huge as a mountain, with his hideous hair
Dragging upon the ground: his long black tongue
Shut up the path; his eyes, two lakes of blood;
And, seeing me, so horrible his war,
The earth shook with affright, and from its mouth
A flood of poison issued. Like a lion,
Forward I sprang, and in a moment drove
A diamond-pointed arrow through his tongue,
Fixing him to the ground. Another went
Down his deep throat, and dreadfully he writhed.

A third passed through his middle. Then raised
My battle-axe, cow-headed, and with one
Tremendous blow, dislodged his venomous brain,
And deluged all around with blood and poison.
There lay the monster dead, and soon the world
Regained its peace and comfort. Now I am old,
The vigour of my youth is past and gone,
And it becomes me to resign my station,
To Zal, my gallant son."'—pp. 90, 91.

One of the most celebrated heroes of these legends was the great warrior, Rustem, who was employed occasionally in overturning and setting up thrones. He was directed by Zal to lead a powerful army against a prince who had usurped the throne of Persia, in prejudice of the rights of the legitimate heir, Kaikobad. Before he set out with the army, Rustem was sent on a secret mission to find out the young prince. On reaching the vicinity of Alberz, he observed a beautiful spot of ground, studded with luxuriant trees, and watered by glittering rills. In the midst of this retired spot he saw a throne, placed in the shade on the flowery margin of a stream, and upon the throne was seated a young man, who turned out to be the person of whom he was in pursuit. Rustem hailed him as the true sovereign of Persia, and the day was spent in conviviality. The scene is beautifully painted by the poet.

'The banquet was resumed again,
And, hark, the softly-warbled train,
As harp and flute, in union sweet,
The voices of the singers meet.
The black-eyed damsels now display
Their art in many an amorous lay;
And now the song is loud and clear,
And speaks of Rustem's welcome here.
"This is a day, a glorious day,
That drives ungenial thoughts away;
This is a day to make us glad,
Since Rustem comes for Kai-Kobád:
O, let us pass our time in glee,
And talk of Jemshid's majesty,
The pomp and glory of his reign,
And still the sparkling goblet drain.
Come, Saki, fill the wine cup high,
And let not even its brim be dry;
For wine alone has power to part
The rust of sorrow from the heart,
Drink to the king in merry mood,
Since fortune smiles, and wine is good;
And ever choose those things divine;
Night, and a mistress, light, and wine.
The Heavens may oft our choice condemn,
But be not thou displeased with them.

Quaffing red wine is better far
Than shedding blood in strife or war;
Man is but dust, and why should he
Become a fire of enmity!
Drink deep, all other cares resign,
For what can vie with ruby wine!" '—pp. 123, 124.

Rustem, the Persian Hercules, as we have seen, was always called in to the aid of chieftains in their emergencies. But there were minor warriors, who attempted sometimes to imitate him. Among these were two warriors, Byzun and Girgin, who were employed by the chief of Arman to destroy several herds of wild hogs which overran the country. Now Byzun was a young man desirous of distinction, while Girgin, a sly old dog, would have been very glad to let Byzun do all the work, provided he, Girgin, could get all the credit of it to himself. The hogs were completely destroyed by Byzun, who cut off their heads, and took out the tusks, to send them as trophies of his valour to his sovereign. Girgin, envious of the youth's success, and anticipating by comparison the ruin of his own name, was anxious to dissuade Byzun from sending the trophies, and when he failed in that, to send him out of the way. For this purpose he told him a story about a certain beautiful garden, which was visited every year by Manijeh, the lovely daughter of Afrasiyab. We give the description, as characteristic of Firdansi's genius in the picturesque—essential to poets in every clime.

' " It is a spot beyond imagination,
Delightful to the heart where roses bloom,
And sparkling fountains murmur, where the earth
Is rich with many coloured flowers; and musk
Floats on the gentle breeze, hyacinths
And lilies add their perfume, golden fruit
Weighs down the branches of the lofty trees,
The glittering pheasant moves in stately pomp,
The bulbul warbles from the cypress bough,
And love-inspiring damsels may be seen,
O'er hill and dale, their lips all winning smiles,
Their cheeks like roses—in their sleepy eyes
Delicious languor dwelling. Over them
Presides the daughter of Afrásiyáb,
The beautiful Manijeh; should we go,
('Tis but a little distance,) and encamp
Among the lovely groupes—in that retreat
Which blooms like Paradise—we may secure
A bevy of fair virgins for the king!" '—pp. 302, 303.

Byzun was so charmed by the description of the place and the lady, that off he set with Girgin in search of them. Arriving at the garden, he found the beautiful princess, who immediately, of course, became enamoured of him, and admitted him to her tent. Girgin did not accompany him thither.

"He was immediately perfumed with musk and rose-water, and re-

freshments of every kind were set before him; musicians played their sweetest airs, and dark-eyed damsels waited upon him. The walls of the tent were gorgeously adorned with amber and with rubies, and the sparkling old wine was drank out of crystal goblets. The feast of joy lasted three nights and three days, Byzun and Manijeh enjoying the precious moments with unspeakable rapture. Overcome with wine and the felicity of the scene, he at length sunk into repose, and on the fourth day came the time of departure; but the princess, unable to relinquish the society of her lover, ordered a narcotic draught to be administered to him, and whilst he continued in a state of slumber and insensibility, he was conveyed secretly and in disguise into Túrán. He was taken even to the palace of Afrásiyáb, unknown to all but to the emissaries and domestics of the princess, and there he awoke from the trance into which he had been thrown, and found himself clasped in the arms of his idol. Considering, on coming to his senses, that he had been betrayed by some witchery, he made an attempt to get out of the seclusion; above all, he was apprehensive of a fatal termination to the adventure: but Manijeh's blandishments induced him to remain, and for some time he was contented to be immersed in continual enjoyment—such pleasure as arises from the social banquet, and the attractions of a fascinating woman.

'"Grieve not, my love—be not so sad,
'Tis now the season to be glad;
There is a time for war and strife,
A time to soothe the ills of life.
Drink of the cup which yields delight,
The ruby glitters in thy sight;
Steep not thy heart in fruitless care,
But in the wine-flask sparkling there."

'At length, however, the secret amour of the princess with a Persian youth was discovered, and the keepers and guards of the palace were in the greatest terror, expecting the most signal punishment for their neglect or treachery. Dreadful indeed was the rage of the king, when he was first told the tidings: he trembled like a reed in the wind, and the colour fled from his cheeks. Groaning, he exclaimed—

'"A daughter, even from a royal stock,
Is ever a misfortune—hast thou one?
The grave will be thy fittest son-in-law!
Rejoice not in the wisdom of a daughter;
Who ever finds a daughter good and virtuous?
Who ever looks on womankind for aught
Save wickedness and folly? Hence how few
Ever enjoy the bliss of Paradise:
Such the sad destiny of erring woman!"

'Afrásiyab consulted the nobles of his household upon the measures to be pursued on this occasion, and Gersiwaz was in consequence deputed to secure Byzun, and put him to death. The guilty retreat was first surrounded by troops, and then Gersiwaz entered the private apartments, and with surprise and indignation saw Byzun in all his glory; Manijeh at his side, his lips stained with wine, his face full of mirth and gladness, and encircled by the damsels of the shubistán. He accosted him in severe terms, and

was promptly answered by Byzun, who, drawing his sword, gave his name and family, and declared that if any violence or insult was offered, he would slay every man that came before him with hostile intentions. Gersiwaz, on learning this, thought it prudent to change his plan, and conduct him to Afrásiyab; and he was permitted to do so on the promise of pardon for the alleged offence. When brought before Afrásiyáb, he was assailed with further opprobrium, and called a dog, and a wicked remorseless demon.

' " Thou caitiff wretch, of monstrous birth,
Allied to hell, and not of earth ! "

' But he thus answered the King:

' " Listen awhile, if justice be thy aim,
And thou wilt find me guiltless. I was sent
From Persia to destroy herds of wild hogs,
Which laid the country waste. That labour done,
I lost my way, and weary with the toil,
Weary with wandering in a wildering maze,
Haply reposed beneath a shady cypress;
Thither a Peri came, and whilst I slept,
Lifted me from the ground, and, quick as thought,
Conveyed me to a summer tent, where dwelt
A princess of incomparable beauty.
From thence by hands unknown I was removed,
Still slumbering, in a litter—still unconscious;
And when I woke, I found myself reclining
In a retired pavilion of thy palace,
Attended by that soul-entrancing beauty !
My heart was filled with sorrow, and I shed
Showers of vain tears, and desolate I sate,
Thinking of Persia, with no power to fly
From my imprisonment, though soft and kind,
Being the victim of a sorcerer's art.
Yes, I am guiltless, and Manijeh too:
Both by some magic influence pursued,
And led away against our will or choice.' "—pp. 305—309.

The result was unfortunate; for both the lover and his mistress were separately imprisoned, and condemned to live on bread and water. But the cunning trick of Girgin was so far successful.

Another of the minor heroes of Persia was Isfendyar, who was a great slayer of wild beasts. His combat with a huge dragon, while he was himself protected in a kind of tower borne by horses, is thus narrated:

' The dragon from a distance heard
The rumbling of the wain,
And snuffing every breeze that stirred
Across the neighbouring plain,
' Smelt something human in his power,
A welcome scent to him:
For he was eager to devour,
Hot reeking blood, or limb.

'And darkness now is spread around,
No pathway can be traced;
The fiery horses plunge and bound,
Amid the dismal waste.

'And now the dragon stretches far,
His cavern throat, and soon
Licks in the horses and the car,
And tries to gulp them down.

'But sword and javelin, sharp and keen,
Wound deep each sinewy jaw;
Midway, remains the huge machine,
And choaks the monster's maw.

'In agony he breathes, a dire
Convulsion fires his blood;
And struggling, ready to expire,
Ejects a poison flood!

'And then disgorges wain and steeds,
And swords and javelins bright:
Then, as the dreadful dragon bleeds,
Up starts the warrior-knight.'

'And from his place of ambush leaps,
And, brandishing his blade,
The weapon in the brain he steeps,
And splits the monster's head.

'But the foul venom issuing thence,
Is so o'erpowering found,
Isfendyar, deprived of sense,
Falls staggering to the ground.'—pp. 414—416.

Sikander was a hero, who almost rivalled Rustem himself in glory. After performing innumerable great achievements, he solaced himself with the hope of enjoying his fame through many years still to come; whereupon consulting an oracle, he was informed that his life was limited to fourteen years more. The intelligence threw a melancholy gloom over his spirits, which from that moment he could not shake off.

'To scenes of noble daring still he turned
His ardent spirit, for he knew not fear.
Still he led on his legions; and now came
To a strange place, where countless numbers met
His wondering view. Countless inhabitants
Crowded the city streets, and neighbouring plains;
And in the distance presently he saw
A lofty mountain reaching to the stars.
Onward proceeding, at its foot he found
A guardian dragon, terrible in form,
Ready with open jaws to crush his victim.
But unappalled, Sikander him beholding,
With steady aim, which scorned to turn aside,
Sprang forward, and at once the monster slew.

'Ascending then the mountain many a ridge,
Oft resting on the way, he reached the summit,
Where the dead corse of an old saint appeared,
Wrapt in his grave-clothes, and in gems imbedded,
In gold and precious jewels, glittering round,
Seeming to shew what man is—mortal man!
Wealth, worldly pomp, the baubles of ambition,
All left behind, himself a heap of dust!

'None ever went upon that mountain top,
But sought for knowledge: and Sikander hoped,
When he had reached its cloudy eminence,
To see the visions of futurity
Arise from that departed holy man!
And soon he heard a voice:—"Thy time is nigh!
Yet may I thy career on earth unfold.
It will be thine to conquer many a realm,
Win many a crown: thou wilt have many friends,
And numerous foes, and thy devoted head
Will be uplifted to the very heavens.
Renowned and glorious shalt thou be: thy name
Immortal! but, alas! thy time is nigh!"
At these prophetic words Sikander wept,
And from that ominous mountain hastened down."—
pp. 508, 509.

These extracts will give the reader some idea of the general character of the Shah Nameh. We have already mentioned the satire which Firdausi wrote against Mahmud, when chagrined by the trifling present he had received from that sovereign, at the moment when he expected a munificent reward. In order to show the poet's talents in satire, we shall give the concluding lines of this composition. They are marked by great bitterness of resentment, and, at the same time, by a dignified sense of the poet's mental superiority to the king, by whom he was insulted.

'O, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared,
Honours and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began,
A blacksmith was thy sire of Ispahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given,
Would still be bitter in the bowers of Heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course,
Or, if it changes, changes for the worse;

Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flowerets blow,
Acquire more honied sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee,
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

'Now, mark Firdausí's strain, his book of kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice, the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
For ever flourish in my sounding lays;
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús, and Gíu,
Of matchless Rustem, faithful still, and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-Khosráu, and Isfendiyár;
Gushtàsp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

'The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written midst toil and trouble, but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear;
And now, deceived, and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!'—pp. 512—514.

The most beautiful episode of the Shah Nameh is the story of Sohrab, the whole of which Mr. Atkinson has translated, not inelegantly, and inserted as an appendix to his volume. Rustem, during one of his adventures, was invited to sojourn awhile at the palace of the king of Samengan, whose daughter became enamoured of him on account of his fame, and married him, with her father's consent. But the day after their union Rustem took his departure, giving the princess, whose name was Tamineh, an amulet, which, if the fruit of their marriage was a boy, she was to bind round his arm: it would give him a degree of valour and strength that no one could conquer, save Rustem himself. A boy was born in due time; but the mother was so much attached to him, and so fearful of his being taken from her to the wars by Rustem, that she sent him a message to say that their child was a daughter. Rustem then thought no further either of Tamineh or her offspring. The episode turns upon the incident of Rustem subsequently meeting and slaying his own son in battle, neither being known to the other, until the young warrior's arm being bared, the amulet disclosed the nearness of their relation. The most affecting passage of the episode is that in which the grief of Tamineh, upon hearing of the melancholy intelligence, is depicted.

'In every ear,
The story has been told—and many a tear,
Shed at the sad recital. Through Túrán,
Afrasiyab's wide realm, and Samengán,
Deep sunk the tidings;—nuptial bower and bed,
And all that promised happiness, had fled!
But when Tamíneh heard this tale of woe,
Think how a mother bore the mortal blow!
Distracted, wild, she sprang from place to place;
With frenzied hands deformed her beauteous face;
The musky locks her polished temples crowned
Furious she tore, and flung upon the ground;
Starting, in agony of grief, she gazed,—
Her swimming eyes to Heaven imploring raised,
And groaning cried: "Sole comfort of my life!
Doomed the sad victim of unnatural strife,
Where art thou now with dust and blood defiled:
Thou darling boy, my lost, my murdered child!
When thou wert gone, how night and lingering day,
Did thy fond mother watch the time away;
For hope still pictured all I wished to see,
Thy father found, and thou returned to me;
Yes, thou, exulting in thy father's fame.
How could I dream of this? ye met—but how?
That noble aspect—that ingenuous brow,
Moved not a nerve in him—ye met to part,
Alas! the life-blood issuing from the heart;
Short was the day which gave to me delight,
Soon, soon, succeeds a long and dismal night.
On whom shall now devolve my tender care?
Who, loved like thee, my bosom-sorrows share?
Whom shall I take to fill thy vacant place?
To whom extend a mother's soft embrace?
Sad fate! for one so young, so fair, so brave,
Seeking thy father thus to find a grave.
These arms no more shall fold thee to my breast,
No more with thee my soul be doubly blest.
No, drowned in blood thy lifeless body lies,
For ever torn from these desiring eyes;
Friendless, alone, beneath a foreign sky,
Thy mail thy death-clothes, and thy father by;
Why did not I conduct thee on the way,
And point where Rustem's bright pavilion lay?
Thou hadst the tokens—why didst thou withhold
Those dear remembrances—that pledge of gold?
Hadst thou the bracelet to his view restored,
Thy precious blood had never stained his sword."
The strong emotion choked her panting breath,
Her veins seemed withered by the cold of death;
The trembling matrons hastening round her mourned
With piercing cries, till fluttering life returned;

Then gazing up, distraught, she wept again,
And frantic, seeing midst her pitying train
The favorite steed—now more than ever dear,
The hoofs she kissed, and bathed with many a tear;
Clasping the mail Sohrâb in battle wore,
With burning lips she kissed it o'er and o'er;
His martial robes she in her arms comprest,
And like an infant strained them to her breast;
The reins, and trappings, club, and spear, were brought,
The sword, and shield, with which the stripling fought,
These she embraced with melancholy joy,
In sad remembrance of her darling boy.
And still she beat her face, and o'er them hung
As in a trance—or to them wildly clung.
Day after day she thus indulged her grief,
Night after night, disdaining all relief;
At length worn out—from earthly anguish riven,
The mother's spirit joined her child in heaven.'—pp. 606—608.

The passage will remind the classical reader of Virgil's description of the feelings with which the mother of Euryalus heard of his death. The expressions, in some instances, are almost the same:

" Evolat infelix, et fœmineo ululatu,
Scissa comam, muros amens, &c."

This episode gives a higher idea of the genius of Firdausi, than any other part of the work which Mr. Atkinson has translated. Had the whole "Shah Nameh" been rendered with the care which he has bestowed upon this portion of it, it is not perhaps too much to say that Firdausi would be as much naturalized in our literature as Homer, Dante, or Tasso. Even as the translation now stands, it is a highly engaging production, second only in point of interest to the Arabian Tales.

ART. VII.—*Our Village. Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.* By Mary Russell Mitford. Volume V. 8vo, pp. 362. London: Whittaker and Co. 1832.

WE have so frequently expressed our opinion of Miss Mitford's inimitable powers, when applied to such rustic subjects as those which form the principal portion of the contents of the present volume, that we need do little more than merely announce its publication, to secure for it universal attention. Her style is peculiar, not, however, from mannerism, but from gracefulness and beauty. It is, as far as we remember, uniform, but never monotonous. We never tire of it. We have now before us her fifth volume of "Our Village;" and neatly half-bound, in a book-case behind our chair, are her four preceding volumes. We have read them over and over; and when the winter evenings come, it is not at all improbable that we shall read them over again. Her Village Sketches are

always new to us. We open any page, and go on with that sort of delight which we experience only when we happen to light on the Spectator or the Rambler. We would not exchange these five volumes for all the novels put together, that have been published in London during the last five years. There are many of the sketches in this volume which we have read not long since in the Annuals and other publications. But what of that? Here they are again; and right glad are we to meet such agreeable acquaintances.

"Farewell to our Village!"—What does this mean? and in the very introduction too!—What! begin by bidding us adieu!—What do you mean, Mary? You surely are not about to leave "Our Village!"—"Adieu!"—Poh! poh! you are merry. It is some Christmas gambol you are at!—Mary!—Mary Russell!—Mary Russell Mitford!—Miss Mitford!—What name shall we call you? By what title can we hope to keep you? "Farewell, then, my beloved Village!" It is, then, but too true, that she means to dwell there no more. We shall hear no more from our "cousin Mary," nothing more of the Bramley Maying, nothing more of Hannah, or Ellen, or Tom Cordery! What is to become of Aunt Martha? what of Jack Hatch? what of Dr. Tubb? Who is, in future, to chronicle the mysteries of the wheat-hoeing, the hay-carrying, of the village? To whom are we to apply for intelligence about the Cobbler over the way, and little Miss Wren, and Hopping Bob, and our good friend, Matthew Shore?—Mary, we say again, what are you about? Are you going to Van Diemen's Land, or the Canadas, or to India?—You say you blush to think how much you have encroached on the indulgence of the public. Never lived the woman who has less occasion to blush than you, Mary! Your course has been one of purity and true fame. You have earned a reputation that will become brighter every year you live—immortal when you die!—Well, if the word must be pronounced, Farewell! Wherever you go, while you can hold a pen, we hope, in some shape or other, to hear from you. We verily believe that if, like Simon Stylites, you condemned yourself to live at the top of a steeple, you would find materials for thought—aye, and for pleasant talk, too—in the very stones by which you would be surrounded. Did you not make up one of the most busy and most agreeable of sketches about a bundle of keys, that you had all the time under your belt? And Patty's new hat—was there ever such a piece of beautiful work produced about nothing at all? And the china jug!—Go to, Mary! Verily, thou art a sorceress! Aladdin must have bequeathed to you his lamp—at least, we should have thought so, had we not, upon reflection, been obliged to confess that, with Brewster, you preferred rather to deal in "Natural Magic."

"The Incendiary!"—awful times, certainly, were those in which discontented men had recourse to such dreadful means, in order to

compel the state to hear their cries, and to remedy their grievances. We think we may safely say that such terrible times as those will never return. The two years just elapsed have taught even the lowest orders of the peasantry, to look for the removal of their just complaints to their own legitimate and constitutional exertions, and not to such nefarious means as those that were then adopted, with incalculable injury to every class of men, and to none more grievous than to the perpetrators of the mischief. In the midst, however, of the really serious events and scenes which Miss Mitford had to describe, she contrives, with her usual adroitness, to introduce humorous traits, which strongly relieve the picture. If the fears of approaching banditti oppressed the mind, there were, nevertheless, also parish-officers bustling about, petty constables just sworn in, assuming great importance with their brief authority, and stationary watchmen, who, every hour, to prove their vigilance, sent in some poor wretch, beggar, or match-seller, or rambling child, under the denomination of suspicious persons.

We have here several chapters devoted to Christmas amusements, from which the reader of the volume may learn how they manage these things in the Principality. The author treats us also—and a real treat it is—to an account of her visit to that English Switzerland.

'Two or three years ago, I went to pay a Christmas visit, about sixty miles off, to a family of old friends, who were recently arrived from a long continental tour; and, after passing the season in London, had left it late in the summer, for a fine old gothic place, somewhat out of repair, which they rented from the guardians of a young nobleman, an infant in arms, to whom, on the death of a distant kinsman, the title and estates had devolved.

'Haddonleigh Hall was, as I have said, a fine specimen of the mixed species of architecture, singularly picturesque and imposing, which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth and James the First. Vast as it was, it comprised only a part of the original design of the "high and mighty prince, our well-beloved cousin," one of the wealthy favourites of the time, for whose habitation it had been constructed, as might be seen by a large drawing something between a map and an architectural elevation, which hung over the chimney-piece in the great library, and was entitled "Haddonleigh Hall in its glory," although the erection had never proceeded farther than the present mansion-house, a magnificent old seat, with its marble halls, its oaken staircases, its long galleries, its spacious chapel and armoury, its terraced gardens, its noble avenues, and the wild forest-like demesne, rather a chase than a park, by which the stately building was surrounded.

'Out of repair it certainly was, and scantily furnished, according to modern notions, for the greater part of the moveables were coeval with the mansion; but the present occupant, a man of fine taste, and something of an antiquarian, liked it all the better on that account; and adding the sofas, screens, and ottomans, necessary to comfort, persisted in refusing to remove the carved, high-backed ebony chairs, and massive

tables, which harmonised so well with the panelled walls and ceilings, and the rich gothic windows. What had chiefly tempted him, however, to become its inhabitant, was certainly the contents of the old library, a collection of ancient and curious volumes, which, though somewhat tattered and fusty, contained, as he declared, more scarce tracts and rare editions than he had ever seen in a similar number of books. So enchanted was he with the discovery of this treasure, that he had summoned a brother bibliomaniac, also a man of large fortune, to partake of this great mental feast, and assist him in drawing up a *catalogue raisonnée* of the collection. It was even rumoured that they were in treaty for the purchase, though this was too important a negociation to be talked of publicly.

'Mr. Wilkins—such was the name of my worthy host—was a Welchman, of extensive property, and ancient family; and was not a little proud of his Cambrian descent, although too fond of literary and antiquarian pursuits to bury himself in the Principality. His lady had been a beauty, and was still a fine woman, and the very essence of good nature. In other respects, she was by no means remarkable: indeed, being of very sedentary habits (she seldom moved from the corner of the sofa), very gentle voice, and very few words, we were too apt to forget that she was in company. The young people, five in number, whom I had not seen for many years, pleased and interested me exceedingly. Tom and Charles were two fine lads, from Oxford, thorough sportsmen; and Tom, in particular, very lively and intelligent. Of their sisters, Charlotte, the eldest, was a tall, fair young woman, beautiful, gentle, and simple, as her mother, whom she strongly resembled, both in mind and person. Sophy was a pretty brunette, with something of her father's talent, directed, of course, to different pursuits; and Anne, the youngest, was a charming wild creature of sixteen or seventeen, not yet come out, though emancipated from the school-room and the governess, and left to run wild about the house, the general pet and plaything of the family.

'Trees and children are, of all living things, those whose growth soonest makes one feel one's age: children especially. To sit under the shade of a pine of one's own planting, is nothing to being overtopped by a girl whom one used to dandle in one's arms, and fondle on one's knee. How short a time ago it seemed to me since Annie, Nannie, Nanette, (for by all those names the little lassie was wont, and still continued to be called), a damsel of some four years old, used to climb into my lap, and throw her arms round my neck, and beg for a story. And here she was a young woman, the gayest of the gay, the wildest of the wild! Now riding races with one brother, now skaiting with another; now clambering the walls to peep into an inaccessible tower; now trying to lift the lid of the unopenable chest, in which, according to the story always told of all old houses, in all countries, a bride hid, in sport, on her wedding-day, and was never found again, until she had become a skeleton; now peering into a secret passage; now diving into a subterraneous vault; now attiring herself in a suit of armour; now chasing an undiscoverable and non-existing ghost: always the merriest, kindest, happiest of all human beings! Annie was far less beautiful than Charlotte, and less talented and accomplished than Sophia; but there is a certain word called charming, with which beauty has little to do, and talents and accomplishments still less: and charming Annie was to the full extent of that charming word.

'I had expected that they would be full of balls and gaiety, and country parties, their neighbourhood being, though more stately and less populous than ours, well supplied with families equal in fortune and respectability to Mr. Wilkins himself; but I was agreeably disappointed, by finding them quite free from country engagements; and, except my fellow guest, the bibliomaniac, the grave, abstracted Mr. Mortimer, a plain man of forty, with a splendid scholastic reputation, most literally a family party. It was clear that they visited none of their neighbours, and I could not help enquiring of Sophy, "what could be the reason?"

'"The reason," replied Miss Sophia, "is, that none of our neighbours have visited us. At first we were exceedingly puzzled at not being called upon, having taken all due means of announcing our arrival, by going out in the carriage almost every day, shewing ourselves nicely dressed at church, and subscribing to the balls and the circulating library in the next town; whilst papa entered his name at a reading-room and billiard-club, and Tom and Charles became members of the hunt. We even went to milliners' shops where we wanted nothing, took Annie to a dancing-school, and talked to the governesses, and at the mammas, hugged an ugly little baby belonging to our next neighbour, sent for the apothecary, and invited the curate, so weary were we of our own company, so willing to be sociable. Still, however, nobody came; we were shunned like a pestilence; nobody curtsied to us at church; nobody spoke to us at the milliners'; nobody danced with us at the balls; the very nursery-maids seemed shy of trusting us with their babies; and we relinquished our attempts at forming new acquaintance, in despair. At last the apothecary let us into the secret. There were two causes for our being *taboo*, as they say in Otaheite. First of all, this old house of ours has a bad reputation. I don't mean because it is said to be haunted; for ghosts are generally considered as remarkably genteel and respectable persons, people of family and character; but because it has belonged, for the last fifty years, to a series of bachelor lords, whose female companions have been thoroughly unvisitable, and have really left abad odour about the mansion. This was one reason; the other was in ourselves, or, rather, in our name."

'"Your name!"

'"Yes, or rather in the last syllable; the unlucky termination in *kins*. The folks hereabouts are rather more tenacious about family and station, than is common in England; and a neighbouring place, Kinlay Park, having been let in succession to a Mr. Tomkins, who turned out to be a hosier; a Mr. Simpkins, from Mark-lane; and a Mr. Hoskins, from Billingsgate; they have forsworn all intercourse with so plebeian a syllable, even although the first three letters be of some gentility. They will find us out in time," pursued Sophy, with great good humour;" and then how they will stare at papa's long pedigree. In the meanwhile we do very well as we are."

'And very well we did; especially in the mornings, when reading, writing, drawing, working, driving, riding, and walking, besides all sorts of out-of-door sports for the young men, and battledore and shuttlecock for Annie, passed away the daylight hours rapidly and merrily; but in the evening, I sometimes thought the young people would have been glad of a little variety. At this time, Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Mortimer usually

joined us, the former going to sleep, and the latter sitting, for the most part, in complacent silence; Mrs. Wilkins and her lap-dog sate in equal silence on the sofa, and the young folks, too brother-and-sisterish for dancing, and too old for forfeits or blind-man's-buff, tried music, tried billiards, tried chess; and after being thoroughly weary of them all, threatened to get up some tableaux—only tableaux wanted spectators—and talked of acting a play, which, besides the usual difficulties as to cast, involved, even more than the tableaux, the want of an audience. At length some one reverted to the French charades, which they used to perform abroad, and the suggestion was hailed with universal approbation, the scene chosen, and an early evening fixed for the experiment; the result of which shall, in due time, be communicated to the courteous reader.'—vol. v. pp. 33—40.

Oh! that we could manage a pencil to sketch out to our own satisfaction the beautiful picture with which that truly characteristic sketch, the "Ratcatcher," opens! Imagine, gentle reader, a steep knoll overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike-road: perched on the knoll a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side; a superb weeping-ash hanging over it on the other; a clump of elms forming the back-ground behind; the porch garlanded with clematis; the windows mantled with jessamine; and the chimneys thereof wreathed with luxuriant ivy! The only thing we like not about it is, that it was built for a picture. It was intended to be seen as a striking object through the vista of a neighbouring park. If there be any taste deplorable, it is that which raises a new work for the sole purpose of making it look like an old one. The building of a ruin! Many such instances of fantastic decoration occur in England, which we always see with regret. They are impositions upon the hand-writing of nature, and ought to have been included in the late regulations with respect to forgery. We would have every landscape-gardener who originates, advises, or abets such undertakings, transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life.

From this rustic scenery we travel, in a new steam-coach of our own invention, through half the volume to "The Residuary Legatee," the intermediate pages being occupied with matter rather familiar already to the public.

'Above half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square was accounted a genteel, if not a fashionable, place of residence; and numbered amongst its inhabitants some of the principal London attorneys—solicitor, was not the phrase in those days; to whom its vicinity to the Inns of Court rendered that neighbourhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of those persons, was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower, with five children, whose mingled strength and kindliness of character, rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family, just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his professional life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing

but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the inalienable possession of an excellent education, to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but, in the prime of life, with an excellent income, and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and elegant taste; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgence to his family, except such as appeared to him inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so, to the affluent as to the poor.

'The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Frank, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the bar, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly, and had recently been entered at the Temple. William, the second son, was in his father's office; and of the three daughters, Catherine, the elder, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah, two years younger, and less handsome, had something of her brother Frank's talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house, was that charming creature —a lively and good-humoured spoilt child.

'One evening, in the beginning of July, this amiable family were assembled in their pretty drawing-room, fresh hung with India paper, where gorgeous birds were perched amongst gorgeous flowers, and Chinese processions, gorgeous and immoveable as the flowers or the birds, stuck amidst gay pagodas and gilded temples—a bright but unmeaning pageant. The furniture consisted of high bottomed French chairs and settees, covered with blue damask, at once handsome and uncomfortable; with window-curtains to match; a japan cabinet; a mahogany bureau, of which the top formed a small book-case; a harpsichord—for pianos were not yet in use; two large looking-glasses between the windows, and marble tables, with gilt legs underneath; a Pembroke table in the middle of the room, and a large fire-screen, with a stupendous bunch of flowers in embroidery, the elaborate work of the fair Catherine, in one corner.

'Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or, to use her brother's phrase, flourishing, an apron at another; the young men were lounging at the windows; and Bab (for the dignity of that aristocratic name, so often seen in the peerage, and so seldom elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very house-maid who dressed her, called her Miss Bab) was playing with her doll on the floor.

'Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging, in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewed, and which had just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield chase. With intuitive taste, Sarah had put the honey-suckles, so pretty by themselves, and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the centre of the mantle-piece, flanking it with a smaller pot, filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate amongst their ever-green leaves—on one side, and another pot of that rose called the maiden's blush, on the side opposite; whilst the old-fashioned bouquet, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet-peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord, between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

'"How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan went away!" exclaimed Sarah, after standing before them for some minutes, to survey and admire her own handy-work. "She seemed so out of spirits, poor woman! and some of these beautiful roses would have comforted her, and done her good; at least," added she, seeing her dear brother smile and shake his head, "I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might; and she is as fond of flowers as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden."

'"Kindness must always do good under any form, my dear Sarah," observed her father, looking up from his letter; "but I fear poor Mrs. Sullivan's depression is too deeply seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father's house is more likely to increase than to remove her dejection."

'"Mr. Darrell, then, continues implacable?" inquired Frank, with much interest.

'"Yes," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter's behalf, but I have no hope of any good result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favour of these poor Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, as well as foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoilt by his indulgence and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the penury and neglect under which she now languishes."

'"Was she beautiful?" asked Catherine; "I see no remains of former loveliness."

'"She is much changed," answered Frank; "but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She has the presence and air of a queen, or rather of a young lady's notion of a queen. Fancy a stately and magnificent creature, with high features; a dark, clear, colourless complexion; a proud, curling lip; large black eyes, sometimes soft and languishing, but which would light up with a fire as bright as the glow of a furnace; a broad, smooth forehead; a dark, flexible brow; and a smile exquisitely sweet, and you will have some idea of Sophia Darrell before her imprudent and unfortunate marriage. Poverty and her father's displeasure have wrought the change; and, perhaps, her husband's death."

'"Chiefly want of money," observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing and directing his letter. "She had pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. Want of money is the pressing evil."

'"I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell," cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice, "what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good!"

'"Except to the wisher, Sarah," replied her father: "the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thoughts and noble feelings, as the sun and rain foster your favourite flowers. Cherish kind wishes, my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practice. In the mean while," added he, in a gayer tone, "tell me, if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen."

'"Oh, papa," exclaimed Sarah, "a great library!"

' " And I," said Miss Bab, from the floor, " I'd have a great doll."
' " I'd go to Italy," said Frank.
' " I'd go to Oxford," cried his brother.
' " And I to Ranelagh," said Catherine, laughing.
' " In the mean time," added she, as the footman—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the then usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—" In the mean time, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's-inn garden, as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home." '—vol. v. pp. 140—146.

This is another of this author's finished cabinet-pictures, not the less interesting because taken from the life. The story connected with it may be told in a few words; and as it is also stated to be a true one, it is worth while to tell it, as it affords a striking instance of the noble integrity which, in former days, characterized the old-established firms of this metropolis, in almost every branch of business. Some few of these still remain, and it happens to us to be able to testify that they have in no degree degenerated from their predecessors. The father of Mrs. Sullivan was unrelenting towards her, even to the last moment, and, without making any provision for her, left Mr. Mordaunt his residuary legatee. The fortune thus bequeathed away from her was an enormous one; it would have enabled Mr. Mordaunt to gratify his children in every wish they had expressed, or could form. He laid the case before them for their decision: they had not indeed to choose between extremes of poverty and wealth, but between their own competency and an unexpected accession of wealth, that would have raised them all beyond the necessity of relying upon professions or trade for their future establishments. They unanimously gave up the whole bequest to her who had a natural claim to it.

But we intended, when we opened this volume, to be gay, and here we are getting serious. What think you, reader, of taking a ramble with us on the Thames?

' This pretty Berkshire of ours, renowned for its pastoral villages, and its picturesque interchange of common and woodland, and small inclosures, divided by deep lanes, to which thick borders of hedge-row timber give a character of deep and forest-like richness, seldom seen in countries of more ambitious pretension; this beautiful Berkshire is for nothing more distinguished than for the number and variety of its rivers. I do not mean, in this catalogue, to include the large portion of bright, shallow, trouting streams, for the most part unchristened and unregistered, even by a parish historian, or the compiler of a county map, and known only as " the brook," by the very people whose meadows they dance through. To confine myself to rivers of state and name, we have, first of all, the rapid, changeful, beautiful Loddon, a frisky, tricksy water sprite, much addicted to wandering out of bounds, and as different from the timid, fearful nymph, Lodona, whom Pope, in a metamorphosing strain, was pleased to assign as the source of those clear waters, as any well can be. Next we have the Kennet, "the Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned,"

according to the same author; and which, in our part, at least, has, generally speaking, a fine pastoral character—now sweeping along through broad valleys of meadow-land, rich and green, and finely dappled by trees, chiefly oak and elm, in path-like groups; now confined within a narrow channel, and spanned by some lofty bridge as it passes the quiet village or small country town, enlivening every scene which it approaches, by the pleasant flow of its clear waters, cool and glittering as a moon-beam. Lastly and chiefly, we possess, for the whole length of the country, and, for the most part forming its sinuous boundary, the deep, majestic Thames, gliding in tranquil grandeur, with a motion so slow, as to be almost imperceptible! reflecting as a mirror, in unbroken shadow, every tree and shrub that fringes its banks, and exhibiting, during all its meanders, a lake-like character of stillness and repose—a silent fullness—a calm and gentle dignity, which is, perhaps, in all things, from the human mind to the mighty river, the surest and highest symbol of power. It is singular, that even the small streamlet near Cirencester, where, under the almost equally celebrated name of Isis, the Thames takes its rise, is distinguished by the same unruffled serenity (the calmness of the infant Hercules) for which its subsequent course is so remarkable. And what a course it is! The classic domes of Oxford; the sunny plains of Berkshire; the Buckinghamshire beech-woods; Windsor, with its royal towers; Richmond, and its world of gardens; then London, mighty London; and then the sea—its only rival in riches and in fame. Half the bards of England have sung of their great river, but never, I think, has it been more finely praised than in two sonnets, which I will venture to transcribe from the manuscript which is open before me, though I may not dare to name their author; a man too eminent in the broad highway of life, to care to be seen loitering in the flowery paths of poesy. They have a local propriety, since the writer, of whose birth-place Berkshire may well be proud, passed his early youth in this neighbourhood; and it is in remembrance of those days that they were written.

'" *To the Thames at Westminster, in recollection of the same river below Caversham.*

'" With no cold admiration do I gaze
Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless stream!
For home-sick fancy kindles with the beam
That on thy lucid bosom coyly plays,
And glides delighted through thy crystal ways;
Till, on her eye those wave-fed poplars gleam,
Beneath whose shade her first and loveliest maze
She fashioned; where she traced in richest dream
Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose,
Bespread with hordes of spirits, fair and bright,
And widening on, till at her vision's close
Great London, only then a name of might,
To crown thy full-swoln majesty arose,
A rock-throned city, clad in heavenly light!

'" *To the same River.*

'" I may not emulate their lofty aim
Who, in divine imagination bold,

With mighty hills and streams communion hold
As living friends; and scarce I dare not claim
Acquaintance with thee in thy scenes of fame,
Wealthiest of rivers! though in days of old
I loved thee where thy waters sylvan rolled,
And still would fancy thee in part the same.
As love perversely clings to some old mate
Estranged by fortune; in his very pride
Seems lifted; waxes in his greatness great;
And silent hails the lot it prophesied:
Content to think in manhood's palmy state
Some lingering traces of the child abide." '—

vol. v. 218—221.

Thus seduced on by Miss Mitford's own picturesque prose, and her friend's deservedly-praised verse, we were gadding on delightfully, when this "Will o' the Wisp," this Berkshire sorceress, turns about, and laughing outright in our face—for though of the plural number, we have but a single, not, we trust, a singular, face—and says, after showing us the beauties of the venerable river, 'Our business, however, is not with the mighty Thames, the "wealthiest of rivers," but with the pleasant and pastoral Kennett!' What would be thought of this style of writing a century ago? How Addison or Pope would have stared, to see the *unities* of time and place made a woman's foot-ball of after this fashion! Off she goes; but who, does she think, will follow her—deserting the Thames for the Kennett? It would be little short of high treason. A fisherman's cottage!—a fresh-water fisherman!—It must be some cockney place!—a London waterman turned trout-catcher!—But you may see it—there it stands, 'at a point of the Kennett where, winding suddenly round an abrupt hill, it flows beneath a bank so high and precipitous, that, but for its verdure, it might have passed for a cliff; leaving just room on the bank for a small white cottage; the chimneys of which are greatly overtopped by the woody ridge behind them; while the garden on one side slopes in natural terraces from the hill to the river; and a narrow orchard on the other is planted ledge above ledge.'—What! fishing-nets, too, drying on the fine smooth turf, and a boat fastened to a post and swaying in the water! Why, are we on the Rhine?—Is it not a vineyard?—Is this scene in Berkshire?—What! Berkshire in England?—Well! we could not have imagined such a thing. Let us visit the cottage by all means.—A capital sportsman does Adam Stokes appear: whispered that he is a ci-devant smuggler—perhaps true. Others say that he was rather a fresh-water poacher—perhaps true too. There is nothing inconsistent between the two professions; at least, so thought, it seems, Miss Nanny Sims, 'his next-door neighbour, a washerwoman, and gossip of high repute, who, being a thriving widow of some forty, or be-like forty-five, had, on his first arrival, set her cap, as the phrase is, at Adam; and, in affront

at his neglect of her charms, was, in a small way, as comfortably his enemy as heart could desire.'

This piece of information, thought we, is but the prelude to the plain matter of fact, that somehow or other Nanny Sims became Mrs. Stokes; for marriages are sometimes the result of acquaintance begun in enmity, and softened into love. No such thing. Adam is certainly a married man, but a most strange match he made of it. The Caliban took unto wife Ariel—Laurette, the *gentille et jolie fille de chambre* of Mrs. Talbot, the esteemed wife of Colonel Talbot, Adam's honourable master. Here was a contrast! Let us see how the fisherman and his gay wife manage to get through their matrimonial state.

'When last I had seen Master Stokes the fisherman, in his bachelor-condition, it was in the week when February ends and March begins; when the weather was as bluff and boisterous as his own bluff and boisterous self; when the velvet buds were just sprouting on the sallow, the tufted tassels hanging from the hazel, and the early violet and "rathe primrose" peeping timidly forth from sunny banks and sheltered crevices, as if still half-afraid to brave the stormy sky.

'The next time that I passed by the banks of the Kennet was in the lovely season which just precedes the merry month of May. The weather was soft and balmy—the sky bright above, the earth fair below; the turf by the roadside was powdered with daisies; the budding hedge-rows gay with the white ochil, the pansy, and the wild geranium; the orchards hung with their own garlands of fruit-blossoms waving over seas of golden daffodils; the coppice tapestried with pansies, ground-ivy, and wood-anemone, whilst patches of the delicate wood-sorrel were springing under the holly-brake and from the roots of the old beech-trees; and the meadows were literally painted with cowslips, orchises, the brilliant flowers of the water-ranunculus, the chequered fritillary, and the enamelled wild hyacinth. The river went dancing and sparkling along, giving back in all its freshness the tender green of the landscape, and the bright and sunny sky; birds were singing in every bush, bees and butterflies were on the wing, and myriads of water-insects added their pleasant sound to the general harmony of nature. It was spring in all its loveliness; and never is spring more lovely than in our Kennet meadows.

'The fisherman's hut did not disgrace the beauty of the picture. The white cottage, nested in the green bank, with its hanging garden full of stocks and wall-flowers, its blooming orchard, and its thin wreath of grey smoke sailing up the precipitous hill, and lost amid the overhanging trees, looked like the very emblem of peace and comfort. Adam and his dog Neptune were standing in the boat, which Master Stokes' stout arm was pushing from shore with a long pole, nodding a farewell to his wife, and roaring at the top of his stentorian voice his favourite stave of "Rule Britannia." Laurette, on her part, was seated at the open door of the cottage, trim as a bride, with her silk gown, her large ear-rings, her high comb, and her pretty apron; her dress contrasting strangely with her employment, which was no other than darning her husband's ponderous and unwieldy hose, but with a face radiant with happiness and gaiety, as her light and airy voice sung the light and airy burden of a song in high favour among the *soubrettes* of Paris.

' " C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde;
Et chaque jour, à son tour,
Le monde fait l'amour." '

' " C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," came ringing across the water in every pause of her husband's mighty and patriotic chaunt, mingled with the shrill notes of Ned, who was bird's-nesting on the hill side, peeping into every furze-bush for the five speckled eggs of the grey linnet, and whistling, " Oh no we never mention her," with all his might.

' It was a curious combination, certainly, and yet one that seemed to me to give token of much happiness; and on questioning my friend, Mrs. Talbot, the charming Queen of the Dahlias frankly admitted, that however it might turn out eventually, Laurette's match did, at present, appear to have produced more comfort to both parties, than could have been anticipated from so preposterous a union. " Adam adores her," pursued Mr. Talbot, " spends all the money he can come by in sailor-like finery, red ribbons, and yellow gowns, which Laurette has too good a wardrobe to need, and too much taste to wear; can't pass within a yard of her without a loving pinch of her pretty round cheek, and swears by every seaman's oath that ever was invented, that she's the neatest built vessel, with the comeliest figure-head, that ever was launched. And, incredible as it seems, Laurette loves him; delights in his rough kindness, his boldness, and his honesty; calls him still *un brave garcon;* enters into his humour; studies his comfort; has learnt more English during her six weeks' marriage, than in six years that she lived with me; and has even advanced so far as to approach as nearly as a French tongue may do, to the pronunciation of her own name, Stokes—a terrible trial to Gallic organs. In short," continued Mrs. Talbot, " of a very foolish thing, it has turned out better than might have been expected; Adam's adherents, Ned and Neptune, fairly idolize their new mistress; poor thing, her kindness and good nature and gaiety were always most delightful; and Ned is, she assures me, a very handy boy in the house, does all the dirty work, dusts and scrubs, and washes, and cooks, and trots about in a pair of high pattens and a checked apron, just exactly like a maid of all-work. I send Gilbert to her almost every day with one trifle or another, sometimes a basket of provisions, sometimes my reversionary flowers, (for Laurette can't live without flowers), and on the whole I really think she will do very well."

' This account was most satisfactory; but happening again to pass Laurette's cottage in the bowery month of June, I saw cause to fear that a change had passed over the pretty Frenchwoman's prospects. Outwardly the picture was as bright, or brighter than ever. It was summer, gay, smiling summer. The hawthorn buds in the hedge rows were exchanged for the full-blown blossoms of the wayfaring tree, whose double circle of white stars, regular as if cut with a stamp, forms so beautiful a cluster of flowrets, and contrasts so gaily with the deep pink of the wild rose, and the pale, but graceful garlands of the woodbine; the meadows had, indeed, lost their flowery glory, and were covered partly with rich swathes of new-cut grass, and partly with large haycocks, dappling the foreground with such depth and variety of light and shadow; but the river's edge was gay as a garden with flags and water-lilies, and the pendant bunches of the delicate snow-flake, the most elegant of aquatic plants; and Laurette's

garden itself, one bright bed of pinks, and roses, and honeysuckles, and berry bushes, with their rich transparent fruit, might almost have vied in colour and fragrance with that of her mistress. The change was not in the place, but in the inhabitants.

'Adam was employed in landing a net full of fish, perch, roach, and dace, such a haul as ought to have put any fisherman into good humour, but which certainly had no such effect on the present occasion. He looked as black as a thunder-cloud, swore at the poor fish as he tossed them on the bank, called Ned a lubber, and when, in a fit of absence, he from mere habit resumed his patriotic ditty, shouted, "Britons never will be slaves," with such a scowl at his poor foreign wife, that it could only be interpreted into a note of defiance. She, on her side, was still working at her cottage door, or rather sitting there listlessly with her work (a checked shirt of her churlish husband's) in her lap, her head drooping, and the gay air of "C'est l'amour," exchanged for a plaintive romance, which ran, as well as I could catch it, something in this fashion:—

'"Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur,
Jurait d'aimer toute la vie,
Mais, helas! c'était un trompeur,
Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur.

'"S'il abjurait cruelle erreur,
S'il revenait à son amie,
Ah! toujours il serait vainqueur,
S'il abjurat cruelle erreur."'

'And when the romance was done, which might have touched Adam's heart, if he could but have understood it, poor Laurette sighed amain, took up the checked shirt, and seemed likely to cry; Neptune looked doleful, as one who comprehended that something was the matter, but could not rightly understand what; and Ned was in the dumps. A dreary change had come over the whole family, of which the cause was not known to me for some time afterwards:—Adam was jealous.

'The cause of this jealousy was no other than the quondam candidate for the fisherman's favour, his prime aversion Nanny Sims.

'This Nanny Sims was, as I have said, a washerwoman, and Adam's next neighbour; she tenanted a cottage and orchard on the same side of the river, but concealed from observation by the romantic and precipitous bank which formed so picturesque a back ground to Laurette's pretty dwelling. In person Nanny was as strong a contrast to the light and graceful Frenchwoman as could well be imagined; she being short and stout, and blowsy and frowsy, realizing exactly as to form Lord Byron's expression, "a dumpy woman," and accompanying it with all the dowdiness and slovenliness proper to her station. Never was even washerwoman so untidy. A cap all rags, from which the hair came straggling in elf locks over a face which generally looked red hot, surmounted by an old bonnet, originally black, now rusty, and so twisted into crooks and bends, that its pristine shape was unguessable; a coloured cotton handkerchief pinned over a short-sleeved, open, stuff gown, and three or four aprons, each wet through, tied one above another, black stockings, men's shoes, and pattens, higher and noisier than ever pattens were, completed her apparel.

'Her habits were such as suited her attire and her condition. An industrious woman, it must be confessed, was Nanny Sims. Give her

green tea, and strong beer, and gin at discretion, and she would wash the four-and-twenty hours round, only abstracting an hour a-piece for her two breakfasts, ditto, ditto, for her two luncheons, two hours for her dinner, one for her afternoon's tea, and another for supper. And then she would begin again, and dry, and starch, and mangle, and iron, without let or pause, save those demanded by the above-mentioned repetitions. Give her gin enough, and she never seemed to require the gentle refreshment called sleep. Sancho's fine ejaculation, "Blessed is the man that invented sleep!" with which most mortals have so entire a sympathy, would have been thrown away upon Nanny Sims. The discoverer of the still would have been the fitter object of her benediction. Gin, sheer gin, was to her what ale was to Boniface; and she throve upon it. Never was woman so invulnerable to disease. Hot-water was her element, and she would go seething and steeming from the wash-tub, reeking and dripping from top to toe, into the keenest North-east wind, without taking more harm than the wet sheets and table-cloths which went through her hands. They dried, and so did she; and to all feelings of inconvenience that parboiled and soddened flesh seemed as inaccessible as the linen.'—vol. v. pp. 271—279.

The malignant Nanny made a very plausible story to the prejudice of Laurette, out of the circumstance of Gilbert's daily visits to the cottage. Adam became as jealous as Othello. Gilbert, vain of a conquest, of which he had been hitherto ignorant, began to believe the story; and so he resolved, from pure gratitude to the lady, who he supposed must have been smitten by his charms, to make love to her upon the very first opportunity. He did make love to her on every opportunity, in his way; but Laurette did not understand that there was any calumny going on: she treated him with her usual kindness—nothing more. The conclusion of this affair will rejoice the reader.

'Matters were now advancing towards a crisis. Gilbert saw Laurette's dejection, and imputing it to a hopeless passion for himself, ventured to send her a *billet doux*, written by Colonel Talbot's valet, (for although he had learnt to write at a national school, he had already contrived to forget his unpractised lesson) which, in terms fine enough for a valet himself, requested her to honour him with a private interview at the stile, by the towing-path, at nine in the evening, when Adam would be away.

'This English, which was too fine to be good—that is to say, to be idiomatic, proved more intelligible to Laurette than his previous declarations, although aided by all the eloquence of eyes. She, however, resolved to take further advice on the occasion, and shewed the epistle to Ned.

'"What is this writing here?" said Laurette, "What will it say?"

'"Its a love-letter, Mrs. Stokes," answered Ned.

'"What does it want?" questioned Mrs. Stokes; "me to give a rendezvous at de stile?"

'"Yes," rejoined Ned; "you to go to the stile."

'"De people is mad!" exclaimed poor Laurette. "Dere's your masterre."—

'"Master's jealous!" cried Ned.

'"And dis wicked man!"

'"He's in love!"

'"De people is fools!" exclaimed poor Laurette; "De people is mad! But I'll go to de stile—and Nède, you and Nèpe shall go too."—And so it was settled.

'Nine o'clock came, and the party set off. And about five minutes past nine Nanny Sims met Adam near the towing-path.'

'"Do you want your wife, master Stokes?" quoth the crone; "are you looking for Gilbert? I saw them both but now, one a little way on this side of the stile, the other a little beyond. They'll have met by this time." And without pausing for an answer on she went.

'Adam pursued his walk with furious strides, and paused as he came within sight of the place, considering in which way he had best announce his presence. The supposed lovers had not yet met, but in an instant Gilbert jumped over the stile and caught hold of Laurette, and in another instant the active Frenchwoman escaped from his arms, gave him a box on the ear that almost upset him, called to "Nède" and "Nèpe," both which trusty adherents lay in ambush by the way side, and poured forth such a flood of scolding in French and broken English, mingled with occasional cuffs, the dog barking and Ned laughing the whilst, that the discomfited gallant fairly took to his heels, and fled. In his way, however, he encountered Adam, who, without wasting a word upon the matter, took him up in one hand and flung him into the Kennet.

'"A ducking 'll do him no harm," quoth Adam; "he can swim like a fish—and if I catch Nanny Sims, I'll give her a taste of cold water too," added the fisherman hugging his pretty wife, who was now sobbing on his bosom, "and I deserve to be ducked myself for mistrusting of thee like a land-lubber; but if ever I sarve thee so again," continued he, straining her to his honest bosom, "if ever I sarve thee so again, may I have a round dozen the next minute, and be spliced to Nanny Sims into the bargain."'—pp. 285—286.

Having rambled with our charming Queen of Villagers, to parody the title which she bestowed upon her amiable friend, Mrs. Talbot; having rambled with her rural highness through wood and field, through green lanes and coppices, and even lawn and hill and dale, by Thames and Kennet and Loddon, we shall now—it is our favourite month, September—and never was seen such a September in England before, for the loveliness of its almost summer days, and the glowing star-hung canopy of its nights—we shall now take a trip with our fair mistress, to the sea-side. Only mark how her heart and her genius find a home every where.

'Like most of the inhabitants of this little island, I have been occasionally in the habit of spending some of the summer months and the early part of the autumn by the sea. But excepting for one twelvemonth of my life, I was never a resident on the coast, and that residence occurred when I was between the ages of eight and ten; rather short of the one period, and somewhat turned the other. That was my only opportunity of making acquaintance with the mighty ocean in its winter sublimity of tempest and of storm; and partly, perhaps, from the striking and awful nature of the impression, partly from some peculiarity of character and of situation, as a lonely, musing, visionary child, the recollection remains indelibly fixed

in my memory, fresh and vivid, as if of yesterday. It was a bold and dangerous coast, and the wintry tempest was as perilous as it seemed. Often and often have I, refusing to go to bed, watched at an upper window, with the maid whose business it was to attend me, on a December night, striving to catch a glimpse, through the almost palpable darkness, of some vessel struggling with the gale, whose position was shown momentarily by the brief glare of the minute gun, calling for unavailing aid, or the brighter flash of the lightning which illumined sea and sky in lurid flame, only to leave them in a more frightful obscurity. I have gazed through many a midnight, with intense and breathless interest, on scenes like these; and then, in the morning, I have seen the cold bright wintry sun shining gaily on the dancing sea, still stirred by the last breath of the tempest, and on the floating spars and parted timbers of the wreck. Once, too, and only once, I saw a human body thrown on shore amid the rocks. I had watched the dark and strange-looking object (it was the corpse of a sailor) as it lay tossing on the waves, without in the slightest degree suspecting that it was a dead body, until a fearful and unearthly shriek from a group of women assembled on the beach, informed me that the helpless and almost shapeless object which the waves had just flung ashore, was no other than the swoln and blackened remains of a fellow creature. I shall never forget that shriek. The wreck had been a trading vessel belonging to the port, and the women assembled were the wives, mothers, sisters, and children of the crew; one of whom had recognized her father in the disfigured corpse. I never can forget that cry.

'The place of our residence was an old sea-port on the southern coast of England, about a hundred and fifty miles from London, and situated on the point of union between two counties, the principal part of the town being, I believe in Dorset; but the character of the scenery, the boldness of the coast, and the rich woodiness of the inland views, varied by hill and dale, and sparkling streamlet, belonged entirely to Devonshire, beautiful Devonshire. The town itself was of great antiquity, and considerable historical interest, not so much frequented as a watering place, although occasionally resorted to by some of the wealthy inhabitants of Bristol, who preferred it to the gayer and showyer, but less convenient marine villages, which had sprung into fashion on the Devonshire coast, and still distinguished by its fine harbour, its magnificent pier, the large coasting trade consequent on these advantages, and the degree of political importance, almost inevitably attached to a borough, which possesses the troublesome privilege of returning two members to serve in Parliament.

'Our habitation, although seated not merely in the town, but in the principal street, had nothing in common with the small and undistinguished houses on either side and in front, although they again were widely different from the smart and unsubstantial rows and crescents of a flourishing watering place, being for the most part, old, dingy, and irregular, a miserable mixture of shabby shops, noisy hotels, and lodging houses, fitted p in Queen Anne's days.

'Our residence might lay claim to even an earlier date. It was a very rge long-fronted stone mansion, terminated at either end by massive iron ates, the pillars to which were surmounted with spread eagles, (the crest, obably, of the first possessor,) and balanced by an old-fashioned stone rch, with seats in the centre of the house, which, as well as the whole

frontage, was covered with the luxuriant myrtles, passion flowers, white jessamine, and moss-roses, peculiar to the mild climate of our southern coast. The house itself, infinitely too large for our family, was built round a quadrangle, or interior court, the best apartment looking on a small lawn, surrounded by trees and shrubs, (the arbutus especially, I remember, was in splendid profusion,) and terminated by a large conservatory and a filbert walk.

'Behind this walk was a series of hanging gardens, parted by hedges of myrtles and roses, and descending down a sharp declivity, planted with strawberries, (always so beautiful and so fragrant, whether in the leaf, the flower, or the fruit,) to a shallow, babbling brook, on the other side of which was a meadow richly dotted with timber trees, and edged at the extremity by a double row of limes, which completely shut out all sight or sound of the suburban cottages on the other side of the inclosure. One of these gardens, that which I was permitted to call mine, had underneath the high steep bank which divided it from the lawn, a rudely-built, but very tasteful grotto, formed of portions of rock, shells, ores, and aquatic plants, at the innermost end of which gushed a natural spring, never overflowing its small sandy basin, and yet always full; there, doubtless, it is still. Years many and long have passed since I have sat beside that tiny fountain, and yet never have I forgotten the intense pleasure which I derived from watching its clear and crystal wave:

'"Long may the spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the *sojourner*
With soft and even pulse! nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount,
Where twilight is and coldness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade."

Coleridge.

'Next to my delight in that grotto, was my love for a chamber miscalled my play-room, opening out of my nursery, from which it descended by a short flight of stairs, with an old gothic balustrade, which, together with an arched ceiling, high and narrow pointed windows far above my reach, and the carved oak pannelling which covered the walls, gave an air of gloom and solemnity to the apartment. Here I had a great collection of ores, spars, shells, and petrifactions, the toys which at that time I loved best; and in arranging them, and poring over the books of our large and rich English library, the hours of my lonely and uncompanioned childhood were principally spent. Bishop Percy's collection of old ballads was, I think, the book that I read most, and if I have been and am still dreamy, meditative, visionary, and melancholy, it is, I verily believe, to the influence of that one year passed in a stately and gloomy seclusion, pursuing, amidst the grandeur of nature, a course of reading only calculated to feed the romance of a shy and concentrated character, that I owe a turn of mind so ill-fitted to meet the demands of a stirring and busy world. Certainly I would not so rear a child.

'This influence of local situation on a girl so young was, however, un-

dreamt of by my parents. A person of good character, a sort of English Bonne, half-servant and half-governess, had the nominal charge of me, and was well content with my quietness and docility; my dear mother had three or four young relations, misses in their teens, staying with her during nearly the whole time, and was sufficiently occupied in playing the chaperon to the dull gaieties of the place, taking them to the half empty rooms, the prim parties, and the formal balls which the season might afford. A tedious duty was that, Heaven knows! Of course, I was too young to be admitted to the society, such as it was; but I had even then a glimmering perception of its being any thing but exhilarating —so few persons and so many pretensions—such a jostling of poor gentility with vulgar riches—such an overflow of ladies, and such a paucity of men. The leader of the genteel party was a dowager countess, almost past every thing but carpet-work and quadrille—a tall, pale, shadowy figure, with as few words as a well-accomplished parrot, and I suppose about the same quantity of idea. Her rival was the rich wife of a Bristol merchant, a tun of a woman, abounding in loud vulgar talk, and full of coarse hospitality, and noisy good-humour. I rather think that she was the more popular of the two, though, according to my mind, by far the greater evil. One might very fairly forget the lady countess, even though the carpet work and its huge machine of a frame were in the room; but I defy you to escape from the sight or sound of madame, even though half a street were between ye. I am not sure whether my aristocratical predilections may not date from that period, together with my other romantic fancies. That female Jack Cade, Mrs Two-shoes, was enough to cure any mortal of jacobinism, as the phrase went then. Her cause could not be a good one. That fact came upon us with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. My lady might not be right; but she must be wrong. That truth was past dispute.

'Of the society however, such as it was, I, of course, knew little. I did not even accompany my mother in her morning visits. My walks were confined to rambles on the shore with my maid, or, still more to my delight, with my dear father, the recollection of whose fond indulgence is connected with every pleasure of my childhood. The town lay in the centre of a natural bay, and on the one side the sands went sweeping under cliffs of a tremendous height and blackness, down which a rapid stream came pouring its slender waters like a thread of silver, to an abrupt headland, beyond which the cliff had in some former century given way, and where masses of earth, huge trees, and even an old mossy orchard, were mingled in most romantic confusion with huge rocks, blackened by exposure, and the gardens, barns, and other buildings of a small farm house.'

'On the opposite side of the bay, the coast road, after passing the pier and the harbour, wound under rocks of which large fragments strewed the shore, and which every moment seemed threatening to fall, to a pretty village about a mile and a half from town. This was our most common walk. My father, a dabbler in science, with his hammer and basket, breaking off fragments of rock to search for the curious spars, and still more singular fossil remains for which the spot is famous; I picking up shells and sea-weeds, watching the fishermen as they landed their unhappy hauls; or those semi-aquatic animals, the men-like bathing women, performing their similar though opposite functions, as they immersed the

scarcely less unfortunate inmates of their machines in the briny element. What enjoyment it was to feel the pleasant sea-breeze, and see the sun dancing on the waters, and wander as free as the sea-bird over my head beneath those beatling cliffs! Now for a moment losing sight of the dear papa, and now rejoining him with some delicate shell, or brightly coloured sea-weed, or imperfect cornu ammonis, inquiring into the success of his graver labours, and compairing our discoveries and our treasures. What pleasure too, to rest at the well-known cottage, the general termination of our walk, where old Simon, the curiosity-monger, picked up a mongrel sort of livelihood by selling fossils and petrifactions to one class of visitors, and cakes, and fruit, and cream, to another. His scientific bargains were not without suspicion of a little cheatery, as my companion used laughingly to tell him, though amused by the jargon of the old man, and the composure with which he bore the detection of any small roguery, he suffered himself to be imposed upon in a small way in his own person; but the fruit and curds were honest, as I can well avouch; and the legends of petrified sea monsters, with which they were seasoned, bones of the mammoth, and skeletons of the sea-serpent, have always been amongst the pleasantest of my sea-side recollections.'—vol. v. pp. 328—338.

Farewell, then once more, Mary! May the remainder of thy days flow on in peace, in happines. Honour and fame will be thine, at all events; for thy pages, to our thinking, realize the fable of the East; they are rich in the enjoyment of immortal youth, and destined never to know a wrinkle or grey hair. Ever smiling with fresh bloom, ever fair to look upon, and delicious to remember, these five volumes will endure as long as the true idiomatic character of our language shall be understood and appreciated: and even when that decays, they will still be loved for the beautiful benevolence, the true taste, the genuine complexion of nature, which they exhibit with an uniformity that nature only could bestow.

ART. VIII.—*First Report of the Committee of Secrecy appointed by the House of Commons, on Tuesday, May* 22, 1832, *to inquire into the expediency of renewing the Charter of the Bank of England, and into the system on which Banks of Issue in England and Wales are conducted: together with Minutes of the Evidence.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August, 1832.

As we have, upon more than one occasion, expressed opinions adverse to the system upon which the Bank of England has been conducted, and opposed to the renewal of the charter which that establishment at present possesses; we deem it but justice towards the Bank itself, as well as towards the public, to allow a hearing to the other side of the question. It is absolutely necessary to common fairness between man and man, to give every possible facility to the party who is attacked, to defend himself. It is equally advantageous to the interests of truth, to promote a free and ample discussion of every point that may have the slightest bearing upon

the great question at issue. A decision resolved upon after the public and parliament shall have calmly and impartially considered the evidence on both sides, will be likely to lead to a prudent arrangement of a permanent nature; and if the interests of the public and the Bank are found to clash, to terminate in an eqaituble compromise.

There are no political party views, we believe, connected with this question, in any shape;—at least, if there be, we know nothing of them. Commercial jealousies, springing out of private avarice, and perhaps personal mortifications, undoubtedly do appear to exercise a very considerable influence on the opinions of some of the witnesses, who have given their evidence upon this occasion. We beg it to be understood, that, far from sympathising with those jealousies, we look upon them with suspicion. Wherever they gleam out through apparent principles and statements of fact, we track them carefully through all their windings, and endeavour, as far as we can, to get at the truth, divested of the form which they would wish to give it. We certainly have no object to attain but the general welfare of the community at large. If, eventually, it be found conducive to their benefit, that the charter should be renewed, be it so: if the contrary, let the Bank subside into a private establishment.

What, then, is the question at issue, so far as the Bank is concerned?—for as to the second subject of inquiry, namely, the system on which Banks of Issue are conducted in England and Wales, we do not propose to go into it at present. This part of the subject deserves a separate examination; and we shall at present allude to it only so far as it may serve to illustrate the system upon which the Bank of England is regulated. What, then, we repeat, is the question at issue? The Bank is a commercial body, investedby its charter with extensive privileges and powers, which no other commercial establishment in England possesses. The charter, granted for a limited number of years, is soon about to expire, and the Bank directors demand its renewal. It is the duty of Parliament to inquire whether that demand canbe acceded to; and to be guided throughout that inquiry by the consideration, not whether the renewal of the charter would be advantageous to the Bank; not whether it would be merely compatible with the interests of the public; but whether it would be likely actively to promote the interests of the public, in all its vast and complicated branches of commercial industry. On one side the charter is ‹ harged to be a monopoly. This charge is admitted on the other;] it it is said to be a monopoly materially useful to the public.] is not right, says the complainant, that a certain number of i lividuals, merely because they are proprietors of Bank stock, s ould possess a monopoly, by means of which they make large] ofits upon it. To this the defendant replies, the power of] lding Bank stock is not exclusive: any man who has the money

and the inclination to purchase that stock at its market price, may have it. The governor, the directors, the proprietors, are themselves a portion of the public. The government of the establishment, far from being exclusive, undergoes an annual change: any person, qualified by the possession of a 2000*l.* share, of unobjectionable character, and the requisite intelligence, may be elected governor or director, and, in fact, it is in itself less a kind of democratic institution.

It will be admitted, we suppose, that we have now put the question fairly before the reader. Let us therefore turn, without further preface, to the evidence laid before the Committee of Secrecy, and which they have presented in its integrity, without the suppression of any portions of it, those alone excepted which had a tendency to injure the interests of private individuals. Any evidence affecting the Bank, even if affecting its interests unfavourably on some points, the committee had a full right to publish, if they thought fit. The Bank being a privileged body, has no right to ask both privilege and secrecy at the same time: the public are entitled to inquire in what manner and for what ends they have exercised the privilege which they have hitherto enjoyed, and how they intend to exercise that which they now demand, if it be deemed expedient eventually to concede it to them.

The minutes open with the evidence of the present governor of the Bank, Mr. Horsley Palmer, than whom a more intelligent, or a more respectable commercial man, is not to be found in this country, or perhaps in any other. His testimony as to facts may be confidently relied upon, and his speculative opinions are frankly and temperately expressed. It may be necessary to inform the reader that Mr. Palmer's evidence was given towards the end of May last. At that period it appears that the then general pecuniary state of the Bank, as stated by the committee in their report, was highly prosperous: "in addition," say the committee, "to the surplus *rest* in the hands of the Bank itself, amounting to 2,880,000*l.*, the capital on which interest is paid to the proprietors, and for which the state is debtor to the Bank, amounts to 14,553,000*l.*, making no less a sum than 17,433,000*l.* over and above all its liabilities." The total issue of Bank notes by the Bank and branches, amounted, at that period, to 18,051,000*l.*, and the value of the cash and bullion then in the coffers of the Bank amounted to 5,293,000*l.*; the deposits in the Bank and branches were about 5,730,000*l.* The Bank, as it appears, regulates its issues in this way:—in a period of full currency, and when the exchange is at par, it invests in securities, bearing interest, a given proportion of the deposits, and the value received for the notes in circulation: the rest is kept in coin and bullion; the proportions being, two-thirds security, and one-third bullion. The Bank is bound to provide for all liabilities, by having coin or bullion against

a note: its paper liability is the most dangerous; its liability with regard to deposits is less so. With respect to the supposed power of the Bank—a much-agitated point, by the way—of regulating the whole circulation of the country, the following explanation was given by Mr. Palmer:

'A member of the committee here asked the witness the following important questions:—"According to your description of the principle upon which the affairs of the bank are conducted, do not the directors of the Bank of England possess the power of regulating the whole circulation of the country?"—"The bank are very desirous not to exercise any power, but to leave the public to use the power which they possess of returning bank paper for bullion." The bank has the power to extend or contract the circulation, but the bank would never use that power; it would leave the public to act upon the bank so as to produce the effect in the end. It is important to keep the securities as nearly at the same amount as they can be managed, in order to enable the public to act for itself, without a forced action on the part of the bank, in returning notes for bullion to export when the exchanges are unfavourable. When the exchanges long continue favourable, the influx of treasure commands increased issue of notes, but as soon as the transfer to the continent of a portion of this bullion becomes evident, some of it must be transferred into securities in the proportion before named—two-thirds securities and one-third bullion. This proportion the witness conceived to be most correct, from his practical management of the bank and his experience, but always with reference to full currency. The Bank of England requires a larger proportion of bullion always on hand than any other bank, for it has to supply the money market of London with coin, as well as its own circulation to support. The country bankers are so wealthy and hold so many securities, that no contraction of bank paper in London could prevent their obtaining so much of it as might be necessary in order to obtain supplies of money at the Bank.'

Thus it is clearly and frankly admitted by Mr. Palmer, that the Bank have the power to regulate the whole circulation of the country; but he states, that they are very desirous not to exercise that power. Now this is the very thing of which we have complained, that such power should be delegated to a commercial body and to a commercial body, too, for their own gain; it is a power that ought not to exist in any institution whatever, unless perhaps in the state itself. At all events, if there be any reason why it should exist in the Bank, the profit arising out of its exercise, ought not to belong solely to that establishment: here we candidly think the state ought to be let in, to take a certain portion of such profit, and apply it to the revenue.

The causes that may lead to a run on the Bank, are thus clearly explained, as well as the nature of the exchange, by Mr. Palmer.

'There are other circumstances besides the course of the exchanges which may cause a run upon the bank, such as a commercial panic which forces the country bankers to draw bullion, as witness believes was the case in 1825, when the run which reduced so much the bank

resources occurred, independently of the foreign export of bullion: so that having on the one side to meet the alterations in the exchanges, and on the other to supply the wants of timid men on every commercial emergency, the bank of course requires a larger deposit of bullion than would otherwise be needful. Now, a substantial relief might be afforded by passing a law to make it legal in country bankers, when run on, to pay in Bank of England notes instead of gold; but this measure would not wholly remove the difficulty. Indeed, at Norwich and one or two other places, the banks had recourse, in 1825, to the re-issue of 1*l.* bank notes. However, although only one-third of the bank treasure is in bullion, yet all its securities ought to be marketable. The dead weight is marketable, and the deficiency bills might be sold if government consented. Against political alarm and political discredit the bank can never guard itself. It makes no preparation against a political demand for gold. The bank has still a supply of small notes ready for circulation in case of need. The issue of those notes in 1825 proved beneficial in checking the run on the country bankers. The Bank of England is the only banking concern that, for prudential reasons, puts any check or restraint upon its issues. Country bankers give out notes in full proportion to the value of their securities. The Bank of England, however, is the only body that has knowledge of the actual state of foreign exchanges, and the only body (of course) that can regulate its issues on that principle. A demand on the bank for gold to be exported is the only criterion of an unfavourable exchange, and the inward flow of gold is the only indubitable proof that the exchanges are favourable. The par of exchange is the price of the gold currency in the foreign market. A par of exchange cannot exist between two countries, one of which has a gold currency and the other a silver currency. The standard of currency in France is silver, for a creditor cannot demand gold without paying an *agio* for it. Now the standard of currency in England is gold, and gold can always be demanded by the last creditor, therefore no par of exchange can exist between England and France. But when a bill for a certain amount will purchase a like quantity of gold in France and England, that may be looked upon as par; and you may form a par by comparing the intrinsic value of the Napoleon and the sovereign as representing the standard of the two countries. A par of exchange in the language of the bank, means "no demand for bullion to be exported."'

The course of dealing ordinarily pursued by the Bank, as stated by Mr. Palmer, is, in some respects, certainly, more liberal towards the public than had been supposed. During the celebrated panic, in 1825, they advanced to the bankers no less a sum than 7,000,000*l.* upon securities which were not, at the time, very rigidly investigated.

'The securities of country bankers are the most fluctuating of the bank deposits, and they are called upon in all cases of commercial and political alarm; but even these, and the other deposits, are less liable to fluctuation than the amount represented by the bank note circulation: The bank does not restrict its discounts on the bills of private individuals, but when the private bills exceed their due proportion, the bank sells government securities to the amount; so that their securities continue the same in value, though slightly changed in their nature. The value

of these securities is sometimes depreciated in the market by the great sale for country bankers and others, who have, in apprehension of a run, thrown all their securities on the market. And if the banker sells securities to draw on the bank for cash, and the bank sells securities to provide him with it, the effect of such action is often commercial distress and difficulty. The exchequer bills are the most easily realized of all the kinds of bank securities, and the discounts last of all. It would be a misfortune if the bank were obliged to refuse to discount any good paper, but if the market rate of interest should advance beyond the maximum allowed by law, then the bank must limit the amount or the description of bills to be discounted. There has been no such alteration in the market rate of interest since the peace. Now, if there were no maximum of interest established by law, the demand for discount might be gradually checked by advancing the rate of interest. The raising the interest to 5 per cent. during the panic of 1825, produced no effect at all. The bank at that time advanced £7,000,000 to bankers on their title-deeds and all kinds of securities in order to check the panic. The bank never sells or buys stock. It has a stock of £300,000, but it has never bought or sold it. It is not advisable for the bank to deal in the stocks. The wisest policy is not to vary the banker's rate of interest, but to keep it above the market rate: this has been the case of late years, and the demand for discount has been confined to special cases.'

The chief functions of the Bank, are to supply a paper circulation, and to be a bank of deposit for those persons who prefer a public to a private banker. The Bank ought to discount only in cases of emergency, and in that respect, ought never, if possible, to compete with the private establishments. 'This,' says Mr. Palmer, 'is its best policy,' and this we believe to be in general the rule upon which it acts, inasmuch as its rate of interest being higher than that of private banks, it is only in cases of difficulty that the bill-holder will go to the Bank to get one discounted. The Bank keeps its paper in circulation by the securities which it holds, and the bullion which it possesses; it provides for the continual issue of paper, by purchase in the market, of fresh securities, when those which it holds are paid off. The operation may be popularly explained in this way. A bill—say for 10,000*l.*—is discounted at the Bank: the bill is a security for that sum: notes of the Bank, to that amount, are issued to the party who presented the bill, and those notes he circulates in the way of his trade. The profit of the Bank consists in the discount. When the bill is due, the acceptor pays the amount of it into the Bank, in its own notes, which are then destroyed. The Bank, then, being desirous of replacing the same amount of its notes in circulation, for the sake of the profit which they derive, sends to the market, and, with its own notes, purchases exchequer bills, or other good security bearing interest, the public stocks alone excepted, in which it does not deal—a very good rule, by the way. These securities it holds as long as it is convenient to the Bank so to do; the notes which it gave for them are, meanwhile, circulating through the country.

Mr. Palmer thus describes the mode in which the business of the Bank is managed.

'The control of the bank is in the court of directors, the whole court interfering in its general concerns. To them is read a weekly statement of the actual position of the bank, its securities, its bullion, and its liabilities. All the directors have equal power. There is no secret committee: the committee of treasury may suggest to the court, but it is perfectly free and open. The majority of directors might reverse the whole present management of the bank if they disapproved of it. The governor or deputy governor is always in the house. A committee of three directors sit daily, and the whole court meets weekly. The daily committee decide on bills presented by the public to be discounted. If any unusual demand appeared, notice would be given to the governor, who would summon the whole court, if necessary, or act otherwise as became the emergency. No step of importance is taken without the assent of the court. A court of ten sit on Wednesday to consider all London notes and bills; and on Thursday all notes of more than £2000 value come before the whole court of directors. The purchase of bullion is always regulated by the governor, who has no power to refuse notes for bullion tendered to him at the bank. The price of gold bullion is 3*l* 17*s*. 9*d*. That of silver differs with the course of the exchanges. The bank has (very rarely) sent specie abroad chiefly for the purpose of acting directly on the exchange of Paris. These remittances are in silver, never in gold. Silver specie is bullion, foreign coin, and bar silver. The whole sum so sent in the last three years does not exceed a million. The advantages have been great when foreign countries were too full of bills upon England. But the bank would not do this, if there should be a demand in the London market for silver. The sole operation of the bank in silver is to protect gold. It would not do to practise the export of silver at all times, but it must be regulated by the demand for silver in London. Here the witness was asked a most important question. "Is it your opinion that, by the operations of any individual, or any combinations of individuals, the foreign exchanges can be controlled for any length of time?" His answer was, "Certainly not." The continual change in the court of directors, of course, introduces new opinions, and individuals exert individual influence. But *the accounts have never been laid before the proprietors* in general meeting. The proprietors have always conceived it to be more for their interest that the accounts should be left to the directors, and not be laid before a meeting. The proprietors are satisfied with the management, or they would demand the accounts. Individual demands have been made, but immense majorities have opposed the question, and it is believed that the proprietors individually understand the system of management sufficiently to justify their confidence in it. It was asked, "Have not you heard complaints made that the bank has been acting capriciously in withholding accommodation, when you yourself were aware that they were acting upon principle and upon a regular system?" "No," said the witness, "I have not; I have seen reports in the newspapers, but I have never heard it stated by any body, within my own sphere, that the bank had acted capriciously." A proprietor, to vote, must hold stock worth 500*l*., and to be a director, his stock must be 2000*l*.: there has not been any *late* contested election for a director,

but eight go out and eight come in yearly. This annual change does not produce any prejudicial effect. No director holds more bank stock than is required for his qualification, and they remained small proprietors in 1816, when the bank made a most magnificent donation to the proprietors: there has been no alteration made in the regulated time for holding office. The governor has been allowed to continue this year only on account of the present inquiry. If a person applied to be made a director, the whole court would give attention to his character, and their influence would be given accordingly. For the last three years the bank equalises the circulation of London every three months, and advances notes on securities to prevent the scarcity that would otherwise follow the quarterly payments into the exchequer. This regulation has been most beneficial. The court of directors is consulted on every point, even between the days of their regular sitting, and the select committee is composed wholly of directors who have been governors.'

It would be unjust to deny that this system of management bears upon the face of it a highly honourable character. The rule that no director should hold a greater amount of bank stock than is necessary for his qualification, is in every view of it worthy of the greatest praise. It takes away all motives of personal interest—the strongest that generally operate upon commercial men; and it does, to a certain extent, tend to give the resolutions of the directorial committees and courts, a tendency towards the public interest, of which we confess we had not been previously aware. Such a rule, moreover, prevents mere wealth from monopolizing the management of the Bank, and allows of the admission into it, of men of intelligence, of moderate fortunes. As to the withholding the accounts of the Bank from the proprietors at large, we see no real grievance in that. We can very well understand why it might not be expedient, in many cases, to give those accounts so great an extent of publicity. Many of the proprietors have served in the court; they are necessarily well acquainted with the mode in which the accounts are kept, and it is a positive proof of their being thoroughly satisfied on that point, that they have never joined in the clamour which a few persons of perverted ideas, and fond of notoriety, have been accustomed to raise upon this stale topic. The recently adopted measure for the quarterly equalization of the London currency, in order to fill up, as far as possible, the deficit in the circulation caused by the quarterly payments into the Exchequer, meets also with our unqualified approbation. It cannot but prove highly beneficial, and act as a sort of break-water against any future panic.

But, with all its prudence of management, with all its precautions, the Bank has been hitherto liable to be dangerously acted upon by political excitement. That single ill-advised step of the king, last May, in accepting the resignation of Lord Grey's cabinet, carried with it pecuniary consequences, of which His Majesty must have been very little aware, or he never would

have acted so inconsiderately. It is very well that it did not cost him his throne. We shall state the results in Mr. Palmer's words.

'Has there not occasionally been a pressure for such gold, nearly amounting to the pressure that took place during the time of the circulation of 1*l.* notes?' "During the last fortnight there has been a very considerable pressure from an internal demand, but that I take to have arisen from a totally different cause; the demand has been one of political discredit, and the committee, perhaps, will understand the character of that discredit, when I mention that *there is no return to the bank* down to this day, *of any part of this issue.*" [*i. e.* between the resignation of Earl Grey and his restoration.] The notice issued by the bank that it would lend money on securities at 4 per cent. did *not* put an end to the run for gold. The bank during that run paid out in gold 1,600,000*l.*, and, besides, the money paid out for the April dividends has not returned to the bank; so that nearly two millions were absorbed by that political stroke. About 100,000*l.* of this was sent to support the Scotch banks. At Liverpool, the issues during the effort at a run did not exceed the receipts; at Birmingham the demand was 154,000*l.*; and at Manchester, 148,000*l.* The run appears to be merely that of a created alarm, for the sums were small, and they remain in the hands probably of their drawers, not having returned to the bank; the individual loss of interest would be the extent of the evil. This unexpected and needless demand affected the proportions of bullion and securities by several millions. The proportion of one-third bullion to two-thirds securities, is only for a period of full currency, and in readiness for a demand. During this run there was a very large importation of gold, which outlived the demand. It was a national, and not a forced influx. Before the drain began the bank had 6,500,000*l.* in bullion; after the drain was over, the amount was 5,000,000*l.*: it is now 5,500,000*l.*, and none of that drain has returned. The bank refused to give notes for gold, because the weighing occupied the clerks too long. The bank can pay over the counter to individuals 200,000*l.* a day, counting every sovereign; when demanded in large quantities it is delivered in bags, and in that form any sum can be paid in a day. 307,000*l.* was paid in one day during the late run, part being paid in weight. When twenty-five clerks are employed counting by hand, 500,000*l.* can be paid in a day. The tellers put twenty-five sovereigns into one scale, and twenty-five into another, and continue till each scale contains two hundred, by which means one thousand can be paid in a few minutes; this was done during the run in May. If a merchant, in foreign exchanges, wants 200,000*l.*, and receives it by weight, it can be handed to him in a quarter of an hour. There has been no demand on the deposits: they continue nearly equal.

It is curious to trace the effects of that state of general discredit which arises out of extreme public excitement on political subjects. The French revolution of July, 1830, for instance, operated upon us in this way. Up to that period, the exchange, so far as we were concerned, was highly prosperous. Bullion poured into the bank: of course, its notes were issued in proportion; the amount of bullion then held by the Bank was 12,300,000*l.* The effect of this abundant circulation of notes was, that discount fell to two and

a half per cent. Then came the disquietude caused by the revolution; gold was demanded for notes, the exchanges turned, and in nineteen months after that period, the bullion in the Bank was reduced to 5,300,000*l.* The circulation of the Bank was *pro tanto* diminished, and the scarcity thus produced raised discounts to four per cent. See what a difference this simple operation alone, independently of other circumstances, produces to individuals.

Again, in the year 1828, Mr. O'Connell, for political purposes, which, by the way, he accomplished, advised the holders of notes to turn them into gold. They obeyed his instructions to an extent that caused a drain from the Bank of England—the great depository of bullion—to the amount of two millions sterling—one million for the Bank of Ireland, and one million for the provincial banks. It is stated, by Mr. Palmer, that *war* on the continent would not necessarily of itself alone produce political discredit at home, unless it was accompanied by a demand for gold; and that, from political causes, there was, when he gave his evidence, commercial discredit abroad. We believe, that it has since increased; and here we have again the injurious political consequences that arise from long-protracted negociations. We should like to know how much, in this way, the Belgian question has cost the world of commerce.

If the charter were to be renewed at all, we do not see any objection to the measure recommended by Mr. Palmer, that the paper circulation of the country should consist exclusively of Bank of England paper. Private banks of issue would rather gain than lose by this plan: they would be saved the expense of stamps, paper, and printing; they would be protected from runs—for, then the run would be upon the Bank of England, and its branches only; and as they must have deposited value for the notes of the Bank, which they would re-issue, they would be careful not to rush into wild speculations, or to give accommodation indiscreetly. Their profits would still be much the same. We have from Mr. Palmer very full information upon the subject of the branch banks; and he states his opinions candidly with respect to the superiority, which, he thinks, the Bank would possess over any state bank, or private banks that might be established, in case the charter should not be renewed.

'To prevent being misunderstood, it is well to repeat, that the leading functions of the Bank of England are, to furnish, upon a stated principle, an adequate supply of paper money convertible into coin and bullion upon demand, and to act as a safe deposit for public and private money. To regulate its issues by the amount of commercial discounts in London would be unadvisable, because it would keep up the rate of interest, or cause a limitation in the kinds and in the number of the bills discounted. But it is of extreme value to the commercial world in times of distress or scarcity of money, for then the rate of interest on discounting rises in all private banks to the rate of the Bank of England, which immediately throws an immense number of commercial bills on that establishment,

which, if it were necessary to limit or reject (and so it would be, if they were allowed to regulate the issues of the bank) the greatest commercial difficulty would ensue. It is in such times, then, that the functions of the bank, as a bank of commercial discount, are invaluable; and it is in this case that change would probably be inconvenient. The private banker can do no more, in the way of accommodation, than any public body which gives credit to no one, and which has inconvenient forms and regulations. The branch banks can never be so valuable in this respect as private establishments, and ought not to be made to supersede them. The Bank of England, if it abused its power, could drive out any private banker from any district, by improvident accommodation. The branch banks were neither expected, nor have they proved to be profitable to the bank; but, upon their present principle of management, they do not interfere with the private banker. The circulation is the main consideration, and they have been established only four years. The Bank of England does not compete with the private banker, as the East India Company does with the private merchant. If the bank adopted the principles of the private banker, and gave the same extent of accommodation, then, indeed, they would injure him. The branch banks have supplanted the private circulation of bankers to a certain extent, and they increase the whole circulation. It would be better that country bankers should issue only Bank of England notes; but there is at present an opposition on their parts, and this has already induced a slightly injurious effect to the private banker. The rate of interest has been lowered, and commission for discounts is nearly abolished, therefore the profits of private bankers are less, but the profits of the Bank of England are not more, the public being so far a gainer. The merchants and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester, &c., have had their bills discounted at two and a half or three and a half, instead of five per cent. There were 500 applications for the establishment of branch banks from manufacturing and agricultural districts before they were established. The bank allows no interest on deposits, but country bankers do. The branch banks accept the notes of country bankers on the spot, where they can be turned into gold on demand. The bank receives through the branches only about one half per cent.—barely enough to pay the expenses; but this is for the issues; there is a further small profit on deposits. The bank pays seven shillings per cent. on an average of three years for stamps; if all the country banks issued Bank of England notes, the revenues from this source would be increased rather than diminished. Latterly, the assessed taxes have been paid into the branch banks by the collectors; this is an advantage to the public; it is suggested by the government. The branch bank, in these cases, take all notes that are payable in the town where the payment is made, or in the place where the branch bank is established, or in London. But this arrangement is only in payment of revenue, and then the Bank of England has no responsibility until the country note is paid in London in Bank of England notes. Government would follow the country banker for the note if it failed. The bank, however, has never given orders to its branches to refuse the money of Newcastle, for instance, in the town of Gateshead, as has been said, or as the agent may have acted, under a misconstruction of orders. The branch bank at Manchester will receive (as revenue) a York note, but government has no credit for that till it is paid

in London. If the Bank of England were the government bank, instead of the bank of an incorporated company of merchants, it could not give that facility to commerce it now does. Commissioners and political individuals, changing with every cabinet, could not have the opportunity of knowing the commercial wants of the country so well as an independent society or body of commercial persons. That knowledge of persons is essential in cases of aid required on account of commercial difficulty, and that aid ought to be independent of political considerations. In Scotland, banking is in the hands of large public bodies, and this action tends to excess. There ought to be no competition between the bank and private bankers; for that competition would tend to excess, and turn the foreign exchanges against England, inducing reaction on gold. The government itself, however, has (as in 1793, 1797) performed the functions of the bank by aiding the commercial world in a time of pressure; but this was by exchequer bills, which are not a creation of money, but security for it. Government has not aided individuals for the last thirty-five years.

The question of a State-Bank is involved in great and numerous difficulties. If it were under the control of the cabinet, it might be applied to unconstitutional purposes, and might frequently be conducted upon erroneous principles in cases of emergency. If it were not under the control of the cabinet, it would be an immense engine in the state machinery, for which the cabinet would not be responsible; a state of things which, constitutionally speaking, could not exist in this country. The only questions, perhaps, that towards the conclusion of these discussions will appear for final settlement, will be, whether the Exchequer ought not to receive a certain proportion of the yearly profits of the Bank, if the charter be renewed, or whether the charter is to be allowed to expire, and the trade in banking to be thrown completely open to those who may wish to engage in it. As to the Bank of England being able to give more more assistance to the commercial classes than any other establishment, that ability would not be materially reduced if its exclusive privileges were taken away. It would be as wealthy if carried on under the firm of Palmer and Co., as it would be under the name and title of "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England." No person, we suppose, would think of abolishing the Bank altogether, and compelling it to sell up and dispose of its property. Under any circumstances it must continue to be the wealthiest institution of the kind in England, until some other happier association shall shew a greater accumulation of assets.

The services of the Bank, in the crisis of 1825; the causes that led to that crisis; the precautions which Mr. Palmer would suggest against the danger of a similar disaster; and the general action of the Bank upon the currency of the country, are thus stated.

The bank ran great risk in 1825, for it advanced money on title deeds without examination, and on the mere credit of the parties, in order to relieve the money market. No other bank would have done so. The bank had no guarantee from government. It acted on commercial expe-

diency and not on political policy. As to the nature of the crisis at that period, "my own speculative opinion is that the first step was the reduction of the government securities of 135,000,000*l.* of five per cents., in 1823, and the next the reduction of 80,000,000*l*, four per cents. in 1824. These reductions excited a feverish feeling, and the most absurd projects for investments were readily entertained. The acknowledgment of the South American republics followed, and mines were mentioned as excellent investments; and loans to those governments induced a spirit of speculation. Commercial speculation followed, and created a difference between the value in this and foreign countries, turning the exchange against us, and causing, in twelve months, an export of seven and a half millions of bullion. But the bank was still provided, as it proved, and weathered a tremendous storm. The failure of the great and wealthy house of Pole and Co. created a general discredit in London and in the country, and every commercial application for discount was made to the Bank of England, which was the only resource, for the rate of interest rose to that of the bank. The wealthiest bankers in London, and no men are more wealthy, were obliged to have assistance from the Bank of England to meet the demands upon them. The most solvent and the most prudent country bankers felt the same necessity for cash from the Bank of England. The demands from the banks of Scotland were no less immense, yet no discredit fell on the Bank of England. The bank found specie for all demands, yet the difficulty of getting the bullion coined in sufficient quantities was very considerable. The whole run for gold was by the holders of one pound notes; they being withdrawn. If the five pound or ten pound Bank of England note were made a legal tender by the country banker, the great outlay of gold would be prevented, and with it much of the evil of such a crisis as that of 1825. It would relieve the bank from all danger of internal demand, leaving it no less necessary to provide against the demand of the foreign exchanges. This would afford no temptation to over issues. The bank in 1825 had increased its issues before the exchanges turned violently against it. The making 5*l.* notes a legal payment for small notes of country bankers would diminish the number of sovereigns now in circulation. The necessity of having some coin between five shillings, and the representative of one hundred shillings, would keep the present quantity of gold sovereigns and half sovereigns in circulation. "If the Bank of Scotland," said a member of the committee, "might pay its 5*l.* notes in 5*l.* Bank of England notes, how much gold would remain in Scotland?" "I think," replied the witness, "there is very little gold ever retained in Scotland." The Bank of England being conducted on safe and certain principles, has nothing to fear from foreign demand. No caution, no prudence, no principle of management, can render it entirely safe from being drained of its specie by internal panic or political discredit. The amount of the circulating medium would (if the bank alone issued notes) depend upon the discretion with which that power was exercised. The security to the public would be confidence in the bank directors, and the knowledge of government, that they were guided by good sense and discretion. There is a free communication between the chair of the bank and the government, of all the principles on which it is conducted. The government does not interfere or advise, but it asks and receives information, or that

information is volunteered: there is no concealment whatever. Even on the secret and confidential part of the business, has information been tendered. The crisis of 1825 could never recur, from the state of the foreign exchanges, and it was owing in great measure to the effect upon the public mind, of the reduction of interests by the government. Such steps on the part of the government would again derange the currency, but could not affect the issues of the bank. A reduction of three millions and a half of the bank circulation took place between August 1830, and February, 1832; and this has probably limited commercial operations. The contraction of the circulation reduces the prices, and this brings back the gold; so that the reduction of prices is caused by an adverse exchange; and it is the action of the public, either foreign or domestic, that causes these changes in the issue by the bank; the bank itself does not act upon the market as from itself, its motions are regulated by the public. The restoration of foreign credit has increased the commercial transactions, and extended the imports so as to bring back the bullion without generally lowering prices and causing embarrassment or distress. The bank is compelled by the operations of the commercial world and the course of the exchange, to contract or extend its issues, and fluctuations of price are the consequence, but not the object.'

Although the government is not responsible for the management of the Bank, yet from the circumstance of its being a privileged, chartered body, exercising a dominant influence upon the commercial interests of the country, ministers claim a certain control over its proceedings, and make suggestions which are always gravely considered, and generally, if possible, attended to. There is one great advantage which the Bank directors possess, not within the reach of other commercial men, and that is, their power, as being the greatest dealers in bullion, of ascertaining exactly the state of the exchanges. It was proposed to have the state of the Bank bullion account published at intervals; but to this Mr. Palmer strongly objected, as it would enable public bodies, or individuals abroad or at home, to act injuriously upon the Bank by confederating to keep the bullion away, whenever it might happen to be reduced to a low ebb in the coffers of the Bank. On one occasion, when the public demand for gold drained the Bank of only 675,000*l.*, a single individual (for no very creditable reason we presume, supposing the individual to be Mr. Rothschild) took out nearly a million in gold—that is to say 885,000*l.* In 1825, "it was actually proposed to the government of France," says Mr. Palmer, "to take measures for stopping the Bank of England," by prohibiting the exportation of bullion.

There are other portions of the evidence laid before the committee, to which we may advert in our next number. By confining ourselves for the present to the principal parts of Mr. Palmer's evidence, we have been anxious to allow the case in favour of the Bank to be laid before the reader in as strong a way, as that very able and upright gentleman could put it.

and disputed point concerning the anomalous and paradoxical manner of bringing forth and rearing its young can be satisfactorily demonstrated. This long sought-for desideratum is at length attained. Through the kindness of his friend, Lieutenant the Hon. Lauderdale Maule, of the 39th regiment, Dr. Weatherhead has had the bodies of several Ornithorhynchi transmitted to him from New Holland, in one one of which the ova are preserved, establishing, along with other curious circumstances ascertained, the extraordinary fact, that this animal, which combines the bird and quadruped together in its outward form, lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles them like the other.

The Comet.—The comet, which is now moving direct and quicker than the earth, will become nearly stationary in the middle of October. On the 27th November the earth and the comet will be barely 60 degrees asunder, and the latter may be expected to be visible to the naked eye nearly the whole of the autumnal quarter. The places of its nodes appear to vary considerably, as its right ascension and declination, without latitude, seem to agree in about 21 degrees of Cancer, while its ascending node was in 8 degrees of Sagittarius; having considerable declination north a greater part of the time of its visible appearance, it will be very much longer above the horizon than beneath it. The rising, southing, and setting on the 22d of October, it is expected, will not greatly differ from the following calculation:—Right ascension of the comet, 7h. 22m.; ditto of the sun, 13h. 49m.; comet souths 17h. 33m.; semidiurnal arc, for lat. 52 deg. and declination 26 deg. north, 8h. 40m.; comet sets, 26h. 13m. The same arc, deducting from the southing, 8h. 50m. for its rising. These are calculated from noon, apparent time. The following is the clock time, allowing a little for the different time of day, in the calculation of the right ascensions;—Rises, north-east, 9m. past 9 in the evening; souths 33m. past 5 in the morning; sets, north-west, 13m. past 2 in the afternoon.

Friendship's Offering is this season added to the *Winter's Wreath*, the latter work being now combined with it. It will appear in its usual style of elegant binding, and highly finished engravings by the first artists, while its literature will comprise contributions from eminent writers.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, will contain upwards of sixty most humorous designs by various comic artists, and enriched with facetious contributions by the principal female and other writers of the day.

The new volume of the *Continental Annual* is in a state of forwardness, and will this season exhibit embellishments engraved in the highest style of the art, from original drawings and paintings by Roberts and Parris; its literature is exclusively contributed by the author of *Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, &c. &c.

Capt. Head's Overland Journey from India is now nearly ready for publication, in large folio, with plates illustrative of India, Arabian and Egyptian scenery, and accompanied by plans and maps.

A Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral, and King's College of Old Aberdeen, in the years 1724–5, illustrated with plates, is nearly ready.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

ART. I.—*Records of My Life.* By the late JOHN TAYLOR, Esq. Author of "*Monsieur Tonson.*" 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bull, 1832.

Mr. TAYLOR had the good fortune to have lived out a long life in close intimacy with many of the most distinguished men of the last half century. His acquaintance seems to have been unlimited, and happily his taste and his power of observation have enabled him to accumulate a treasure of facts and anecdotes of the most interesting nature, respecting men whose history will ever be an object of deep concern to their country. Mr. Taylor has had the discretion to say but little comparatively of himself. An author who has no more exalted claim to the privilege of immortality than what he derives from having given birth to a very tolerable farce, could scarcely, under any circumstances, be beguiled into such a folly as the publication of two thick volumes, devoted chiefly to his own concerns. Hence Mr. Taylor has rather misnamed the work before us, since it really may pretend to the rank of being a curious series of illustrations, which serves to throw considerable light on some of the great events, as well as on the characters of the most eminent personages of our time.

The name of Taylor has been for many years identified in this country with a reputation for extraordinary skill in the management of the diseases affecting the eye. It is not quite half a century ago since the medical knowledge of the profession in London was at so low an ebb, that a German baron was under the necessity of making a periodical visit to our shores, in order to afford, by his extensive knowledge, and his dexterity, that relief which no native physician could bestow. The first individual who appears to have been stimulated to the ambition of wiping off so great a disgrace to the national character, as was implied in the annual re-appearance of the foreigner, was a spirited ancestor of Mr. Taylor. This gentleman having been carefully educated, applied himself with so much success to the treatment of the diseases of the eye, that he

very speedily put an end to the migratory habits of the Baron, and gained by his skill such a degree of reputation, as to suggest the propriety of endeavouring to keep up a succession of oculists in the family of Taylor. The consequence was, that the father of the present author, and subsequently he himself, followed the same profession; and the latter, it appears, held for several years the honourable office of oculist to the last Prince of Wales. The Chevalier (for such was the title of the ancestor alluded to) seems to have raised as much admiration for his abilities as a writer, as he had already obtained by his dexterity as a surgeon; he wrote no less than forty tracts on the interesting branch of the healing art to which he had devoted his talents. The father of Mr. Taylor is represented, with a very amiable and justifiable bias on the part of the son, as outstripping in his practice the most meritorious of the triumphs which were achieved by his predecessors. This gentleman was a pupil of the celebrated Cheselden, and performed a great many operations, of which an accurate catalogue seems to have been preserved by the author.

We have mentioned that Mr. Taylor, the present writer, was appointed oculist to the Prince of Wales. This dignity was conferred on him in the year 1789, and in the following year he was made oculist to George the Third. This office he held up to the death of that monarch, and was continued in the possession of it by his late majesty George the Fourth. So that when we shall see Mr. Taylor by and by, devoting himself to pursuits of a nature the most remote from the duties of his situation, we shall feel not a little surprized how he could have combined such a number of discordant elements in his own person.

Mr. Taylor tells us that he found his profession unproductive, and was induced to adopt, as he thought, "a shorter and more probable path" to riches, by turning to literary pursuits, but particularly to the public press. To this favourite pursuit he remained steadfast, making use of the opportunities of studying men and manners, which his situation now plentifully afforded him. He mixed in politics, lived amongst the clubs, and varied his recreations by patronizing promising actors. Of his own career, subsequently to relinquishing his profession, he scarcely allows himself to say a word; and, after disposing of his family in a few short chapters, we find him deliberately yielding up the remainder of the two volumes to the miscellaneous host of acquaintances whom he had known during a protracted life. In looking over the list of individuals of whom Mr. Taylor makes mention, and of whom he speaks on personal knowledge, we cannot detect the omission almost of a single name that has appeared in the newspapers at any time for the last fifty years. Here is a fantastic group of statesmen and players, painters and lawyers, doctors and poets, each, however, in his own true costume, and maintaining with extraordinary fidelity his genuine character. Mr. Taylor seems to have had an exceed-

ingly happy faculty of seizing and exposing the strange and wayward peculiarities of those who were remarkable for any: his anecdotes, numerous as they are, bear all the stamp of authenticity, and no one of common observation can peruse these pleasant reminiscences without being struck with the innate evidence which they contain, of being immediately derived from real life.

One of those early acquaintances, whom Mr. Taylor presents to us under the most interesting circumstances, is Dr. Monsey, a physician celebrated for his talents and his eccentricities. Monsey, it seems, was fond of punning, a contemptible habit for which he had acquired at Cambridge: his manners were exceedingly coarse, and his temper morose, but withal he had great good nature, was sincere and learned. Perhaps his character cannot be better illustrated than by an account of his first introduction to Garrick, which Mr. Taylor declares he received from Garrick himself:

'The great actor being one day in the court at the Old Bailey, he heard a gentleman request a man who stood before him to move a little on one side, that he might have an opportunity of seeing the bench; the man, however, a stout fellow, obstinately retained his station. The gentleman repeated his request, but the fellow continued inflexible. At length the gentleman, in a tone somewhat louder than a whisper said, "If I were not a coward, I would give you a blow even in the court." The oddity of the declaration induced Garrick to think he must be a singular character, and he felt a wish to be acquainted with him, which desire increased when he knew that the gentleman was Dr. Monsey, of whom he had often heard but never seen.* Garrick therefore contrived to get introduced to the doctor, and for many years a close intimacy subsisted between them.'—p. 83.

Monsey took a pride in shewing the great contempt he entertained for the prejudices of mankind. He particularly manifested this disposition shortly before his death, having by his will left his body for dissection. He could not be brought to give his consent to funeral honours, and exacted from his daughter a solemn promise in his last hours that she would not interfere with the arrangement which he had made with Mr. Thompson Forster, the surgeon, for the disposal of his body, conceiving that whenever it was dissected by that gentleman, something might occur for the illustration and advancement of anatomy. 'What can it signify to me,' said he, 'whether my carcass is cut up by the knife of a surgeon, or the tooth of a worm?' He had a large box in his chambers at Chelsea, full of air-holes, for the purpose of carrying his body to Mr. Forster, in case he should be in a trance when supposed to be dead. It was provided with poles, like a sedan-chair. He was accustomed to say

'* This circumstance is differently stated in a memoir of the doctor in the European Magazine of 1769, as having happened at the theatre, but I recollect Monsey's account precisely.'

that he should die, as his father did, without any real or nominal complaint, and go out like the snuff of a candle; generally adding, 'I wish I were dead, but, like all fools and all wits, I am afraid to die.' He exacted another promise from his daughter, importing that after his death she should not live within a certain distance of London, conceiving that she might be tempted to launch into expense beyond her income.

Rather too many of the pages in these volumes are dedicated to very uninteresting anecdotes of very uninteresting persons, such as players of fourth and fifth rate quality, who never were heard of before, and who never, in all probability, will be mentioned again. We find an occasional notice, indeed, of some of the great statesmen of the time, whom Mr. Taylor saw on some public occasion; but his peculiar political notions too often lead his judgment astray in his estimate of the merits of eminent men, and the display of some little rancour against those who were of a contrary opinion to himself, gives to Mr. Taylor's notices of these personages a disagreeable feature, which immediately forces us to direct our attention to some other portions of his volumes. The character of Edmund Burke meets with an uncompromising critic in Mr. Taylor, and Curran, when he met him, excited his disgust. John Wilkes comes in for a share of the writer's gall; and indeed no politician that has had the misfortune to be opposed in opinion to Mr. Taylor receives common justice from his hands. A long account of Arthur Murphy and other men of the same stamp, men who now interest the world upon a very small scale indeed, is supplied in this work. We can find nothing of interest in these descriptions, and we are obliged to go over a considerable space before we can discover much that promises to repay the trouble of a perusal. The rambling manner in which the anecdotes are given, the total contempt which Mr. Taylor has shown for the laws of chronological order, leave it altogether out of our power to form anything like a digest of the contents of these volumes. We have performed a tedious journey over the varied track which lay before us, and the reader we hope will be contented with the produce which our diligence has enabled us to collect. In the following selection of anecdotes we have been altogether guided by the intrinsic interest which the passages possess.

No writer can deal much in theatrical history without being under the necessity of saying a great deal about the Kembles, and accordingly we find a considerable number of pages devoted to each member of that celebrated family. They are already too well known to require that any attempt should be now made to illustrate the varied talents which so many of them have displayed. A few anecdotes, however, of the vicissitudes which some of them had met with will be read with interest.

It is allowed on all hands that few persons showed more philosophical firmness under calamity than Stephen Kemble, whose repu-

tation for humour will certainly survive his fame as an actor. He never hesitated about communicating the story of his early misfortunes to any person who he thought could be benefitted by the moral which was capable of being drawn from his narratives.

'It appears that before his marriage, when he was in one of the towns of Yorkshire, where a large barn was formed into a sort of theatre, the performances were so little attractive that he and the rest of the Thespian party were reduced to the greatest extremities, unable not only to defray the expense of their lodgings, but even to provide food for the passing day. He was persecuted by his landlady, whose wretched garret he occupied, with the daily question, "Why don't you pay your charges?" and in order to disguise the necessity of abstinence, he remained two days in bed under pretence of indisposition. On the third day he ventured to sally forth, and at the distance of three miles luckily discovered a turnip-field, which he entered, and there made a cold but most acceptable repast. The next day as he was proceeding to the same hospitable banquet, the late Mr. Davenport, husband of the present popular actress of Covent Garden Theatre, who was one of this wandering tribe of Thespians, met Mr. Kemble, declared he was nearly famished, and earnestly entreated for some assistance. Mr. Kemble, whom no distress could deprive of fortitude and good humour, told Mr. Davenport that it was a lucky meeting, for he was going to dine with a friend and could take the liberty of bringing a friend with him. Here was another difficulty to poor Davenport, who said his shoes were so cracked that he was ashamed of going into company, proposing that he should cover them in part with mud, in order, if possible, to conceal the fissures. Mr. Kemble assured him that the friend to whom they were going was wholly devoid of ceremony, and would care nothing whether he was well or ill shod. They then proceeded on their journey, but Davenport, nearly exhausted by the condition of his stomach, made heavy complaints of the length of the way. Kemble endeavoured to raise his spirits, assuring him that he would find an ample feast and no unwelcome greeting. At length they reached the vegetable pantry, and Kemble congratulated him on having arrived at the hospitable mansion of his friend. Davenport looked around with anxiety for a house, and then cast a look of dejection and reproach at Kemble for having deceived him at so distressing a crisis. Kemble pointed to the turnip-field, and said, this is my only friend, it afforded me a dinner yesterday, and I suppose I shall be obliged to trespass on the same kindness till the end of the week. Davenport, who was a sensible and respectable man, though an inferior actor, assumed better spirits, and said with a smile, "Well, I confess, though I do not find the fare I expected, you have brought me to an ample table and no spare diet."

'Mr. Davenport was some years after engaged with his wife at Covent Garden Theatre, and always supported the characters allotted to him with good sense and propriety. After his former sufferings, it is to be regretted that he did not live to profit by the popularity of his wife, as he always acted the part of a good husband and father.

'Mr. Kemble used to relate an incident of a more whimsical description. He said that while he was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of

the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre, but was informed that, as the town had not been apprised on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. "What will it cost to open the house to-night, for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again," said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. "Well," said the careless tar, "I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors." He was then asked what play he would choose. He fixed upon "Richard the Third." The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit; Mr. Kemble performed the part of Richard, the play happening to be what is styled one of the *stock-pieces* of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the *look-out* lest some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance. It may seem strange that a sailor, who in general is reputed to be a generous character, should require so selfish an indulgence, but it hardly need be observed, that whims and oddities are to be found in all classes of so changeable a being as man.'—pp. 225—228.

The name of Anthony Pasquin, about twenty years ago, was a sound of terrible menace to the whole race of under actors and small artists. This was the *soubriquet* assumed by a man named Williams, and under the disguise of which he carried on a trade in libel, such as was never instanced before. We have hitherto had no authentic account of a man who excited a great deal of agitation in the theatrical world during his day, and we therefore read with some curiosity the details furnished of his person and character, by one who had the opportunity of knowing a good deal of both. This man was permitted to communicate with the public by means of that highly respectable journal *The Morning Herald*, and by the coarse, but it must be confessed very able and humourous, poetical productions which he wrote, excited the fears of many who had to depend on the public approbation for their subsistence. Pasquin made a base use of the power which he enjoyed; he was the vulture that descended upon his timid prey wherever his penetrating eye could distinguish it, and it is a fact, that he nearly lived upon the poorer actors and artists of the town for many years, commanding and oppressing them in a way which would be hardly credible in modern times. The following passage contains an account of the fate of this man:

'Among the theatrical performers upon whom this Anthony Pasquin levied contributions was Mrs. Abington, and as this lady had by no means been a votaress of Diana in the earlier part of her life, he exercised a double power over her, for if she rejected his applications for pecuniary assistance, he could not only wound her feelings by alluding to scenes which she of course wished to be buried in oblivion, but could bitterly animadvert upon her theatrical exertions while she remained on the stage.

Such was her terror of this predatory financier, that she submitted to all his exactions.

'My friend William Cooke, the old barrister, who was really her friend, endeavoured to rescue her from this thraldom, but in vain; Pasquin invited himself to dine with her whenever he pleased, and always reversed the usual order of things, by making her pay him for attending her involuntary invitations.

'When my late friend William Gifford published a new edition of his "Baviad and Mæviad," he alluded in some bitter strictures to Anthony, who brought actions against the author, and a considerable number of booksellers who had sold the work. The chief defendant employed Mr. Garrow as his counsel, and in the defence, that gentleman cited so many infamous passages from Pasquin's works, of an offensive description, that he was nonsuited, and obliged to fly to America, to avoid the pressure of the law expenses which he had incurred. In America, he was employed by the proprietor of a newspaper hostile to Cobbett, to attack that writer, but though Anthony had a ready knack at rhyming, he was a bad prose writer, and found Peter Porcupine too formidable an adversary, and the strong pen of that author soon drove him back to England, where he was obliged to live in obscurity for fear of his creditors. He however emerged again, was employed to write for a morning paper, and dragged on a precarious subsistence.

'During the time he was in America, there was a report of his death. Mr. Cooke immediately went to Mrs. Abington, and congratulated her on the death of her literary tyrant. Mrs. Abington, who knew the man, and suspected the artifices which he was likely to adopt, far from manifesting the pleasure which Mr. Cooke thought his news was calculated to excite, displayed a painful expression on her features, and earnestly addressing him, said, "Are you sure he is dead?" The event justified her doubt, for after having compromised with his creditors, who wisely reflected on the folly of throwing away money in law upon such a man, they suffered him to subsist upon the depredation of the pen.

'His despicable life really ended some years ago at an obscure village not far from London.'—pp. 278—280.

It is only a few years since, that the residents of London, missed from the streets a very elderly, gentlemanly looking man, well-dressed, and always apparently wrapped up in mystery. This was "walking Stewart," an individual distinguished by great attainments, but rendered still more remarkable by the perseverance with which he avowed, and acted on the principles of the Pythagorean philosophy. The practical results which he drew from his doctrine were, that the materials of living beings, were undergoing a constant change, that which partly made up a human being at one time, was turned into a portion of a horse at another, and that it was only an ordinary occurence in this country, for a rich person to drive perhaps two or three of his most respectable ancestors as beasts of burden under his chariot! This system he used to enforce in the most powerful manner, for he had a copious vocabulary, and his mind was stored with knowledge. His personal history is curious:

'His father was an eminent linen-draper in Bond Street, who placed him at the Charter-house for classical education, and in due time procured for him a writership in the service of the East India Company. After being some time in India, and discovering, as he conceived, many enormous abuses in our Asiatic settlements, he wrote to the directors at home, stating all those abuses and pointing out the means of remedy. No notice, as might be expected, was taken of his letter, and he wrote again, signifying that if the directors did not remove these abuses, which were injurious to the Company and disgraceful to the British character, he should think himself privileged to relinquish the service, and seek employment among the Native powers.'

'Finding all his efforts ineffectual, he quitted the British settlements, but was pursued, and refusing to return, he was actually shot, though not severely. He was then forced to return, but found an opportunity of escape. He was taken prisoner by the troops of Hyder Ally, and when brought to that potentate, was told by him that, if he did not enter into his army, he should be treated as a spy. He was therefore obliged to submit, in order to save his life, and was concerned in many actions under Hyder with other Native powers. He was again wounded, but not materially. How long he remained in the service of Hyder, I know not. He afterwards entered into the service of the Nabob of Arcot, in the civil department, and held the appointment of treating secretary. His office was to receive, entertain, and otherwise accommodate all persons who came as ambassadors, or on any public mission, to the Nabob. In this service he expended a great part of what he possessed, and the Nabob was in arrears for salary to him to a very considerable amount.

'Seeing no hope of being reimbursed, he determined to return to Europe, and resolved to visit Persia in his way home; but, finding that the Persian monarch was at war with a neighbouring power, he endeavoured to procure a passage in a mercantile vessel that was leaving the country. Being considered an infidel, he was not suffered to take his passage in the vessel, lest some evil should befall the captain and his crew, but a cage was provided for him on the side of the ship. He was exposed to the spray of the sea for a fortnight, but was provided with food every day, and suffered no other inconvenience than that of being in such an uncomfortable situation. He then visited various countries, and among others Lapland, in which he went a mile and half beyond the place marked as the utmost limit of human visitation.'—pp. 285—287.

He brought home a considerable sum of money, which he foolishly vested in the French funds. It was the time of the revolution, and we need not add, that he lost his property. After a variety of vicissitudes, he received on the settlement of the Nabob of Arcot's debts, a sum of £.16,000. With this he purchased an annuity, and gave dinners on a Sunday:

'After dinner, and before the wine was removed, he usually gave a lecture upon his own peculiar doctrines: but observing that his guests entered into general conversation, and did not appear to be very attentive to his discourse, he gave up the dinners, and substituted evening parties to tea and music, to which both sexes were invited: he engaged public

performers to assist on the occasion, and his parties were usually well attended.

'He was very fond of music, and purchased annual tickets at the theatres, but chiefly where he could hear most music, not caring the least for dramatic performances, or the words which accompanied the music.

'Dramatic scenes of bloodshed he abhorred, and used to ask what impression the murders of Richard and Macbeth could be supposed to make on him who had lived under tyrants in the east, where human life was never secure, and where not only families of all ranks, but whole districts have been swept off in a moment.'—p. 290.

One of the most pleasing chapters in the work, is that which relates to Mrs. Inchbald. Mr. Taylor bears testimony to her virtue and integrity, and her good sense is strikingly exemplified in a letter, which will, we are sure, increase the esteem of every well directed mind for such a woman. The author was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Inchbald, and used the freedom of friendship once to tell her, that she had obtained amongst her acquaintance the reputation of being a miser, and that it was high time she should enable him to contradict so prejudicial a rumour. The reply is as follows:

'My Dear Sir,

'I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

'You have taken the best method possible on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits; for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

'That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect that a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

'I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable to my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters, instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on "The Literary Fund," or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed, but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings, but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life, and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view from my present apartment of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking

out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London, but my sisters did not like to accompany me, and I did not like to leave them behind. There is, besides, something animating in the reflection that I am in London, though partaking of none of its festivities.

'In the midst of the serenity I have been boasting, I own that I have one sorrow that weighs heavy upon me. Much as it is supposed that I value money, I would gladly give up all I am at present earning, and something added to it, that I had never engaged in those unwieldy Prefaces. I have had my Memoirs, in four volumes, for years lying by me. A large sum has been offered for them, yet, though I am charged with loving money, I never hesitated when I conceived that my reputation was in the balance. I accepted the offer made to me to write these things as far the less evil of the two, indeed as no evil; but now I fear that I should not have encountered more odium had I published my life; and yet a great deal of difficulty might have been avoided in arranging the former for publication to my advantage, by a proper assortment of subjects. As it is, I must submit, for I am bound in honour to obey.

'E. Inchbald.'

There is not an individual whose name has occupied a place in the dramatis personæ of the London theatres, for the last twenty years, to whom Mr. Taylor has not thought it necessary to pay his personal respects. From Garrick to Kean, he has enumerated a theatrical population, which would be competent this moment, if they could be aggregated together, to form a community that might vie, as to its density, with the most respectable of the German principalities. This, however, is altogether independent of the individuals noticed in this work, who were unconnected with the drama, but whose history, as being less known, deserves better to be attended to.

Dr. Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar, was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Taylor's. The character given of him by the latter is severe, but it is just. The pension which Peter slily enjoyed from the government, has been frequently denied, but the author places the fact beyond any possibility of dispute:

'We were one day dining,' says Mr. Taylor, 'with a gentleman, intimately connected with a member of the government at that time, and in the course of conversation the doctor expressed himself with so much vehemence against the French revolution, which was raging at that time, and the principles on which it was founded, that I jocularly said to our host, "The doctor seems to show symptoms of *bribability*." The gentleman encouraged the joke, and addressing the doctor, "Come, doctor," says he, "with these opinions you can have no objection to support the government—shall I open a negotiation?" The doctor gave a doubtful, but not a discouraging answer, and then the subject dropped, but the next morning the doctor called on the gentleman, and knowing that he was in the confidence of government, asked him if he was serious in what he had said the day before. The gentleman, not being without alarm at the progress of French principles, and their ensnaring nature; aware

too of the power of ridicule, and how formidable a weapon it was in the hands of the doctor; told him seriously that if he was really inclined to afford the support of his pen to government, he thought he could procure for him its patronage. The doctor said he had several works in preparation against ministers individually, which he would suppress if that would do, but was not disposed to be actively employed in favour of government. The gentleman, with some compliment to his satirical talents, told him that he could not negotiate on such terms, for, if he published libels, the law might be put in force against him; remarking, at the same time, that by supporting government he would be acting upon his own declared principles, which were so hostile to those by which the French monarchy had been overthrown. After farther discussion, the doctor permitted him to open the negotiation. Though government had not given the least intimation on the subject, yet when so powerful a pen was offered, it was too well acquainted with the doctor's powers to negative the proposal. At length it was settled that the doctor should have three hundred a year for active services. Wolcot stickled hard for five hundred a year, but, finding that he could not succeed, he consented to the measure. He, however, wrote nothing but a few epigrams against the Jacobins, which he sent to the editor of the *Sun* newspaper. This, however, not being deemed an adequate service, I frequently advised him to be more active, but a sort of shame hung about him for having engaged in support of a government which he had so often abused, or rather its members, and I never could rouse him into action.'—pp. 231—233.

The doctor finally lost his pension. Little is now thought of either himself or his works; and in his career, we may observe one more useful example of the little value which mankind permanently place on a talent for satire.

An interesting notice is given by Mr. Taylor of Mr. William Woodfall, who may be well regarded as the founder of a very important profession now flourishing in this country, we mean that of newspaper reporting. From this subject the author diverges to the question of "who was Junius?" And this he leaves rather in a worse state than he found it.

A curious secret transpires in the latter part of Mr. Taylor's work, much calculated to excite surprize. It appears that the *Morning Post*, even in its most violent ministerial day, numbered among its contributors, a gentleman who was afterwards tried for high treason. This was no other than the Reverend Mr. Jackson, whose name is written in melancholy characters in the page of Irish history. Mr. Taylor was appointed editor of the *Morning Post*, but the proprietor of it was, according to him, a man only to be ridiculed for his extreme ignorance and penury, and as a proof of the latter, Mr. Taylor does not hesitate to say, that he (the proprietor) dismissed the reverend contributor, because he used to write in a very large hand, and, consequently, consumed a superfluity of paper. Jackson retired to France, and was not heard of for a considerable time. At length chance threw him in the way of Mr. Taylor, who thus speaks of that unfortunate man:—

'One morning, as I was passing through a narrow new street in Marylebone, I saw a gentleman on the other side of the way who strongly resembled Jackson, but with a cocked-hat and his hair in a queue. I thought I must be mistaken. I remained still, and the gentleman, looking at me gravely, crossed the way, took me by the arm, and led me towards the fields. I then found it was Jackson. He asked if I would give him a beef-steak next day, and then he would tell me the reason why he returned to this country. I readily assented, and he came. I took care that nobody should intrude upon the party, and my mother and sister, who were well known to him, dined with us. As I was somewhat indisposed, I took a little brandy and water; and, with the exception of about four glasses of wine drunk by my mother and sister, Jackson actually despatched four bottles without being in the least affected, except with enlivened spirits.

'He told me that he returned to England for the purpose of establishing a kind of "Magazin du Mode," consisting, not only of the fashions of France, but of its current literature, to be published in French and English; and he asked me to introduce him to those who were likely to assist and promote the circulation of the work. The day passed with great pleasantry. Jackson was a great laugher, and spoke with contemptuous merriment of every thing in this country.

'"I suppose," said he, "Pitt, Fox, and Burke are thought great men in this country?"

'"Certainly," said I.

'"Oh! poor, degenerate Britain!" said he, with a hearty laugh. "I suppose, too," he continued, "that the little man," (meaning the elder Boswell,) "whom I see trotting about Paris, is reckoned a great writer here?"

'I answered that he had written a valuable biography of Dr. Johnson.

'He laughed heartily again, exclaiming "That little, trotting man!—Oh, my God! And your friend Peter Pindar with his tinkling rhymes, which he calls poetry—I suppose he is considered here as a great poet?"

'I answered that I thought he was, though he might give a better direction to his muse.

'Then, with another laugh, he said, "I fear I must pity your taste, as well as that of the country."

'My sister lived at that time in Queen Anne-street West, and Jackson and myself attended her home; and highly were we gratified all the way with his unabated spirit and humour. After that night I never saw him, and the next melancholy intelligence which I heard of him was, that he was in custody in Dublin, and was to be tried for high treason.

'Before the trial took place, Mrs. Jackson (his second wife) came from Ireland, and called upon me at my house in Hatton Garden. She told me that she came by the desire of her husband, who considered me as a friend not likely to forsake him in adversity, to ask me if I thought government would consent to exchange him for Sir Sydney Smith, who was then confined in the prison of the Temple in Paris, as Mr. Jackson had interest with the French government at that time, and could probably procure the consent of the latter. I apologised to her for giving an unwelcome answer; but said it was my opinion that Sir Sydney Smith, considering himself as a prisoner of war, would most probably refuse to assent to such an exchange, as Mr. Jackson did not stand in a similar predicament. Being a woman of sense, she was not offended at my openness, but seemed

to be convinced by what I said, intimating that, in desperate cases, any appearance of a remedy was eagerly adopted.

'I saw her no more, except by accident in the street. She was a very fine and intelligent woman. She had two children by Mr. Jackson, the eldest a son, who is a merchant at Florence, with whom the mother resides. The son I have been in company with, and found an intelligent and amiable young man, who, not harbouring French principles, was obliged to quit a mercantile house in Leghorn when the revolutionary troops obtained possession of that place.'—pp. 329—332.

The extracts from, together with our general account of, "The Records of My Life," will give the reader some notion of the sort of entertainment which he is to expect in these volumes. If he have been a man of the world, and have mixed in the gay and literary society of London, he will find many opportunities in this work for indulging in pleasant sympathies; many delightful recollections of time long past, of men long dead, but who acted their parts with credit and utility, will rise in his memory, and will connect themselves with the thread of the narration. The author altogether loses sight of himself; he seems interested only in others; and his great ambition seems to be to satisfy the world that he has performed faithfully the duties of a good citizen.

ART. II.—*Qauoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact Account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the Moment of Birth till the Hour of Death.* By JAFFUR SHURREEF, (a Native of the Deccan); composed under the Direction of, and translated by G. A. HERKLOTTS, M.D. Surgeon to the Madras Establishment. pp. 446. London: Parbury, Allen and Co. 1832.

INDEPENDENTLY of the gratification which we derive from the description of a people whose manners and customs are essentially different from our own, there are many weighty reasons why we should devote a particular consideration to the peculiarities which distinguish the inhabitants of Hindostan. We have conquered the Hindoo nations; they are our subjects by that right which the stronger possesses over the weaker power; but in order to make permanent the advantages which this relation affords us, it is absolutely necessary that we should obtain a victory over their minds. The East India Company have long felt that if they do not convert the forced submission of the Hindoos into voluntary loyalty, if they do not by the most sagacious policy which it is in their power to devise, teach the population of India to be reconciled to the usurpation by foreigners of the government of the country; the Company, we say, is impressed with the conviction, that if they rely solely upon force for the maintenance of their dominion in India, then are the days of the duration of its rule numbered. There is no

question then on either side respecting the necessity of conciliating the native inhabitants of our East Indian possessions. The only difference which exists, is as to the method of accomplishing the object. It is not our purpose to estimate the value of the various propositions which have been announced with this view: we know, at all events, that the first great step towards the end which is desired, is an intimate knowledge of the Hindoo character throughout all its diversified and complex phases.

A great deal has been done towards illustrating the peculiarities of the people of Hindostan. We can make numerous references to works which describe with great fidelity, the modifications which climate, traditionary customs, but above all, which a strange and universally pervading religion have produced on the population. It will, however, be observed, that all the best and most authentic books on the subject of India, are confined to the race of Hindoos exclusively, whilst a large and most important branch of the inhabitants, the *Mahomedan*, is rarely noticed. In the Southern part of India, called the Deccan, the disciples of the Arabian prophet are found in a very great proportion. What is more germain to our purpose is, these Mahomedans or Mussulmans, as they are called, form a considerable part of the native regiments, which are placed under the command of British officers, and thus the opportunity afforded by this work of becoming acquainted with the character and customs of this great tribe, comes recommended to us by two very urgent considerations.

We think the British public greatly indebted to the author, or rather translator of this volume, for having originated the plan on which the work has been completed, and, in the next place, for the elaborate manner in which the details have been executed. It appears that Dr. Herklotts was surgeon to the Madras Establishment, and enjoyed the very best opportunities for collecting information of the Hindoos. The nature of his duties as a professional man, would afford him unusual facilities for obtaining this information. Having found, on many occasions, that a want of knowledge of the customs practised by the Mussulman Indians was a source of much inconvenience, Dr. Herklotts concluded, that if the cause of this were removed, a great advantage would ultimately arise. He applied his mind to the difficult task of procuring information from persons the least disposed, perhaps, of any nation under the sun, to impart it. By diligence and perseverance, he at length accumulated a respectable stock of facts, which he was about to arrange for publication, when luckily he met with Jaffur Shurreef, a native of the Deccan, and a Mussulman. This individual was also a physician, and is represented by Dr. Herklotts as possessing a penetrating and quick power of comprehension, highly intelligent, and not only indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, but also remarkably endowed with the

European mode of thinking and acting. At the particular request of Dr. H. the Mussulman doctor composed a treatise, in the Deccan language (Duk hunee), the translation of which, revised and collated with great pains by Dr. H. forms the contents of the present volume.

The whole is singularly curious, as the plan on which the domestic economy of the Indian Mussulmans is developed, embraces every day of the ordinary life, and is detailed with inimitable force and truth by the Indian author. Dr. Herklotts declares his version to be close to the original, and we can readily bear testimony to the truth of his assertion, when we feel all the energy of the Mussulman, even through the disguise of his English costume.

The object of the work being thus stated, the plan on which it is executed is thus explained by Dr. Herklotts:—

'The following is the plan which the author has followed in describing his countrymen. He traces an individual from the period of birth (and even before it), through all the forms and ceremonies which religion, superstition, and custom, have imposed on the Indian Moosulman. The account begins with the ceremonies observed at the seventh month of the mother's pregnancy; details the various rites performed by the parents during the several periods of the lives of their children as they grow up to maturity, and the almost endless ceremonies of matrimony. Then follow the fasts, festivals, &c. which occur in the different months of the year. These are succeeded by an account of vows, oblations, and many minor subjects, such as the pretended science of necromancy, exorcism, or casting out devils, detecting thieves, determining the most auspicious times for undertaking journies or other enterprizes, all of which are matters of almost daily occurrence: and the whole concludes with an account of their sepulchral rites, and the visiting of the grave at stated periods during the first year after death.'—p. ix.

In proceeding through the pages of the work, we shall adopt the arrangement which has been so properly selected, and thus we are led, first, to consider, the curious ceremonies attending the birth of a child. The midwife on the occasion requires to have placed in her hand something shining, otherwise she cannot do her business, and as there are some valuable coins in India, formed of a very glittering species of silver, a good rupee is generally the article to which she trusts for the amount of light necessary to her mysterious operations. The knife by which the umbilical cord has been divided is kept constantly near the mother, and is not used for any purpose, but when the day for her rising comes, lamp black is collected on the knife, and is applied to the child's eyes. The knife is carried about with the child, and when the chilla day arrives, a cock or sheep is sacrificed with it. This offering appears to arise from some impression on the part of the people that the child belongs to God, and that they must supply some equivalent for it. The tenor, therefore, of the accompanying prayer, is to specify that they offer in the stead of their own offspring, life for life, blood for

blood, &c. The ceremony of *shaving* the child's head, is one apparently of a very important nature: it is called Moondun, and in the case of rich families is performed by a silver razor. After the head is shaved, the hair is weighed, and then the same weight of silver is distributed to religious mendicants. Sometimes the removed hair is tied up and launched on a raft, and sent floating down a river, amidst the sounds of music. On the fortieth day, the infant is solemnly placed in its cradle: the latter is ornamented in the handsomest manner, cocoa nuts being placed at each of its corners, and the child being laid down is sung to sleep. At four months old the child is watched to see if he forms luddoos with his hands. *Luddoos* are sweet cakes, and when the child clasps his hands, so as to appear as if he was making these articles, it is received as a sign that he wants them. The weaning and teething of the child are respectively celebrated in their various stages, by ceremonies which generally involve the exercise of a very liberal spirit of hospitality. When the girls are from one to three years of age their ears are bored, at certain periods, until they have thirteen holes in the right, and twelve in the left ear. This practice, however, is not universal, and it is only the females of the low caste who adopt it all round the ears. The ceremony, however, which appears to us most interesting, and the principle of which, in our opinion, might very properly form a subject of grave consideration with Christians themselves, is that of Bismilla, or pronouncing the name of *God*. We must give the description in the words of the translator:—

'Two or three days previous to it, the child is decked out from head to foot in *yellow clothes*, has some *chiksa* applied by *sohagin* women, and is seated in a separate room appropriated for the purpose; has a cloth ceiling erected over his head, and coloured cloth curtains suspended from it all round, to represent a throne. Every morning and evening while they are rubbing the *chiksa* over his body, musicians continue singing and playing, and the child is not allowed to go about. This is denominated *munja bythna* (*i. e.* sitting in state).

'The day before that of the ceremony, the females are, as above related, invited by the sending of *eelachee* (or cardamons), and the male relatives and friends by letter, in the following form:

'"To (such a one) the obliger of friends, greeting,

'"At this poor individual's dwelling, his son (or daughter, as the case may be), is this evening to be taught *bismillakhwanee* (or to repeat the name of God), I beg you will, by becoming one of the party, kindly grace and ornament the assembly with your presence, and joyfully partake of something; for by so doing, you will afford me peculiar pleasure.

'"The letter of (so and so) a *Moonshee* or *Mowluwee*."

'Among the illiterate poor, instead of a note, a verbal message is sent to the above effect, by a person usually employed on such errands.

'On the *bismilla* day, the females assemble among themselves, and the men meet together at the appointed hour in the evening.

'The child having been bathed in the afternoon, and all the *chiksa*

washed well off his body, they exchange his *yellow* garments for *red* or *white* ones of superior quality: such as *tash*,* *badla*,† *mushroo*,‡ or *kumkhwab*,§ (acording to their means); then having suspended on the child's neck the gold or silver plates tied to a red thread, which some may have brought, they apply *sundul* to his neck, *uttur* and other scents to his clothes, throw a garland of flowers round his neck, put *gujray* (or flower bracelets) on his wrists, and crown the whole with a *sayhra* (or wreath of flowers, or of gold wire) over his forehead. In short they adorn him in every way possible.

'Thus bedecked, he is seated in the presence of his family teacher, or in front of some learned and respectable person, as a *mushaekh* (or divine), &c.

'Near them are placed a couple of trays, containing *luddoos* (two large ones being pasted over with gold or silver leaf), together with flowers, a *nosegay*, *sundul*, a small gold or silver plate, a pen and inkstand (the two last also sometimes of gold or silver), betel leaves, and cloth of some kind, for a present to the teacher.

'The tutor, after offering *fateeha* over the eatables in the name of his highness Mohummud Moostuffa, (the peace! &c.) writes on the plate with the pen dipped in the *sundul*, or a solution of saffron in water, the words *bismilla hirruhman-nirruheem*,‖ and makes the child lick it off. He then puts the two ornamented *luddoos* into the hands of his pupil for the purpose of tempting him to go through his task with pleasure. It is also customary to write the *soora-e-alhumd* (or the first chapter of the *Qoran*, which is a very short one), on red paper; and those who can afford it, on a gold or silver plate, and give it into the hands of the boy or girl, and desire him or her to repeat, first the words *bismilla hirruhman-nirruheem*,‖ then the *soora-e-fateeha*, (or the first chapter, called also by this name), afterwards from the *Iqra* or *soora-e-ulluq*, (96th chapter of the *Qoran*), the following verses or sentences,¶ the literal translation of which is as follows: "Read, in the name of thy God; for He it is who hath created all mankind out of a lump of coagulated blood.** And He is likewise that Almighty Being, who has blessed us with the voice of utterance, and taught us the use of the pen."

'The above being the sentence of the sacred *Qoran*, which was the very first that was revealed to Mohummud the chosen, (the blessing! &c.), it is conceived to be one of great excellence, and consequently is taught to children.

'The repetition of the verse being concluded, a wreath of flowers is thrown round the neck of the tutor, the bouquet handed to him, *sundul* applied to his neck, and the piece of cloth intended for him, together with the above mentioned plate, pen, and inkstand, are presented to him.

'* *Tash*, or cloth interwoven with gold or silver thread.'
'† *Badla*, or brocade of silken stuff variegated.'
'‡ *Mushroo*, or stuffs of silk and cotton.'
'§ *Kumkhwab*, silk interwoven with gold or silver flowers.
'‖ In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate.'
'¶ Qoran, chap. xcvi. 1—5, called *Iqra*.'
'** Alluding to the fœtus in embryo.'

'After this, the child rises from his seat and makes his obeisance to his master and the company; the latter offer their congratulations to the parents, and some of the nearer relatives, when the child pays his respects to them, put a rupee or two, or a *gold-mohur* into his hand.'—pp. 39—42.

As in China, the Mussulmans of India usually employ go-betweens to negotiate a marriage. The ceremonies which precede and attend the nuptials of a pair in the upper ranks of society, are as extensive, as elaborate, and protracted, as those of the members of the oldest dynasties in Europe. To particularize even a moderate portion of the strange forms through which an unhappy candidate, for the delights of matrimony must pass, ere he reaches the honourable rank of a married man, would be altogether impossible in a work like this. But we cannot omit the account of the first meeting of the interesting parties, when after all the tedious preliminary stages, they are at last brought into contact:

'Previous to the bridegroom withdrawing from the male to the female assembly, the women, having bathed the bride, prepare her for his reception, by decking her out in all sorts of finery, with ornaments, &c., adorning her agreeably to the wonted fashion on these occasions.

'At the time of *jeolwa*, the bridegroom's mother, sister, and other relatives, &c. are all present at the bride's house.

'About five or six o'clock in the afternoon of the *neekah*-day, the *mooshata* (female jester) having fastened the *sayhra* on the bride's head, brings her on her lap and seats her on the cot. Then, having seated the bridegroom opposite to her, with their faces turned towards each other, and having a piece of red cloth hung up as a curtain between them, she, holding one end of a long piece of red thread, puts the latter, along with some unboiled rice, into the bride's hand, and taking hold of it makes her throw it over the curtain on the bridegroom's head. The sister of the latter, tying a gold or silver ring to the extremity of the thread, and also putting some unboiled rice along with it into the hand of her brother, takes hold of it, and makes him throw them to the bride. When they have thus thrown it (the ring) backwards and forwards three times, all the while singing some current epithalamium (called *hujooloha*), the *mooshata* desires the bridegroom to remove the curtain. After placing the bride and bridegroom on the bed, the female jester exercises her ingenuity in saying many witty things. On the bridegroom's mother or his sister requesting her to show the bride's face to the bridegroom, she observes, "The bride eclipses the moon in beauty; and were I to indulge him with a single glance, the poor fellow would go mad and become distracted."

'After two or three (lit. four) *ghurrees* passed in this way, she places a bit of sugar-candy on the bride's head, and desires the bridegroom to pick it up with his mouth. That being done, she puts the same on her shoulders, knees, and feet) but, instead of removing it in the latter case with his mouth, he offers to do it with his left hand (a thing totally inadmissible among them), which, of course, the *mooshata* does not sanction; and at this juncture amuses the bridegroom's mother and sister not a little by insisting upon the performance, observing that it is but right, since he has

taken up the rest with his mouth, that he should do so in this case. After a few minutes, he is allowed to take it up with his right hand.

'Then the *mooshata*, singing, takes hold of the bride's head, moves it backwards and forwards two or three (lit. four) times, and does the same to the bridegroom; after which, holding a looking-glass between them, she directs them to look at each other in it. The bridegroom takes a peep, and obtains a faint glimpse of his fair one (immediately after which the *Qoran* is exhibited to his view), while the modest virgin does not so much as venture to open her eyes.*

'They then give the bridegroom some milk in a cup to drink, and touch the bride's mouth with his leavings (hoping thereby to create a mutual affection between them.)

'Having assembled all the bridegroom's female relatives, and such of the near male ones as are privileged to see her, and displayed her to them, the latter, on being gratified with a sight of the Beauty [not unfrequently she is ugly enough], put a ring, a rupee, or some jewel, into her hands, and pronounce a blessing upen her, saying, "Long may you live and prosper."

'The bride's and bridegroom's mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and other relatives, being assembled, the bride's mother takes hold of her right hand, and placing it into that of the bridegroom's father, says, "Hitherto has this girl's modesty, honour, reputation, and character been in our hands, and we now resign them over to you." The opposite party, on the other hand, by numerous consolitary assurances, give her to understand that she need labour under no apprehensions on that subject, that her daughter will be well taken care of.

'After that the bridegroom stands up to make his *sulamee* (obeisance), and addressing each individual male and female relative of the bride by name, makes his *tusleem* (salutation) to them. The ladies in return, offer him a present of a handkerchief, ring, rupee, half-rupee, *doputta*, or shawl; and if any one of his brothers be present, they also offer a handkerchief or a ring.

'After that, in the same style as the bridegroom came the preceding night to the bride's house, he now proceeds home on horseback, and she along with him in a *mesana* (a palankeen) with doors shut, attended by music, dancing-girls, and accompanied by all the relatives, &c. On reaching his house, the attendants, musicians, &c. are dismissed with betel.

'Then the bridegroom, on taking the bride out of the palankeen, and carrying her in his arms into the house, meets with a little opposition from his sister, who insists upon his promising to let her have his first daughter; to which he facetiously replies, "You shall most undoubtedly have the first daughter of my bond-maid, or of my cat." After a little sham altercation, he promises his daughter, and takes in the bride.

'After this a fowl or sheep is sacrificed in the name of the couple, and distributed in charity. Then having placed the bride's and bridegroom's arms round each other's neck, with their faces turned towards the *Qibla*

'* All this is pretended modesty; since, before the match was concerted, the couple have repeatedly been in each other's company, and become sufficiently well acquainted with one another.'

(temple of Mecca), they cause them to make two *sijdahs* (prostrations). After which the bride first washes the bridegroom's feet in a mixture of *sandal* and water, and then he her's.' —pp. 135—139.

The food of the Indian Mussulmans is selected to a great extent, in accordance with the superstitious views which are traditional amongst them. The consumption of the flesh of some animals is altogether prohibited, whilst that of others is permitted. The people may eat animals which are cloven footed, which chew the cud, and are not beasts of prey; these are sheep, goats, deer, antelopes, hares, rabbits, cows, buffaloes, &c. But those animals which are neither cloven footed nor chew the cud, it is altogether unlawful to eat. Then the beasts which are cloven footed, but which do not chew the cud, and have tusks or canine teeth, such as the wolf, hog, jackal, tiger, bear, hyæna, &c. these are strongly forbidden. Horse flesh was not recommended by Mahomet himself; but then he did not forbid others from using it. Hence there is a sort of discretion allowed amongst his followers as to the use of this food. The great body of the people, however, do not eat it. With respect to birds, a nice distinction prevails amongst the Mussulmans. Those that seize their prey with their claws, and those that kill their prey with their bills, are deemed altogether unlawful as a part of food. The character of this class of winged animals is represented by hawks, falcons, kites, vultures, bats, owls, &c. Those birds which live merely by picking up food with their bills, are regarded as lawful food. This division comprehends such birds as the duck, peacock, partridge, quail, goose, &c. Locusts are allowed to be very choice food for the people. Creeping things are forbidden. The Mussulmans are strangely prejudiced against the inhabitants of the deep. Fish is prohibited generally; but a few exceptions are made, and the motive for these exceptions is still more unaccountable than the cause of the prohibition itself. For instance, a Mussulman may eat fish that have no scales; he may also live on a fish which does not weigh less than a *dirrum*, nor more than a mun and a half (about 120 pounds). Therefore aligators, frogs, crabs, &c. are unlawful, and a delicious turtle feast would be a ceremony of horror to a true Mussulman of India. The Mussulman is prohibited from drinking wine, opium, liquids, or fermented liquors.

Having dwelt so long on the food of this tribe, we have no doubt that the following account of the usual dinner party (whether among the rich or poor) will prove acceptable to the reader:—

'Having spread in the *dewan-khana** or in the house a carpet more or

'* A public room detached from the house.'

less rich, or simply a cloth, on the floor, the company take off their shoes outside of the door, and as they enter, call out *Us-sulam-oon-ally-koom* (or "peace be unto you.") It is not customary, and it is even disrespectful, to go in with their shoes; and moreover it is a sin to eat with shoes on. The landlord, or any other present, replies, *wo ally koom-oossulam* ("and unto you be peace"); and if they be particular friends or men of rank, inquires after their welfare: they then take their seat† next the wall, close to one another. After this, two servants in attendance, one with a basin in his hand, the other with an ewer of water, serve the guests with it to wash their hands;‡ commencing with the seniors, they all wash either one or both hands as they please. This office concluded, the servants proceed to lay a *dusterkwan* of white cloth or chintz, in front of the guests, on the carpet; leaving the latter uncovered in its centre; after which they arrange the dinner on it; *viz.* plates containing *polaoo, feernee,* and *roteean* (unleavened bread), cups with curries, saucers with *chutnee* and *kubab,* placing each one's share (or *tora,* as it is termed) before him. This being done, the landlord, or the senior present, calls out *bismilla* (as much as to say, "commence"); "eat." for Moosulmans never partake of a morsel without first uttering the word *bismilla* (lit. in the name of God), meaning to say, "I commence in the name of God." After this they commence eating, and that with the right hand, without the use of spoons or knives and forks. They loathe eating with the left hand, as that hand is employed by them for ablution after visiting the temple of Cloacina. During the repast, two or three of the relatives act as *surburans* (or stewards), and supply what is wanted, while some are in waiting with *gugglets* § (goblets) and cups ‖ to help any one that chooses to water. These stand in the centre of the dining room. Dinner being finished, and the plates removed,¶ the basin and ewer are again brought, and the guests wash their hands as before; but, using *baysun,*** instead of soap, which is an excellent substance for removing the grease from the hands; if this cannot be got, they wash in pure water. But previous to washing the hands, it is the command of the prophet to lick the fingers: however, very few adhere to this precept. The nobility generally have two *dewan-khanas*; (one in which the company

---

'† Of course on the ground, with their legs crossed; as is customary for natives to sit.'

'‡ An act of cleanliness indispensable, where the hands are used instead of spoons or knives and forks. In eating, men of rank have a servant standing on each side of them to wipe their hands each time that they take a mouthful.'

'§ Vulgo, gogglets.'

'‖ Several drink out of the same cup, which is washed out a little, after every time that one has drunk.'

'¶ They repeat aloud, or whisper or say silently in their hearts, the words *Alkumd-o-lillah,* "Praise be to God," or *Shookr-e-khoda,* "thanks" or "gratitude to God," or some other prayer. by way of grace after meat.'

'** *Baysun* powder of *chunna* (or Bengal horse-gram), of *moong ke dal* (green gram, phaseolus radiatus, Lin.) of *toowur kee dal* (pigeon bean, citysus cajan, Lin.) or of *maash* (black ulandoo, phaseolus max willd).'

is received), the other in which the dinner is laid out; and when ready, the landlord respectfully says to the company, "let us withdraw" (*i. e.* to the dinner room). If there be a numerous party, first, part of them wash their hands and sit down to dinner; when these have done, the others follow the same practice. When dinner is over, they who please retire to the *dewankhana*, where they first assembled. Here they spend the time in conversation, reciting pieces of Hindoostanee or Persian poetry, puzzling each other with riddles, composing acrostics, &c.'—pp. 110—112.

A great portion of the volume is devoted to an account of the religious ceremonies, and the principal superstitions which prevail amongst this people. They observe a great number of holidays; they have saints and martyrs; they have severe fasts; they are exceedingly obedient to the precepts of their religion; and they cultivate the science of *dawut* or *exorcism*. By their proficiency in this divine art, they are able to raise up genii and demons; to establish friendship or enmity between two persons; to cause the death of an enemy; to increase any man's income; to gain a battle; to obtain a livelihood for any person; and to secure to him the gratification of his wishes.

The funeral ceremonies of the Indian Mussulmans are very peculiar. When a sick man is on the point of death, they pour *shurbut*, made of sugar, &c. down his throat. The liquid, in their opinion, facilitates the exit from the body of the spirit of life. When death takes place, the mouth is closed, and the great toes are brought into contact, and retained in that relation by a slip of cloth. The body is then washed with very particular care, after which the shrouding is performed; then the deceased is carried to the burying ground. Three days afterwards the grave is visited by the friends, who make various offerings, and cover it with flowers. Various ceremonies are practised at the grave for several weeks after the death of the deceased.

The Mussulman of India, in common with the Mahometans of every other part of the world, have been immemorially in the habit of performing pilgrimages to Mecca. All Mahometans believe it to be a divine command that they should undertake the journey once in their lives, except in the case of those who have not sufficient means to enable them to go such a distance, at the same time that they leave at home a sufficient provision for their families. But in case of infirmity, illness, or any other insuperable impediment, any one may employ a deputy to perform the pilgrimage for him. The poor would have been altogether forbidden the luxury of the pilgrimage, if several of the rich Mussulmans of Tellechery, Bombay, &c. did not subscribe, and, "for the sake of God," provide clothing and ships for the poor pilgrims, which transported them to Mecca, and then brought them back. These ships are called *Fyz-e-billah* (God's grace or bounty ships), and

each man on board is provided with food and drink for the voyage, as also ten cubits of cloth. Before arriving at Mecca, the pilgrims must put on the *eram*, or pilgrims habit, which consists of two wrappers without seam. There are five fixed places where the natives of certain districts arrive, and if, in advancing, they omit putting on the habit, the object of their journey is altogether frustrated. On arriving at Mecca, the pilgrim performs the *wuzoo* or ablutions; he then visits the sacred mosque, kisses the black stone, and goes round the Kaabah, or square stone building, situated in the centre of the sacred temple of Mecca, seven times, performing the circuit thrice with a quick step, and four times with a slow pace. They proceed next to the place called *Abraham's feet*, which is a stone, having upon it the impression of Abraham's feet. On leaving the temple they ascend to Suffa, and from thence to Muffa; these are two mountains near Mecca. The pilgrims run from the top of one of these to that of the other, seven times backwards and forwards. When on the top of each, they pray to God, with outstretched arms, for the object of their wishes:

'On the eighth day of *Zeehujja*, (called *Turweeah*), the people assemble at Meena, where they read their prayers and spend the night.

'On the ninth day of the twelfth month *Zeehujja* (alias *Buqr eed*), before they proceed to Mount Aarfat, to read prayers with the *Eemám*, they read two *rukat* prayers in the name of each of their relations (except their father*) and friends, dead or living, supplicating heaven to vouchsafe a blessing on them.

'Then, after the morning prayer, they rush impetuously towards Jubool Aarfat (Mount Aarfat), where, having read two *rukat* prayers with the *Eemám*, and heard the *khootbah*, they remain on the Mount until sunset; when they run quick towards Moozdu-lufah,† where having read evening prayers, they stop all night.

'Next morning, (the tenth), they start for the *Meena Bazar*. On their arrival at *Muzar-ool-huram*‡ (or the holy monument), they stop and offer up supplications to God.§ Before sunrise they proceed quickly by the way of *Butun-e-Muhasurah* (or the valley of Muhasurah) till they come to three places. marked by three pillars, called *Jumra*. At each of these, they pick up seven small stones or pebbles, and having read some particular prayer over each and blown upon it, they throw it at these marks, and repeat the same ritual with the rest. This ceremony is denominated *rummee ool jummar* (or the throwing of gravel).

'Having thrown pebbles at the three places, they repair to the *Meena*

'* The father is excluded on the ground that no one is certain who his real father is.'

'† Or *Muzdulifah*, a place or oratory between Aarfat and Mina.'

'‡ *Muzar-ool-huram*, the name of the mountain in the farthest part of *Muzduleefah*, more properly called *Kuzah*.'

'§ Agreeably to the *Qoran*, chap. ii.—(Vid. Sale, ed. 1825, p. 34.')

bazar to perform the *qoorbanee* (or sacrifice), which those individuals who are obliged to give *zuhát* (or the legal alms) are enjoined to do. They are required to offer a ram or he-goat for each member, old or young, of the family; or for every seven persons, a female camel or cow. The flesh of each victim is divided into three portions: one is for the person's relations; the second distributed among *fuqeers* (devotees and beggars); and the third reserved for his own use.

'After the sacrifice they get themselves shaved, their nails pared, and burying the hair and nails in the same place, bathe themselves. They then take off the pilgrim's habit, and consider the pilgrimage as finished.

'The act of shaving and bathing, required to be performed in the *Meena bazar*, is attended with much inconvenience, owing to the scarcity of water and barbers. However, many of the rich, who are likewise obliged to observe these customs, out of charity have the poor shaved and bathed at their own expence. Instead of a thorough shaving, one or two gentle strokes made with the razor, or a small quantity of hair clipped with a pair of scissors, answers all the purpose. In bathing also, if only a cup of water be thrown over the head, it is sufficient; or if water cannot be got, *tyammoom** (purification with sand or dust) may be substituted,

'On this (the *Meena*) market-day very many hundred thousands *lakhs* of rupees' worth of merchandize are bought and sold there. I have understood from pilgrims that the merchants in the *Meena* market are so completely absorbed in their commercial pursuits, that they have no leisure to attend to their devotional exercises; and that with the view of protecting their goods, they remain in their shops, and wholly omit the pilgrimage.

'The day after the *Ayyam-e-nuhur* (or season of sacrifice), the people remain at *Meena*, and therefore it is called the *Ayyam-e-qur* (or day of rest).

'Some of them halt there during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth of the month, and these days are denominated *tushreek* (days of communion).

'On leaving it they revisit the *Kaabah* to take their final leave of it, throwing on their way thither pebbles at each *jumra* as they pass, and perform the farewell circuit as before described.

'After encompassing the *Kaabah*, it is necessary to proceed to the illustrious Medina, and there pay a visit to the blessed tomb of his august highness Mohummud Moostuffa (the peace,' &c.) He that performs the encompassing of the *Kaabah* and does not visit Medina, will defeat the object of his pilgrimage.'—pp. 65—69.

The description of this very singular and interesting work now given, and the extracts which we have made, will enable the judicious reader to form some estimate of the great value of its contents. To those who have been residents in India, who are connected with it by commercial relations, or who may hereafter expect that it will become to them an object of personal interest, this work will prove a present of incalculable service. Even to the

---

'* *Tyammoom.* Vide ch. xiii. sect. 1.'

general reader, who has only the gratification of his curiosity in view, it will prove a source of diversified, pleasing, and perhaps useful entertainment. Never were we more disposed to agree in the justice of the poet's maxim, that the proper study of mankind is man, than after the perusal of the present extraordinary volume.

ART. III.—*Statistics of France.* By LEWIS GOLDSMITH. 8vo. pp. 336. London: Hatchards, 1832.

THOSE who are aware of Mr. Goldsmith's personal history, and of his intimate and peculiar relation with the various governments of France, during the last thirty years, will readily acknowledge that his claims to an exact acquaintance with the domestic condition of France, amply justify him in undertaking such a work as that now before us. We, indeed, see in every page of this elaborate and curious performance the marks of a most active inquirer; we find in it diligence, care, and a spirit of truth pervading all; and although Mr. Goldsmith is an acknowledged enemy to political principles which are cherished by a great number of the French population, still in no instance do we find the slightest trace of party feeeling mixing itself up with, and perverting the integrity of the historian. The book, consisting altogether of details, we cannot too soon commence the analysis of its contents, with the view of completely illustrating the present condition of France, in every aspect in which she can possibly interest a foreigner.

The kingdom of France is now arranged into 21 military divisions, each of which is under the command of a general officer; these divisions are subdivided into 86 departments, 362 arrondissements, 2,842 cantons, and 39,381 communes. The departments are governed by a prefect, the arrondissements by a sous-prefect, and the cantons by juges de paix; whilst the communes are superintended by an administration, consisting of a mayor and his assistants:

'The Prefect may be considered, (according to Mr. Goldsmith,) as the chief magistrate in his department; and, as well as the Sous-Prefect, is paid by government, in proportion to the population and extent of his jurisdiction, at the *chef-lieu* of which the office for public business is always established. The salary of a Prefect in the provinces varies from 10 to 40,000 fr. per annum; that of the Sub-Prefect is 4,000 fr.; the prefect of the department of the Seine, has 100,000 fr.

'To each prefecture and sous-prefecture are attached Counsellors (*Conseillers de Préfecture* and *Conseillers d'Arrondissement*), who are like-

wise paid by government, and whose sanction is required to all acts relative to affairs of litigation between the Prefect or Sous-Prefect, and private individuals.

'The Prefect of a department has the special administration (under the controul of the Minister of the Interior) of whatever concerns the civil and political economy of his prefecture, and when necessary he convokes a General Council (*Conseil général*), which is composed of the most opulent and respectable persons in the department, appointed by the King, on the recommendation of the Minister of the Interior, but who receive no remuneration. Before this Council the Prefect lays all public matters for its approbation. He is at the head of the police and of the national guard within his prefecture. He directs all necessary repairs of public buildings, bridges, fortresses, walls and barriers of close towns, &c.; fixes the site of *voiries* (for the reception of rubbish, offal, &c.), slaughter houses and manufactories considered dangerous to public health; and he directs the cleaning and paving of streets and high roads; has the inspection of all ports, quays, common sewers, fountains, poor-houses and hospitals, prisons, &c. He has also the superintendance of the public libraries, museums, and primary schools; fixes the price of bread, and grants passports. The Prefect is in correspondence with all the subordinate functionaries of his department. He receives his instructions from the Minister of the Interior to settle the quota of all general taxes, and to provide for all departmental expenses.

'The Prefect is in the receipt of the *octroi*, a tax levied on articles of general consumption, and paid on entering towns, and of all the rents of government entrepots, for which he is accountable to the Treasury: of stalls and shambles in public markets, and slaughter-houses, and the sale of manure from the *voiries*, the fines of police, with other imposts, which will be seen under the head of finance.

'The Prefect provides for local expenses, such as work and poor-houses, hospitals, cleaning and lighting the streets, &c. from funds arising from the *octroi* (one-tenth only of which is carried to the account of government), and from other sources already detailed. These local receipts and expenses are, however, distinct, from the departmental expenses provided for by government; nevertheless the Prefect must send all his accounts to the Minister of the Interior, who transmits them to the *Cour des Comptes*.

'The functions of a *Sous-Prefect* are similar to those of a Prefect, as well as his obligations respecting his accounts of receipts and expenses of the public money. A *Juge de Paix* is at the head of every canton; as a civil officer, his functions are similar to those of a *Sous-Prefect*—his general functions as a law officer will be explained when speaking of the law courts.

'*The Mayors of the Communes* are invested with similar powers to those of the Prefects of departments. These, as well as *Sous-Prefects*, have also their local receipts and expenses, which are provided for in a similar manner to those of the Prefects; and if the Mayors of Communes require any extra funds for local expenses, they may, by the authority of the Legislature, raise a sum called *centimes communaux* from among the inhabitants of the commune. To the *mairies* are also attached municipal counsellors, who have the same functions as the general council of the prefecture. The Mayors enjoy no salary or emolument. They are invested

with a special function, which qualifies them to celebrate marriages; these are always first published and solemnized at the *mairie* of the commune, where a marriage register is kept, as well as one of births and deaths, a notice of which the relatives of the parties are obliged to deposit at the office of the Mayor, under penalty of a fine in case of neglect. There is always a Mayor in the town where the Prefect resides. Paris, the metropolis of the Kingdom, is divided into twelve *mairies*, called municipal arrondissements, in each of which is a Mayor with two Adjoints.

'By a law of Bonaparte, which is still in force, the names of all children are inscribed at the municipality within twenty-four hours after their birth; they are conveyed there by the father, midwife, nurse, and two witnesses, and their names and sex ascertained and registered. This was done, and is done, to prevent evasion of the law of conscription.

'When a person dies, information must be sent within twenty-four hours to the Mayor of the Commune, who sends a medical practitioner attached to his office to ascertain the cause of the death, and informs himself of the names of the physician and apothecary who attended the defunct. For this formality twenty francs are paid, for which, however, a common hearse is provided by the commune for those who require it; but persons in easy circumstances never avail themselves of it, but apply to the general undertaker, who pays annually a sum to government for the monopoly. In Paris *only*, a hearse must be used; in the country, the body may be carried on men's shoulders.'—pp. 35—38.

These are the arrangements which prevail in France generally, but for the city of Paris there is a special authority, namely, the Prefect of Police. Having given a good historical view of the various taxes which had been levied during the last half century, Mr. Goldsmith proceeds to the very important subject of taxation, and explains in a very ample and satisfactory manner the nature of the different imposts now exacted, and the manner in which they are levied.

The direct taxes are, 1, contribution forciere (land tax); 2, contribution personelle and mobiliere; 3, tax on doors and windows; 4, duty on patents and licenses to trade, and on mines. The land tax is an ad valorem duty on the net revenue of land, houses, &c.

The *personelle* is a species of poll-tax, which is rated according to the value of three days labour. The *mobiliere* is an impost on habitations, and is fixed according to the amount of the rent paid by the tenant. The tax on doors and windows is more or less in proportion to the number of the population of a given place, and to the situation of the doors and windows opening into the street. This tax falls altogether on the landlord. The duty on patents and licenses consists of two parts—a proportional tax and a fixed tax. These are imposed on all persons practising professions, or carrying on particular trades or other business. The first of these taxes is a duty of ten per cent. on the rent of the tradesman's dwelling; the latter is rated according to the extent of the population of the towns

where the patentee resides. The tariff respecting the fixed tax is as follows:—

'Trades, professions, &c. are divided into seven classes; and the *fixed tax* is established according to the supposed profits. The maximum and minimum are laid down in the tariff, as follows:—A merchant pays from 40 to 300 francs, according to the population of the place where he resides, which, in addition to the ten per cent. on his rent, forms the total sum paid for his *patente*. Bankers, without any regard to the population of the town in which they reside, pay 500 francs a year; in like manner ship-brokers, waggon, coach, and boat proprietors pay 200 francs annually. Market people who have carts, travelling hawkers and pedlars who have horses, pay 40 francs a year: those on foot with packs, whether they have any fixed residence or not, pay 30 francs per annum. The persons exempt from this duty are, all public functionaries, farmers and labourers, clerks, journeymen, professors of the fine arts who sell their own production only, army surgeons, midwives, postmasters, fishermen, carders and wool-spinners, washerwomen and coblers, tripe-men and street hawkers: an exception is also made with regard to the proportional tax in favour of those who let furnished lodgings; these pay only one-fortieth of the rent of their house, instead of one-tenth, which others pay.'—p. 59.

Such is the general nature of the direct taxes. The indirect taxes form a subject of much more interest to the statistical inquirer, inasmuch as they constitute a very complicated and difficult question for the statesman. In France, the indirect imposts are principally laid on articles of consumption. Wine is a prime source of revenue, as at almost every stage of its removal from place to place a fresh duty is paid upon it. The first duty levied on this article, then, is for its transit, or for suffering it to be removed; and the amount of the remaining duty depends, in a great measure, on the circumstance whether or not the wine were grown on the property of the vendor. The other duties may be enumerated as follows:—Playing cards are charged with fifteen centimes the pack, the manufacturer being obliged to purchase from Government a great quantity of the articles necessary to his manufacture. Carriages pay a heavy duty; all proprietors of vehicles of conveyance being required to pay a tax one tenth of the price of each place paid by a passenger, or one tenth of the price received for the carriage of merchandize. However, one-third of the whole amount of the places in a public vehicle is exempted from this duty, so as to make up for the losses occasioned by the seats not being occupied.

The next source of indirect revenue is tobacco:

'*Tobacco* is allowed to be cultivated only in the departments of the *Lower Rhine*, the *Mouths* of the *Rhone*, *Ille et Vilaine*, *Lotet Garonne*, *Norde*, *Pas de Calais*, *Var*, and the department of the *Lot*. The quantity of tobacco to be grown, and the price to be paid to the growers by

Government to whom the sale is a monopoly are fixed by the Prefect of the department, who receives an order from the Director of the indirect taxes, stating the quantity of tobacco to be supplied by his department, and the Prefect makes the allotment among the growers.

'No grower of tobacco is permitted to sell any part of his crop except to officers appointed by the Government, unless he intends it for exportation. The manufacture and sale of tobacco and snuff are entirely in the hands of government, who sell it to persons appointed by themselves as retailers, whose profits are estimated to be 12½ per cent.'—pp. 65, 66.

Salt is another of the sources of revenue; it pays a duty of three sous per lb. Canals are taxed, but the import varies as to its amount in different places. A duty of twenty francs is laid upon every hectogramme of gold worked into articles of luxury, and one franc upon the same quantity of silver worked into plate, &c. The registry of acts and deeds is taxed with a fixed duty, which is not less than fifty centimes, and not more than twenty-five francs. Stamp duty extends to paper which is used for the following purposes:—public acts, deeds, bills of exchange, receipts, newspapers, hand-bills, play-bills, agreements, leases, magazines, pamphlets, &c. But this duty consists of two kinds; the first is measured by the size of the paper, and amounts to from five centimes a sheet to two francs; the second is modified by the amount of the sum mentioned in the body of the document, and has no reference to the size of the paper. With respect to the newspapers, the author observes, that 'every political print pays seven centimes per paper, but there is no duty on advertisements, and they are sent into the departments on payment of a centime per paper. The literary journals, and *petites affiches*, or papers for advertisements only, as well as all pamphlets, magazines, placards not exceeding 341 inches, hand-bills, and admission tickets to public places of amusement, pay five centimes.'

The remaining part of the indirect taxes consists of the lotteries, the gaming houses, Post Office, Octroi, and the Customs. As to the first, the lotteries, there are few Englishmen visiting Paris who are not, at some moment of their residence in that Capital, induced to take an interest in them. There are five of these establishments; one is in Paris, another in Lisle, a third in Lyons, a fourth in Strasbourg, a fifth in Bourdeaux. The process which is adopted at each of these lotteries, is sometimes understood with considerable difficulty; and this is a reason why we should quote the very lucid and accurate description of it which Mr. Goldsmith has given us:

'The plan of the lottery is, however, essentially different from that which lately existed in England. In the French lotteries there are ninety numbers in the wheel, of which five are drawn; the drawings in each take place every ten days. The chances are denominated *extraits*, *ambes*,

ternes, and *quaternes*. The *extrait* is a single number drawn from a series of numbers included in one ticket, for which single prize the holder receives fifteen times the sum he risks; as if he play one franc on each, he receives fifteen for the number drawn.

'An *ambe* is two numbers drawn from any series of numbers contained in one ticket, and which yields 250 times the amount risked, that two numbers will be drawn from those that have been selected.

'A *terne* is three numbers drawn out of a certain series chosen in one ticket, and yields 5,500 times the sum risked on the chance of three numbers being drawn out of those selected.

'The *quaterne* is four numbers being drawn out of those inserted in one ticket, and yields 75,000 times the amount risked on the chance of four numbers being drawn out of the numbers selected. But neither the *ambe*, *terne*, or *quaterne* is calculated, if not played for.

'EXAMPLE.

'Chosen numbers, 2. 39. 41. 50. 87.

'Here are 5 *extraits* at - -	3 fr.	each	15 fr.
10 *ambes* - - -	1 fr. 60 c.	—	16 fr.
10 *ternes* - - -	1 fr.	—	10 fr.
5 *quaternes* - -	60 c.	—	3 fr.
'Thus the price of a ticket will be - - - - - - - - -			44 fr.

'One or more *extraits* being drawn out of the above five numbers, gives the holder of the lottery ticket a prize of - - - - - - 45 fr. for each.

Two *extraits* and one *ambe* give - - - - - - - - - -	552	—
Three *extraits*, three *ambes*, and one *terne* - - - - -	6,931	—
Four *extraits*, six *ambes*, four *ternes*, and one *quaterne*	69,772	—
Or five *quaternes*—total, supposing the above numbers to be drawn from the wheel in every one lottery	- 284,545	fr.

'For the last twenty years Government has suppressed the *quinterne*, a term which signifies that the whole five numbers may be played for as coming out in one ticket, for which they would have an enormous sum to pay.'—pp. 69, 70.

So far we have considered France in her character as a political country; it is now necessary to regard her as the seat of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The Count Chaptal has estimated that the soil of the whole of France consists of 27,000 square leagues, or fifty-two millions of hectares, each hectare being estimated at about two and a half of our acres. The value of the animal produce of the country, as proved by recent Government documents, was as follows:—wheat, meslin, rye, barley, buck-wheat, maize and millet, oats, dried beans, small grain, and tobacco, 1,929,331,849 francs. This amount was raised by the produce of the soil in other articles of consumption and commerce, the value of which has been also estimated. These we may state in detail:—

Wines, fifty-six millions of hectolitres	718,941,675 fr.
Wool	81,389,317
Silk-worms	15,442,827
Hemp	30,941,840
Flax	19,000,000
Timber, produce of seven millions of hect.	175,000,000
Madder	4,000,000
Hops, wood, saffron, liquorice-root, &c.	1,700,000
Timber and scantlings	141,440,000
Different kinds of oil	70,000,000
Tobacco	7,000,000
Chesnuts	8,120,000
Animals for slaughter	447,005,000
Poultry of all kinds	64,700,000
Cows' milk	78,199,180
Ewes' milk	7,125,000
Wether sheep, &c.	8,250,000
Heifers	9,640,000
Bulls	12,500,000
Colts	17,372,900
Horse hides	770,000
Lambs	7,333,330
Bees	6,000,000
Fruits	64,620,000
Vegetables	196,800,000
Green forage	30,250,000
Dry forage	680,805,955
Fresh-water fish	20,000,000
Total amount of the annual produce of the soil, &c.	4,853,628,873 fr.

The principal manufactures of France, are the draperies of Louvier, Sedan, Elbeuf, and Castres; the cambrics of Valenciennnes and Cambray; the pier-glasses of St. Gobain, whose dimensions are occasionally ten feet in height, by four and five feet broad; the cotton manufactories of St. Quentin, Rouen, &c. &c.; the linens of Brittany, Dauphiny, and the northern provinces; the laces of Lille, Alencon, Valenciennes, and Puy; the silks of Lyons, Avignon, Nimes, and Tours; the tapestries of the Gobelins, at Paris; the carpets of La Savonnerie and Aubusson, which in beauty of design and brilliancy of colours, rival those of the east; the porcelain of Sevres; her manufactories of clocks and watches, jewellery, crystal, mock diamonds, bronzes, fire-arms, &c. To these might be added an immense number of manufactories which were wholly unknown in France half a century ago, such as files, needles, wool-cards, &c.

The capital employed in manufacture is estimated at 416,000,000 of francs in indigenous materials, 186,000,000 in imported materials, 844,000,000 in wages, and 192,000,000 in general expenses, such

as wear and tear of machinery, tools, repairs, &c. The produce of the various articles of manufacture in 1828, was as follows :—

Thrown silk, silk stuffs, gauzes and crapes	160,000,000 fr.
Cloths and woollen stuffs	250,000,000
Linen drapery and thread lace	210,000,000
Stationery	25,000,000
Cotton	200,000,000
Lace	10,000,000
Hardware	125,000,000
Coal and other produce of mines and quarries	30,000,000
Watches and clocks	30,000,000
Gold and silver articles	50,000,000
Jewellery	40,000,000
Glass, plate glass, china, pottery, bricks	80,000,000
Lime and plaster	15,000,000
Salts and acids	30,000,000
Soap	30,000,000
Refined sugar	15,000,000
Hats	30,000,000
Leather	160,000,000
Dye and varnish	50,000,000
Perfumery	15,000,000
Books	30,000,000
Beer	60,000,000
Cider and perry	50,000,000
Brandy	75,000,000
Upholstery and musical instruments	50,000,000
Total	1,820,000,000 fr.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of these details consists in the history of the progress which the manufactures in each instance have made :

'It appears that in 1812 France employed in her manufactories 35 millions kilogrammes or 70 million lbs. of native wool. In 1816, the quantity of native wool, with the amount imported of foreign wool for fine cloths, merinos and cachemires, &c. was in the whole 80 million French pounds, which with the difference of nearly ten per cent. is equal to 90 million lbs. English. In 1824 and 1826, the quantity of wool used in the manufactories amounted to 48 millions of kilogrammes, making an increase in the consumption of wool, in 14 years, of 26 millions of French pounds, or more than one million English tods.

'In 1812, the quantity of cotton spun into thread did not exceed 10,362,000 kilogrammes. The consumption in 1816, amounted to 12 millions of kilogrammes; in 1825, the quantity manufactured was 26 millions; in 1826, 32 millions kilogrammes of cotton employed in prints, calicoes, tulles, &c.: thus the consumption has been more than tripled in 14 years; the consumption of silk has not less increased, in proportion to wool and cotton. In 1816, France imported 400,000 kilogrammes of silk; in 1824 and 1825, 650,000 kilogrammes; and in 1826,

not less than 800,000 kilogrammes, notwithstanding the progress made and encouragement given to breeding of silk-worms in the country. In 1816, the quantity of coals extracted from the mines did not exceed 1,000 million kilogrammes; in 1826, they furnished 1,500 million kilogrammes. In 1814 and 1816, the quantity of iron manufactured amounted to 100 millions, and in 1825 and 1826, it had increased to 160 million of kilogrammes.'—p. 154.

The number of watches made in France every year, is estimated at 150,000, and 200,000 more undergo the process of finishing, their movements having been already made in Switzerland, whilst 350,000 clocks, in bronze, gilt, or alabaster cases, are fabricated. The public vehicles have increased in seven years from 6,670 to 14,255, and the stamp duties have augmented, between 1816 and 1828, to from twenty-five to twenty-eight millions. The number of sheets published in France, in the various departments of literature, was, in 1812, 72,080,642; in 1814, 45,678,039; in 1820, 80,386,957; in 1826, 144,560,094.

The imports of France, including merchandize and gold and silver, amounted in 1787, to 711,724,800 francs; the imports in 1821, in merchandize alone, were in value 394,442,356 francs; in 1830, they were 489,242,685. The principal imports of France are gold and silver in bars and ingots, diamonds and other precious stones, drugs of all kinds, live stock, oils, dying woods, raw silk, wool, tin, copper, and iron, the productions of Italy, Spain, and the colonies, tobacco from Virginia, hardware from England, butter and salt provisions, bullocks' horns, &c. from Ireland; salt-butter, cheese, and spices from Holland; timber, pitch, grain, iron, wool, and leather, from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

The principal exports are grain, wines, brandies, liqueurs, soap, candles, manufactured silk goods, wool, hemp, flax and cotton, gold and silver lace, tinsel-lace, watches, clocks, engravings, pottery, porcelain, pier-glasses, paper, books, hats, perfumery, sugar, colours, &c. &c.

The shipping of France has increased since 1814 in an enormous proportion. At the period just mentioned, she had but a few rotten trading vessels, and these were nearly altogether unemployed; but in 1830, she gathered together no fewer than 8,000 trading vessels. The Royal Navy consisted in 1831, of 284 vessels afloat; there were besides seventy-seven building, and thirteen were to be put on the stocks in 1832. The mode of manning the navy in France cannot fail to interest the English public, who have a right to feel the greatest curiosity in every thing connected with maritime affairs:

'A special register is kept, in which the name of every French citizen is inserted who is destined for the naval profession. Persons engaging in the sea service, either on board a ship of war, a merchantman, or even a fishing smack, are liable to the same conditions as to the station they

assume at their entrance. From ten to fifteen years of age, they must be content to serve in the capacity of *mousse*, which is analogous to our swabber or cabin boy. Above fifteen, their station is a step higher, with the title of *novice*. Any *novice* or *mousse*, who has made a voyage of six months in either of these capacities, and has satisfactorily passed the required examination, may be employed as *aspirant*, or candidate for promotion. Every person, having completed his eighteenth year, who has made two long voyages, who has been eighteen months at sea, who has been employed two years in the fisheries, or who has served two years as an apprentice on board any ship, is liable to the naval conscription. To this effect, he is required to present himself, with his father, if living, and two of his near relations or neighbours, at the Bureau of Inscriptions in his parish, where his name must be registered. There he is to be instructed in the laws and regulations which point out the rights and the duties of all registered seamen. Those who have attained the age, and have fulfilled any one of the conditions before mentioned, and who continue in the sea service as fishermen, merchant seamen, or otherwise, although they have not inscribed their names at the office for that purpose, are nevertheless included in the naval conscription, they being considered as having tacitly given their consent by remaining in the sea service. Those included in the naval conscription are exempt from every other public service, except that of the Government naval service, employment in marine arsenals, or as national guards in the quarter in which they reside. The names of all volunteer seamen are inscribed in a special register, and are employed in preference to the conscripts. Every volunteer seaman, and even *novice*, who has already made a voyage, and who desires to enter on board a ship of war, has a right to a bounty equal to one month's full pay. If the number of sailors registered as volunteers exceeds the contingent to be furnished by the parish to which they belong, those who stand first on the list are first employed. If the number of volunteers falls short of the contingent required, the deficiency is supplied by a draft from the register. Every maritime district is divided into quarters, and in every quarter the sailors are distributed into four classes.

'The first class comprehends all the unmarried men;
'The second, widowers without children;
'The third, married men without children;
'And the fourth is composed of married men with children.

'The second class are not called on to serve until all in the first class are employed, and their numbers are found insufficient. The same rule applies to the third and fourth classes. In every quarter, the sailor who has served the shortest period on board a ship of war, is first called upon; and where there is an equality of service, a preference is given to those who have first entered the service; they, however, have no claim whatever to the bounty granted to volunteers. Every seamen who has attained his 50th year is exempted from serving on board a King's ship or in the public arsenals, without losing the right to serve on board a trading vessel, or following the fishing trade. Every seaman, of whatever age, who chooses to quit the fishing trade or merchant service, may have his name erased from the naval register, one year after his having made a declaration to that effect, except in time of war, or when war shall have broken out

before the year has expired. A seaman is at liberty to enter on board a merchant ship or fishing boat, or he may remove into any port of France, by giving notice, and being inscribed in the muster-roll of seamen in the quarter he leaves, or in that to which he removes. By a law passed on the 7th of April 1832, the seamen regularly entered on board a ship engaged in the whale-fishery are exempted from the naval conscription.

'The promotion of seamen depends on the length of service on board vessels belonging to the State, meritorious acts, &c. All registered seamen are bound to serve the State when called upon and ballotted for. All seamen (officers and sailors) are allowed pensions according to their rank, age, wounds, or infirmities. These pensions are of two kinds: the one consists of half the amount of their full pay, after twenty-five years actual service, either on board a King's ship, merchant vessel, or in an arsenal; the other is an allowance called *solde de retraite*, and is granted after twenty-five years service in the royal navy, six of which must have been at sea. But in case of wounds, or the loss of an eye or limb, a fixed pension is granted according to rank, without taking into consideration the period of service.

'The widows and children of seamen are entitled to an allowance upon the same scale as that granted to the widows and children of soldiers.'—pp. 170—172.

The number and constitution of the courts of justice in France, form a subject of considerable interest to us who have yet so many improvements to introduce into our code of laws. Their names, and the nature of their respective jurisdictions, are accurately described by Mr. Goldsmith. The tribunals of first instance (tribunaux de premiere instance) are courts where minor criminal offences, called correctionnel, and civil causes are tried, but where no jury is employed. The number of judges of these courts is 1,626. From these tribunals, parties in all *correctionnel* causes may appeal, that is to say, if the cause has been tried in an arrondissement, the appeal lies to the tribunal of first instance in the chief town of the department; and if the trial has been first in the chief town, the appeal then lies to the cour royale. In all civil cases the appeal lies to the cour royale.

The cour royale is a court of appeal. There are twenty-seven of them in France, the jurisdiction of each including three or four departments. The court of cassation was first constituted in 1790; it sits in Paris, is composed of a first president, at 40,000 francs a year, three other presidents at 20,000 francs a year each, and forty-five judges at 15,000 francs a year each, whilst there are also attached to the court an attorney-general and six advocates-general:

'This is a court of appeal to decide disputed points of law *only*, both in civil and criminal causes. Until lately, if the judgments of the inferior courts were set aside, the court of cassation could designate the department where the cause should be tried again, so that it might go on *ad infinitum*. There have been instances where judgments have been set aside a dozen times, and tried again in as many different departments. But by a law

enacted in 1828, when M. de Portalis was Minister of Justice, a cause can only be tried twice before the court of cassation, after which it is referred to a *cour royale* designated by that court, and is there definitively determined.

'The motives for revoking a *criminal* judgment are:—

'1. Illegal composition of the jury.

'2. The president of the court having voted as a member of the *chambre du conseil* or of the *chambre d'accusation* (whose jurisdiction will be presently explained) for the prisoner being sent to trial.

'3. The list of jurymen notified to the prisoner as containing thirty names, and only twenty-nine jurymen being present.

'4. A juryman having acted as a witness against the prisoner on his being first apprehended.

'5. A judge not having permitted the counsel to explain any fact necessary for the defence of the prisoner.

'6. His refusing permission to read in court the report of a doctor on a charge of infanticide.

'7. His ordering the court to sit with closed doors without sufficient motives.

'8. Irregularity in the questions put in the course of the trial to the prisoner or to witnesses.

'9. The verdict of the jury being incomplete, contradictory, or illegal.

'10. The president having sent the jury to reconsider a verdict, which was at first clear and precise.

'11. False application of the penal law in correctional cases.'—pp. 200, 201.

There are in France no less than 213 tribunals of commerce; the presidents and judges are chosen from the most respectable merchants, but they have no salary. A *procureur general* is attached to the court of cassation and to each cour royale; he has a superior authority, and has under his controul all the juges d'instruction and advocats generaux; he signs the order for the execution or other punishment of criminals. A procureur du roi is attached to every tribunal of first instance. He is charged with the repression of crimes against the general safety, and is to receive all in criminal and correctional cases. The criminal courts are held every three months in the principal towns—they resemble our courts of assize. In criminal and correctional cases the proceedings are conducted in the following manner:—

'A prisoner is in the first instance brought before the *procureur du roi*, who examines him, and simply reports the case, without giving any legal opinion of his own, to the *juge d'instruction*, who examines the witnesses. The report is then sent back to the *procureur du roi*, who states his opinion in writing of the case in question, and returns it a second time to the *juge d'instruction*. This judge then lays the case before the *chambre du conseil du tribunal de première instance* (composed of three judges of that court); by these judges all charges are minutely investigated, and they decide whether there be grounds for further proceedings or for acquital. The *procureur du roi*, however, may in the latter case oppose the liberation of

the prisoner; and then he himself makes a report to the *chambre d'accusation*. If the *chambre du conseil*, however, decides for further proceedings, its decision is sent to the *chambre d'accusation* (composed of five judges of the *cour royale*), who ultimately decide either for commitment for trial or for acquittal. In 1827, the *chambres du conseil* discharged no less a number than 16,888 persons for want of sufficient evidence, and in the same year, 1,382 persons were dismissed by the *chambres d'accusation* for the same reasons.* Since the revolution of 1830, all cases of libels are tried in the courts of assize by a jury; but the forms previous to trial have not undergone any change. A writer accused of libel is dealt with in the same way as persons accused of a criminal or a correctional offence; but bail is taken in these cases.'—pp. 203, 204.

We regret that it is not in our power to notice the whole of the curious items which Mr. Goldsmith has collected. There is one, however, which, for its paramount interest, we cannot pass over; we mean the comparative rate of crime amongst the population of France. In 1830, 6,962 persons were tried in the courts of assize. Of these 3,910 were crimes against property, whilst 1,158 were crimes against the person. The latter crimes seem to be greatly on the decrease; they were 29 per cent. on the whole amount in 1825, but no more than 23 in 1830. The number of prisoners committed on criminal charges, as compared with the population, was in 1829, one in 4,321; and in 1830, one in 4,576. Of the 6,962 persons tried in 1830, 5,608 were males, the rest females; the latter being thus in the proportion of 19 to 100. Of these, 114 had not completed their 16th year, and 1,161 were of the age of from 16 to 21 years. The number amongst the persons just mentioned as having been tried, who could neither read nor write, was 4,319; 1,826 could do both, but in an imperfect manner; 688 could do both well; and 129 had received a superior education. The state of education, as respected the nature of the crime, was as follows:—

'The persons accused of parricide were, without exception, completely illiterate; of murder and assassination, 56 per cent.; poisoning, 51; infanticide, 88; wounding or striking parents or ascendants, 57; other wounds, 55; false witness and subornation of perjury, 66; rebellion, 59; fraudulent bankruptcy, 15; thefts of all kinds, 67; and arson, 69. The number of men who could neither read nor write was 58 per cent., and of

---

'* From the flippant manner in which the most serious cases are frequently disposed of by police magistrates and justices of the peace in England, we regret that there are not any tribunals similar to those we have just described. We have no objection to magistrates deciding in common police cases and trivial charges; but we think that in instances which may involve liberty, nay life, there should be some intermediate authority between a police magistrate or justice of the peace (many of whom are certainly not competent to decide upon knotty points) and a court of justice.'

women, 78; of persons under 21 years of age, 66; from 21 to 40, 62; and from 40 upwards, 60.

'Classed according to their residence in town or country, 3,945 of the accused had their domiciles in rural communes, and the remaining 2,778 in towns or urban communes.

'Of the individuals brought to trial, as appears by the subjoined table, 2,832 were acquitted, and 4,130 condemned as follows :—

Capitally	92
To the galleys for life	268
Ditto for a limited period . .	973
To long periods of imprisonment . .	1,005
To short ditto . .	1,740
To the pillory	8
To civil degradation	1
Children under sixteen years of age confined by way of correction . .	43
Total . .	4,130

'The following table, extracted from the official reports, gives a comparative view of the judgments prononuced in the courts of assize for each of the six years which have been made the subject of ministerial research :—

	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.
Sentenced capitally.	134	150	109	114	89	92
To the galleys for life	283	281	317	268	273	268
To ditto for a limited period . . .	1,052	1,139	1,062	1,142	1,033	973
To long periods of imprisonment .	1,160	1,228	1,223	1,223	1,222	1,005
To short ditto	1,842	1,487	1,416	1,739	1,825	1,740
To the pillory	6	5	5	11	1	8
To banishment	1	1	0	1	3	0
To civil degradation	2	1	6	0	1	1
Children under 16 years of age, confined by way of correction .	57	56	68	53	28	43
Total	4,037	4,348	4,236	4,551	4,475	4,130

Curious and interesting as the account now given of Mr. Goldsmith's work may be, we must assure the reader that it is totally inadequate to convey a due notion of the extraordinary merits which it possesses. It presents a most elaborate and accurate picture of the political, civil, and commercial condition of France, of its capabilities and resources, and is, in our opinion, a model on which it would be extremely desirable that the statistics of every other country, but particularly our own, should be composed.

ART. IV.—*Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith, M.D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Member of the Academies of Stockholm, Upsal, Turin, Lisbon, Philadelphia, New York, &c. &c., the Imperial Acad. Naturæ Curiosorum, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; Honorary Member of the Horticultural Society of London; and President of the Linnæan Society.* Edited by LADY SMITH. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman, Rees, and Co. 1832.

BEYOND the mere description of his extraordinary labours, and his admirable services to the cause of science, there is but little in these volumes respecting the career of Sir James Smith to gratify our curiosity, or augment the interest which, in common with the whole country, we entertain for his character. When a great man is no more, and when the splendour which has surrounded his track no longer dazzles the imagination, we long to have the opportunity of contemplating the individual apart from those circumstances which had hitherto prevented our close observation. Such a desire is universal; it is instinctive; and the art of biography, from the earliest ages, may be traced altogether to this principle. When, therefore, we take up the history of the life of a public man, it is not in the expectation of finding materials of interest in the account of his great actions; these are already well known, and duly appreciated. But we are led by the hope that we can see him in his private capacity, that we can sympathise with him as a member of the same community as ourselves, as one who is stimulated by the same wants, and, like us, is affected by the same pleasures. We feel it to be a matter of deep interest to ascertain how that man, who has earned so much renown by the brilliancy of his exploits in the noblest regions of intellectual inquiry, conducted himself as a son, a father, or a husband; we are curious to know how he performed the ordinary duties of social life, how he spent his leisure hours, what were his predilictions, what were his antipathies, what, even, the oddities and follies by which he was distinguished. These are the points of investigation in the lives of extraordinary men, which our nature impels us to attend to; and it is only in the proportion that biography supplies satisfactory answers to such inquiries, that it can be allowed the attributes of interest and utility.

Yet it it must be admitted that, in the life of Sir James Smith, considered merely with respect to his domestic character, nothing very materially differing from the ordinary course of events can be detected. He had an ample patrimony, and therefore was exempted from the necessity of premature intellectual exertion; he had no prejudices to encounter in the department of science to which he had devoted his talents; he was caressed by the learned, and his friendship cultivated by the great; and up to the latest moment it

may be said that the even tenor of his life flowed uninterruptedly along. Thus it was, that free from all causes of interference and of interruption, Sir James Smith was enabled to attach himself to a single system of action; to this he devoted himself almost exclusively, having neither motive nor leisure to develope, to any striking extent, those peculiar qualifications which might have been latent in his mind, and by which an additional interest would be attached to his biography.

The subject of the present memoir was a descendant of the ancient family of Kinderley. He was born at Norwich, on the 2d of December 1759, and was remarkable during childhood for the delicacy of his constitution. Being brought up more immediately under the care of his parents, young Smith sympathized more intimately with their tastes and pursuits; and it was from his mother, who was fond of cultivating flowers, that he imbibed, at a very early age, the passion for botany, which he afterwards indulged with so much enthusiasm. He seldom in after life, we are told, saw the delicate blue flowers of the wild succory, without recalling to mind that when in infancy their beauty caught his eye, and attracted his admiration above most others, he tried in vain to pluck them from the stalk. The education of the child was purely domestic; he had a dread of public schools, and his parents were too benevolent to attempt any opposition to his wishes.

The father of Sir James Smith appears to have been a sensible, well educated man, who very properly considered the independence of his son as one of the most desirable of worldly blessings. Accordingly he resolved to train the young man to merchandize, designing him particularly for that branch of trade which is connected with the importation of raw silk. Here again the inclinations of the youth were in opposition, and a great deal of time was spent in meditations as to the occupation which he should select for life. Meanwhile accident led him to cultivate the society of several gentlemen, who were eminent for their attainments in natural history, and so decidedly did young Smith display a preference for science, that his father agreed to let him go to Edinburgh for the purpose of engaging in the medical profession. At twenty-two years of age he joined the medical school of that metropolis, and seems to have been well pleased with the step he had taken. The first letter of a medical pupil some eighty years ago cannot fail to be an object of attention at the present time:

'Writing home to his father on the second of November, 1781, he acquaints him with the success of his introductory letters, and informs him that the person from whom he expects to derive most comfort and advantage is Dr. Hope. "He has the highest character for abilities and real goodness of heart, and is a man of the first consequence in this place: his behaviour was at first (as it generally is) a little reserved; but botanical subjects opening the way, he became perfectly affable, and treats me with almost paternal tenderness. Having found that I was quite a

novice in the study of medicine, he talked the whole over with me, and recommends me, above all things, first to make myself master of Latin, for which purpose he has recommended me a master, who taught all his children, who is to come for an hour every day; the usual terms are a guinea a month, but I am to give after the rate of eight guineas a year, and expect six or eight months will do. I hope you will not disapprove of this expense, as it is quite necessary, and you may depend on my frugality in every case where I can save money without missing anything of real importance. Dr. Hope thinks that, with the utmost economy, I cannot spend less than £.120 a year; but I don't see how it can amount to near that.

'"I am quite pleased with my lodgings and companions. My only fellow-lodger, besides Mr. Lubbock, is Mr. Engelhart, a most accomplished and agreeable young gentleman, whose father is physician to the King of Sweden.

'"At Dr. Hope's I have seen Lord Monboddo: he is a plain-dressing, elderly man; he had on an ordinary gray coat, leather breeches, and coarse worsted stockings; he conversed with me with great affability about various matters, spoke of the great decline of classical learning at Edinburgh, and mentioned the Norfolk husbandry, which he said he had adopted.

'"I often think of you, and imagine what is passing in the scenes which my friends render so dear to me. Pray give my most affectionate duty to my dear mother."'—pp. 20—22.

It is impossible for us to omit some portion of the reply which the affectionate father returned to the letter just quoted. It unites every good quality which it is possible to combine in a composition perhaps the most delicate that a man can be called on to indite:

'"I cannot disapprove," says he, "of any expense that is useful to your pursuit, therefore have no objection to a Latin master. Latin and Greek are necessary to your profession in more respects than being keys to the doors of science, into any of which you may enter if you have those keys; and I would wish you should have as good ones in your possession as any body else has; they should have no advantage over me in that respect, and I believe, between ourselves, there is a great deal in the parade of it, besides the use. The men of learning have agreed to stamp a high value upon classical learning: it sets them out of the reach of the vulgar, and of those who are their superiors in every other worldly advantage; yet I do not think it is all sterling worth, but a great deal of it imposition. I would not be without any of it that will be really useful to you, nor without enough of it to be creditable, but I would not sacrifice anything substantial to attain more; the knowledge of *things* is your proper study, and an acquisition of that knowledge will be the solid and profitable advantage of your attention; that will be your grand aim; and as the study you have so delighted in, not only requires a mind formed for nice observation, as the foundation of a genius successful in that branch, but also a patient discriminating judgment, joined to constant industry and close observation to seize the varieties of nature in her productions, I persuade myself that genius and taste, joined to those qualities which you

possess in an eminent degree, will enable you to discern wherein the essential of medicine lies, and to discover not only as far into the nature of diseases, and what relates to them, as human knowledge has yet gone, but I go further, and flatter myself you will be distinguished for a judgment and penetration that surpasses most others, and such as will procure you the esteem and veneration of the world, as I am without doubt your conduct and behaviour in your practice will secure you the love of it.'"—pp. 24, 25.

From the subsequent letters of young Smith to the different members of his family, it would appear that he made abundant use of the facilities afforded to him at the celebrated institution of Edinburgh, in acquiring a knowledge of natural history, but more particularly of botany. These epistles likewise display the purest and most praise-worthy sentiments of filial affection; they show that he had a very peculiar tendency to form attachments, and that he was possessed of all those estimable qualities which are so well calculated to conciliate the permanent regard of others.

Mr. Smith remained in Edinburgh during two years, and then fixed himself in London, as a pupil at the school of anatomy, which was directed by William and John Hunter. This establishment was adorned by teachers, in all its departments, who were looked upon as the most eminent of their day. The sight of the dissecting room threw him into a state of horror; but he became gradually reconciled to the practice, and having joined to his anatomical studies the observation of diseases, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he seems to have settled down to the profession with great comfort to himself, and satisfaction to his friends. His passion, however, for natural history soon vindicated its empire in his breast, and the house and museum of Sir Joseph Banks became his most frequented haunts. He had not been long in London, when an application was made to Sir Joseph respecting the property of the celebrated Linnæus. The son of the illustrious naturalist had expired, and the collection of books, manuscripts, and natural history, formed by both at Upsal, were now to be disposed of for the sum of one thousand guineas. Young Smith was at breakfast with Sir Joseph when the letter containing this proposition was received; Sir Joseph declined the offer, but, handing the communication to his young friend, advised him strongly to make the purchase. The latter, all enthusiasm, took immediate steps for securing the collection, and amongst other preliminary measures, was under the necessity of obtaining the amount of the purchase-money from a father, whose strict notions of prudence and frugality appear to have been with very considerable difficulty relaxed, even by the warmth of his parental affection. The collection, however, was ultimately purchased by Mr. Smith, for the sum of nine hundred guineas, a small herbarium having been deducted from it for the purpose of defraying a debt due by Linnæus to Baron Alstromer. The purchase of the Linnæan relics produced a great sensation in

the scientific world. Numerous overtures were made to Mr. Smith for the whole, or for only a portion of the property; but to these various applications he uniformly replied that he had not bought these valuable articles in order to sell them again. The circumstances under which this inestimable treasure was transported to England are interesting. It appears that Mr. Smith applied to the Treasury, in order to lessen, if possible, the amount of the duties to be charged on the importation of the cargo from Upsal. Chiefly through the exertions of Sir John Jervis (Earl St. Vincent), a Treasury order came down, allowing every article, except the books, to be admitted and delivered to Mr. Smith without any duty, or any charges whatever. Half the purchase money having been paid, according to previous agreement, the collection was forwarded to Stockholm on the 4th of August, 1784, under the care of a trusty friend, to be put on board the first good ship for England. It was speedily consigned to the ship *The Appearance*, Captain Axel Daniel Sweder, and was safely laded at the Custom House towards the end of October, 1784. One of the most striking facts connected with the transport of this interesting cargo, was its escape from the clutches of the King of Sweden. Gustavus III. had been some time in France, and was unacquainted with the nature of the negotiation, which ultimately deprived his kingdom of that which should have been one of its most boasted possessions. His Majesty returned to his dominions in sufficient time to send a vessel to the Sound, in pursuit of *The Appearance*, in order to intercept her, and bring back the collection; but fortunately for the interests of science in Great Britain, the measures of Gustavus were too late. The whole cost of the collection, including freight, was £.1088. 4*s*.

'The first intention of Sir James was to deposit his purchase in some spare rooms in the British Museum; but he found some objections to the scheme, and preferred taking a house, that it might be safer, and more accessible to himself and his friends. He therefore hired apartments in Paradise-row, Chelsea, whither it was immediately conveyed; and often has he recurred with great pleasure to the first winter after its arrival, when, with Sir J. Banks and Mr. Dryander, they examined the herbarium minutely, and carefully unpacked and arranged the whole collection.

'With no premeditated design of relinquishing physic as a profession, yet from this hour he devoted his time and all the powers of his mind to the object for which he had hazarded so much; nor was there ever a period, in his subsequent life, of misgiving or regret that he had made a wrong choice: neither was his love of botany pursued to the exclusion of other literature or lighter pleasures; but it was the charm of his existence, always at hand, ready to take up, always leading the mind forward, and filling his hours with satisfaction.'—pp. 127, 128.

The idea thus entertained was not carried into effect; and in less than two years after he became possessed of the Linnæan collection, Sir James Smith commenced a tour through Holland,

France, Italy, and Switzerland. The results of this interesting journey are familiar to most of our readers in the pages of his beautiful work, entitled, "*Sketch of a Tour on the Continent,*" in three volumes. The correspondence which he kept up during his travels, contain matter that will prove extremely interesting to the cultivators of botany. Those letters which were written by himself, abound in the expressions of a most delightful sensibility to the charms of nature, and those who have a taste for such objects will find, in the enthusiastic description of Sir James Smith, materials for the most refined of all human enjoyments.

Having spent almost eighteen months abroad, Sir James returned to England, in November, 1787. The work which he published, and which has been already alluded to, contributed much to exhalt the character of one who presents already so many claims to public approbation. It so fell out, however, that the very publication which served to extend the fame of Sir James Smith so justly, was also the cause of an annoyance, painful in its effects, as it was ridiculous in its motives. We shall give the story in the elegant language of Lady Smith:—

'It happened some time in the year 1791, that Sir James's friend, Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, being about to write a botanical paper on the British species of *Carex*, had occasion to consult the herbarium of Mr. Lightfoot. This had been bought by his Majesty George III. on the death of its original possessor, and presented to the Queen. Dr. Goodenough obtained permission to examine it: the Queen, being present when he went to Frogmore, conversed with Dr. G. on the subject of his studies. He found the herbarium very much damaged, and recommended Her Majesty to have it looked over by some intelligent person, mentioning Mr. Dryander and Sir James Smith, as either of them capable of advising some method of preserving what remained. The name of the latter was not unknown to the Queen; he had some time before presented her, through the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Barrington, with a copy of his Coloured Figures of Rare Plants, which both Their Majesties were pleased enough with to desire to become purchasers of three copies besides; and in one of Her Majesty's familiar visits to the late Viscountess Cremorne, the Queen carried her a copy as a present.

'Lady Cremorne, perceiving with agreeable surprise that the author of this new work was a person she had honoured with her friendship so far as to have fixed on him as an acquaintance and companion for an only and beloved son, the consequence of the rencontre was, that when Dr. Goodenough gave the above-mentioned hint to Her Majesty, she instantly fixed upon him, for the purpose not merely of arranging Lightfoot's herbarium, but of conversing with herself and the Princesses on the elements of botany and zoology. These visits were at all times remembered by him with considerable pleasure; and he never spoke without veneration of the character of the Queen, her care to afford her daughters every opportunity of acquiring information, and to furnish them with the means of filling their time with worthy objects of pursuit.

'Sir James sincerely esteemed his royal patroness, and was flattered to

find his services acceptable to her. In every conversation the benignity and cultivated understanding of the principal personages removed every sensation of awe, and royalty itself lost none of its dignity in the polite and accomplished companions.

'With these impressions he took leave of his illustrious pupils, suspecting no ill, and designing nothing disloyal, nor was it likely that any passages in his Tour should have given offence at any other time. But the events of the French revolution had filled the minds of many with suspicion and alarm: what he had said was represented to him "as injurious in these times to crowned heads;" and a passage wherein he is accused of eulogizing Rousseau, was regarded as "hostile to religion, virtue, and loyalty."

'There can be no doubt that Her Majesty's mind was prejudiced against him by one who had been a mutual friend, but whose personal contests with Rousseau had warped his judgment.'—pp. 289—291.

Sir James appears to have taken a house in London, in the year 1788, with a view of practising as a physician, and also pursuing the study of natural history. The father shrewdly foresaw that practice would be altogether a secondary consideration; and though his habitual prudence led him to admonish the son to prefer the more profitable to the more agreeable of the two occupations, his paternal affection induced him to leave the young aspirant to himself. The result was, that a society was formed by Sir James, with the immediate assistance of Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Goodenough, Mr. Marsham, and others, and the first meeting of the society was held at Sir James's house in Great Marlborough Street, on the 8th April 1787. He delivered, on that occasion, a fine discourse on the rise and progress of natural history, and was made president of the community, which received the title of the Linnæan Society. A list of the thirty-six original fellows cannot but be interesting to the public, particularly since some of them still survive, and find themselves members of an association, which now consists of a number exceeding five hundred:

'*The List of the Linnæan Society*, 1790.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Sir JOSEPH BANKS, Bart. President of the Royal Society.

HENRY, Earl of GAINSBOROUGH.

The Marechal Duc de NOAILLES.

FELLOWS.

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. PRESIDENT, F.R.S. *Acad. Reg. Sc. Taurin. Ulissip. Agron. Paris. Botanoph. Andegav. Corresp.*

Mr. George Adams, Fleet-street.

Robert Barclay, Esq. Clapham.

Mr. John Beckwith, Spitalfields.

James Crowe, Esq, Norwich.

Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, Bart. F.R.S. Bury.

Mr. William Curtis, St. George's Crescent.
Edmund Davall, Esq. Orbe, in Switzerland.
Mr. James Dickson, Covent Garden.
Jonas Dryander, M.A. Librarian, *Lib. to the Roy. Soc. Acad. Reg. Sc. Stockholm, Soc.* Dean Street.
Samuel Ewer, Esq. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.
Mr. John Fairbairn, Chelsea Garden.
John Ford, M.D, Bond-street.
The Rev. Samuel Goodenough, LL.D. Treasurer, F.R.S. Ealing.
William Hanbury, Esq. Kilmarsh, Northamptonshire.
Mr. Thomas Hoy, Sion House.
Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. Salisbury.
Mr. John Latham, F.R.S. Dartford.
John Latham, M.D. Old Jewry.
The Rev. John Lyon, Dover.
Thomas Marsham, Esq. Secretary. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.
The Rev. Thomas Martyn, B.D. F.R.S. *Prof. Bot. Cambridge*, Westminster.
Mr. Archibald Menzies, Broad-street, Soho.
Richard Pulteney, M.D. F.R.S. Blandford, Dorset.
The Rev. Richard Relhan, M.A. F.R.S. Cambridge.
John Rotherham, M.D,
Richard Anthony Salisbury, Esq. F.R.S. Chapel Allerton, near Leeds.
George Shaw, M.D. F.R.S. Frith-street.
John Sibthorp, M.D. F.R.S. *Prof. Bot. Oxford. Soc. Reg. Monsp. et Gotting. Correspond.* Oxford.
John Sims, M.D. Paternoster-row.
Sir George Leonard Staunton, Bart. F.R.S. Berners-street.
Mr. John Timothy Swainson, Dover-place.
Mr. Robert Teesdale, Ranelagh.
William Thompson. M.D. F.R.S. *Lect. in Anat. Oxford,* Oxford.
Thomas Jenkinson Woodward, Esq. Bungay.
William Younge, M.D. Sheffield.
Mr. John Zier, Pimlico.'

The success which has attended the labours of this society needs no testimony from us. We endeavoured to support it in its infancy, and it is not without some pride that we witnessed its maturity, and the vast and diffusive benefits which it has conferred on society.

A considerable portion of the latter part of the first volume, is dedicated to a number of letters from the pens of learned foreigners. The subjects are chiefly technical, and offer but little if much interest to the general reader.

It is scarcely necessary for us to pursue the examination which the editor has entered into of the various works published by Sir James Smith. They are already sufficiently appreciated by the public, and their great value in circulating a knowledge of one of the most fascinating of sciences, by the recommendations of lucid order, elegance of style, and happiness of illustration, has been frequently

attested. He did not limit himself to the composition of elaborate and extensive productions for the use of the learned, and of those already initiated in the science of botany; but he lent his powerful assistance in every instance where he hoped it would prove useful in exciting a taste for, or in calling attention to, his favourite pursuit. This object he had in view in the lectures which he delivered, and in the various papers which he wrote for journals and other periodical publications, but more especially for that important national work, Rees' Cyclopædia. He had been originally applied to by Dr. Rees, to assist the principal contributor, the Rev. William Wood of Leeds, in furnishing the botanical articles; but as that gentleman died whilst writing the article Cyperus, the whole of the duty of this department devolved on Sir James Smith. No less than 3,348 atricles of his are inserted in the celebrated publication to which we allude; the number of botanists, whose biographies he composed, being in all fifty-seven.

The "Transactions of the Linnæan Society" have been greatly enriched by very valuble papers from the pen of Sir James; these amount to fifty-two, and drew forth at the periods of their publication respectively, the warmest expressions of admiration, not merely from his immediate friends, but from strangers, who had never been acquainted with the author. All his literary performances, whether they were to come before the world authenticated by his own name, or were merely anonymous, presented traces which could not be misunderstood of the author's unbounded affection for the science which he cultivated, as well as of his most anxious wish to see a knowledge of it extensively diffused.

Sir James grew tired of London in a short time. He went to Hammersmith to take up his residence in the neighbourhood of Mr. Lee's nursery garden. But this partial migration did not satisfy him, and he retired in 1796 to his native place, the city of Norwich, where he remained until his death. His friends endeavoured to induce him to devote himself to practise as a physician; but he proved too obedient to the sovereign power which botanical science held over his mind. He came to London, however, every year, and employed at least two months in delivering lectures on botany, at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street. Here he was associated with the most eminent of the scientific men of the day, and went through his periodical duties precisely as if they had been a source of entertainment to him.

We have already spoken of the correspondence which occupies so very properly the greater part of these volumes. It would be a tedious, but not a very useful task, to enumerate the names of those individuals, from whom the kindest and most respectful communications have been addressed to Sir James. It is sufficient for us to say, that the list embraces those of the most eminent cultivators of natural history which Europe could boast of, for the last half century, in any part of her extensive territory. The letters from

his countrymen to Sir James, springing from a closer knowledge of the individual, exhibit a greater intensity of regard and interest for him; and we would especially point out the epistles of Dr. Goodenough, the Bishop of Carlisle, as being calculated, by their cordiality, their learning, sometimes by their playfulness, sometimes by their tenderness, to give us at once the most exalted notions of his intelligence and of his heart.

It is painful to remember, that one so distinguished for his devotion to science, and who proved himself by the tenor of his life so useful to his fellow-men, should have experienced in his person the persecution of a malicious spirit of bigotry. Sir James Smith, it is well known, became a candidate for the vacant chair of Botany at Cambridge in 1818. But as he was neither a member of the University nor of the Church of England, he was deemed unworthy of the place for which his great endowments had fitted him. This monstrous triumph of bigotry was disgraceful to the age, and still more so to the Institution in which it was allowed to take place. Its injustice was acknowledged by every right mind, and some of the professors of the University felt it due to themselves to disclaim any participation in the exclusion of Sir James Smith. Professor Martyn, in particular, shewed his disgust at the proceedings, and made every effort in his power to secure to the unworthy Institution the benefits to be derived from such an instructor as Sir James Smith. The letter of the upright Professor will be read with great interest:—

'My dear Sir, 'Pertenhall, March 14, 1818.

'The season approaches when I feel an annual regret, that in consequence of my age and infirmities I am unable to fulfill my duty as Dr. Walker's reader, in giving a course of botanical lectures. If you could, consistently with your other engagements, undertake to read a course next term, I should esteem it a great favour done to me personally; and I have no doubt of its being well received by the University.

'You are aware that you must have the sanction of the vice-chancellor, who, I am persuaded, will be ready to give the University an opportunity of profiting by your instructions, as he doubtless knows that you take the lead in the science of botany in this country, and that your reputation is too well established to need any recommendation from me. As far as my power extends, I am happy in giving you full authority to take such specimens of plants and flowers as you think requisite for your lectures, together with the use of the lecture-room, at any time or times that may be convenient—always under the controul of the vice-chancellor, and with a complete reliance on your discretion in the use of the garden.

'Sincerely wishing it may suit your convenience to comply with this my request,

'I remain, dear Sir,

'Your ever faithful friend,

'Thos. Martin.'

The circumstances attending the rejection of Sir James as a candidate for the chair of Botany, lead us naturally to the consideration of his religious principles, a subject which is dwelt on at some length by the editor. The opinion upon which he rested was, that a man can be no Christian, as to faith, who does not judge for himself; nor, as to practice, who does not allow others to do so without presuming to censure or to hinder them. It is observed of Sir James, that his creed was the New Testament, which he read according to the recommendation of the pious Whichcot, "as a man would read a letter from a friend, in the which he doth only seek after what was his friend's mind and meaning, not what he can put upon his words." Sir James was a firm believer in the divine mission of Christ, but maintained the doctrine of the strict unity of God.

'He cherished,' observes his biographer, 'a perfect faith in the goodness of God. The goodness of God "was the reason of the hope that was in him." Believing that he framed the human soul for eternal duration and for happiness, he never troubled himself about the *time* or *manner* of his future existence, or what was to constitute it; considering himself incapable of forming any judgment, he relied implicitly on the benevolence of that parental Being who had "vouchsafed to call him hither to this great assembly and entertainment, and had permitted him to contemplate his works, to admire and adore his providence, and to comprehend the wisdom of his conduct."

'The apparent evil, the partiality, the injustice, in our present life, were to him assurances, combined with revelation, of a more perfect state hereafter.

'He believed virtue not to be communicated without effort; that the great object of our probation here is to *acquire* it, and that to possess ourselves of it we must cherish it by our own unremitting endeavours, by the rules prescribed by him who was himself "the way, the truth, and the life."

'The following paragraph was found after Sir James's death, among other papers, on his library table. It seems to be a memorandum of opinions which, had his life been prolonged, he had a design to use and enlarge upon.

' "The attributes of God, are,

Power,
Wisdom,
Goodness,

} All infinite and eternal.

' "Power and wisdom are communicable to his creatures in any degree he pleases, Goodness is in the very nature of things incommunicable, and must be *acquired*, else it is a nonentity.

' "Man has the power of acquiring goodness. He must therefore be fully capable of comprehending or of knowing what it is. But man is manifestly incapable of comprehending the wisdom or power of God; nor is it of any use to him to attempt it.

'"Hence all our reasonings respecting a future state, founded on the wisdom or power of God, or on natural principles, have always proved vain.

'"Those only are conclusive which are deduced from his goodness; of which, as we are formed and commanded to imitate it, we are necessarily able to judge.—J. E. Smith."

'His devotional feelings were ardent, retired, confiding: like the pious Fenelon, he felt that "God is the true friend of the heart, and that there is no comforter like him." To say he was accustomed to the duty of prayer, seems needless after this,—none was less restricted to a set of words, none expressed "the soul's sincere desire" more frequently or fervently. Devotion and benevolence were the marked characters of his gifted mind. His love of nature was the love of God.'—pp. 383—385.

It is no small proof of the existence of a devout feeling in the breast of Sir James Smith, that he occasionally composed hymns. These compositions are neatly and correctly executed, but they display much more piety than imagination. The following, written after the loss of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, is a very fair specimen of his poetical powers:—

'HYMN.

'*Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers.*—2 Samuel, vii. 12.

'As o'er the closing urn we bend
Of each beloved and honor'd friend,
What tears of anguish roll!
In vain in death's unconscious face
The living smile we seek to trace
That spoke from soul to soul.

'But shall not memory still supply
The kindly glance, the beaming eye,
That oft our converse blest;
That brighten'd many a prospect drear,
Revived our virtue, soothed our care,
And lull'd each pain to rest?

'And when these frail remains are gone,
Our hearts the impression still shall own,
Our mortal path to cheer:
O God! to point the way to heaven
These angel-guides by thee were given;
How blest to meet them there!'—p. 402.

The death of Sir James Smith, which took place on the 17th March 1828, was preceded by a state of weakness that gradually became more visible in its effects. He accepted the visitation as a providential warning, and assumed with resignation the contemplative character which befitted so momentous a season. Few men

were more regretted by his friends and acquaintance than Sir James Smith. The great basis on which all the varied attractions of his mind and manners were founded, consisted of a benevolent heart; this led him to apply the best powers of his understanding to the promotion of all the good which his instinct impelled him to wish for; and acting uniformly upon the same principle, it is not to be wondered at that he should have been a sort of common centre in which the sympathies of men of all ages, professions, shades of opinion, and stations in life should meet together. Such is the view at least of his character which the correspondence contained in these volumes presents to us: such is the description of him which the testimony of some of the first men of the country has confirmed.

To Sir James Smith, and his ingenious works, we chiefly owe the extended taste now so happily existing amongst the higher classes, for the cultivation of botany. When he made his appearance on the public scene, botany stood nearly in the same relation to the minds of the general community of England, as algebra, stands at present. It had all the appearance of being an abstruse, revolting, and unprofitable subject of inquiry, and one which would demand from the student an infinitely greater amount of labour than was likely to be compensated for by the information acquired. Few therefore, beyond the casual adventurer in the fields of science, undertook the arduous enterprize of trying to obtain a knowledge of botany. But when the bold hand of genius turned aside the dusty veil in which the fair form of nature had been shrouded, and when her charms were presented to the world, under the auspices of a lucid and impassioned description; when, in short, the first works of Sir James Smith appeared, expounding the wonders, unfolding all the beauties, and showing the exquisite order which prevailed in that science, which had hitherto been no more than an undigested heap, then was it that an impulse was communicated to the public mind, which no man was better able to take advantage of than Sir James Smith. How he contributed to improve the taste of his countrymen, his subsequent works will tell. But even these do not constitute the sole monument of the great high priest of nature. There is not an humble worshipper at her shrine within the British dominions, who, as he contemplates all the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, and glows with delight at the spectacle which they afford, will not feel that he should yield the tribute of a sigh to the memory of him, who, by his talents, his labours, and his benevolent aspirations, had left to his fellow-countrymen the first facilities for so glorious an enjoyment.

ART. V.—*Wild Sports of the West, with Legendary Tales and Local Sketches.* By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 672. London: Richard Bentley. 1832.

AT this season of the year a book of this description is quite refreshing to all who love sport by "flood and field." The salmon fishing, and the grouse shooting are over, and the lovers of such exercises are beginning to return slowly and reluctantly to their monotonous tasks in the Capital—the tradesman to his shop—the lawyer to his musty chambers—the stock-broker and city gambler to their dark haunts in Bartholomew Lane—and scribes, like ourselves, to the more worthy pursuit of enriching ourselves, and at the same time, enlightening mankind. To read faithful accounts, therefore, of the cheering and healthy sports in which all so lately mingled, affords satisfaction and delight only equalled by actual enjoyment. Would that we could give the pent up citizen and the lazy alderman any thing like an idea of the reality; for if we could, it would, once a year, give more impulse to trade, and create more bustle over the country than a general election or a royal visit; coaches and steam-boats could not be found to convey to their destination the shoals of citizens, great and small, old and young, that such a prospect would rouse into active life, and no medicine, no prescription of Abernethy or Lawrence, could give anything like the renewed strength, the flow of spirits, in short, the re-edification of the whole constitutional system, caused by a ramble for six weeks among the mountains and glens of the north, or over the hill, and dale, and bog, of the ancient kingdom of Connaught. The very recollection of the scenes makes our editorial hand stop short in the middle of a sentence, that we may indulge for a moment in the dream, "fight our battles o'er again," and paint to the mind's eye the shaggy mountain's brow, with the gray clouds resting on its summit, the stately red deer bounding in all the pride of wild independence along its side, the rushing stream, with here and there the deep pool, "o'er whose smooth tide the salmon fling themselves, hurrying from the sea to ascend their native river," the crowing of the muir-cock at the early dawn, the bleating of the sheep, the shrill cry of the mountain goat, with an occasional eagle, soaring in all his majesty far above the extensive and varied scene. Such is the scene to be seen at times in the north and west; but this is only at times—it is not an every day scene. The eagle and red deer are but shy visitors, and unless the sportsman comes within the range of the father-eagle's flight round his aerie, or surprise the herd in some sequestered woody dale, he may walk many a long mile, and drink many a glass of whiskey, without getting a near view of either the one or the other.

The ordinary citizen therefore must, like ourselves, be contented with humbler sport, and that sport any one may enjoy who has a respectable country cousin, a few weeks to spare in August and September, and a few sovereigns to rub against each other. As soon as these matters are arranged, leave town as fast as feet or boat can carry you. Get into a steam-boat or a coach, inside or out, that makes no difference to the true sportsman, and besides, the very flow of spirits, occasioned by anticipated joy, and the excitement caused by the rattling of the vehicle, fortifies the body against anything like cold, cramp, or ague. Johnson used to say, that man never was so truly happy as when driving along in a carriage at a good sharp trot, in a fine day, and with good companions. When he said this, of course he had a good dinner in view at the end of the drive; that was the most cheering prospect for him; that gave the zest, the crowning excellence to the whole affair; and it was probably that peculiar habit, and grovelling turn of mind, which put him in such bad humour with Scotland, when he set out on his expedition to the Hebrides. He had formed an idea that "nothing good could come out of Galilee;" that the men of that country lived on the food of horses, drank nothing but ardent spirits, and went half naked. These were insuperable objections in his guzzling imagination, and may fully account for his altered humour when driving towards the north, from what it was wont to be when he had a good dinner, and ruby red wine in full view before him. Had he been a man of a proper turn of mind, he would have given the preference to a quite opposite scene. Instead of dreaming only of the comforts of London, (some of which no doubt are very good in their way, though mixed up with many discomforts), and believing there was no enjoyment, no real good, but in a warm room in a cold winter afternoon, a sea-coal fire, a smoking dinner, and a couple of friends, or rather retainers, over whom he could domineer and dogmatize; instead of making these the *summum bonum*. and allowing them to prevail over every other consideration, as he was trundled along in one of the clumsy vehicles of his day, he should have pitched on such a scene, and on such a prospect, as the thorough bred sportsman has in view, when on a fine summer morning, and on the top of a coach, more handsome than any owned till now by Roman Emperors, or kings, or conquerors, and drawn by four high mettled horses, eager to run their race, leaving behind him the world of London, the countless spires of the city, St. Paul's towering in all its majesty above them, the dingy warehouses, the myriads of myriads of shops, the haunts and dens of her lanes and alleys, with all their profligacy, dissipation and misery, leaving all these behind him, and traversing a country abounding in hill, and dale, and meandering stream, studded over with neat towns, modest clean villages, cottages which the peasant, in spite of his poverty, takes delight in adorning with honey-suckle, rose trees,

and vines, and which his frugal partner, with all the pressure of scanty means, and the toils and hardships of a numerous family, prides herself in keeping more clean and comfortable than the palaces of Italian princes; added to these the mansions and parks of the magnates of the land, adorned with wide spreading oaks and elms, whose sturdy boughs have braved for a hundred years the storm and the tempest, the bustle and stir caused at almost every stage by the arrival and departure of coaches, waggons, and the various unnameable vehicles, which the commerce, the wealth, and the industry of an enterprising people, have called into existence.

The scene of action, as may be supposed, is very different from all this. Salmon and trout, and grouse, do not well associate with the noise and stir of a populous country. The latter particularly have a great aversion to civilization, and retreat before the ploughshare, the sickle, and the scythe, as the ancient Britons retreated to the hills and glens of Wales and Scotland before the Saxon conquerors. They love the sunny side of a bleak hill, or even lower ground when "the breeze is brisk and warm, the surface undulated into hillocks, or intersected by rivulets, whose broken banks are thickly covered with luxuriant heath." The nature of the sport, the habits of the game, and the wild country that they inhabit, are, however, so well described by the author, that we cannot do better than give them in his own words:

'The road by which we reached our shooting ground, is the sole means by which this, our *terra incognita*, is connected with the rest of Christendom. It is rough and dangerous in the extreme, and impracticable to every quadruped but the ponies of the country. In place of mile-stones, which mark better frequented roads, heaps of irregularly-sized pebbles meet the eye, and a stranger will be at a loss to assign their uses. They are melancholy memorials of uncivilized society, and either mark the scene of murder, or the place where a corpse has been rested in the progress of a funeral. These tumuli are numerous—and many a wild and fearful record of former violence is associated with them. The greater portion of the *cairns* record loss of life consequent upon drunkenness; and the stone, at present, appears as fatal as the *middoge* in former days.

'We left our horses at the old bridge of Ballyveeny, and proceeded to make an extensive circle of the moors, skirting, as we went along, the bases of the ridge of hills, which shuts out Erris from the interior.'—pp. 2, 3.

'Hunting for grouse during the basking hour of the day is rigidly prohibited by all gentlemen who compile sporting directories; and yet every shooter knows that, at these proscribed hours, himself is commonly on the moors. Morning and evening, when the birds are on foot in search of food, is undoubtedly preferable to the duller portion of the day, when they are accustomed to indulge in a *siesta*. But, generally, some distance must be travelled before the sportsman can reach his quarters. The morning is consumed on horseback or in the shooting cart; the same road must be again accomplished before night; and hence the middle of the day is, of necessity, the portion devoted to the pursuit of game.

'To find the birds when, satisfied with food, they leave the moor to bask in some favourite haunt, requires both patience and experience; and here the mountain-bred sportsman proves his superiority over the less practised shooter. The packs then lie closely, and occupy a small surface on some sunny brow or sheltered hollow. The best nosed dogs will pass within a few yards and not acknowledge them; and patient hunting, with every advantage of the wind, must be employed, to enable the sportsman to find grouse at this dull hour.

'But if close and judicious hunting be necessary, the places to be beaten are comparatively few, and the sportsman's eye readily detects the spot where the pack is sure to be discovered. He leaves the open feeding grounds for heathery knowes and sheltered valleys—and, while the unitiated wearies his dogs in vain over the hill-side, where the birds, hours before, might have been expected, the older sportsman profits by his experience, and seldom fails in discovering the dell or hillock where, in fancied security, the indolent pack is reposing.'—pp. 3—5.

Trout and salmon fishing are not met with in perfection in places so high and bleak. The nearer the sea the better. The fish are not only preferable, but the sport is infinitely superior, owing to the great vivacity and vigour which they possess on quitting the sea, and which gradually decrease as they ascend the stream. The place which we have now in our mind's eye is among the best we have seen. It is distant some five hundred miles from London, and three from the ocean; in a cultivated county, with here and there clumps of wood, and a good sprinkling of farm-houses; and we have selected the spot not entirely for its excellent fishing, but also as it is wise to combine moral instruction with amusement; because it exhibits, perhaps, the best specimen of the blessings which a resident landlord, liberal, judicious, and hospitable, and a virtuous, wise, and watchful clergyman confer on an agricultural population. The river is one of the middle size, running down at times, as most northern streams do during a storm, with great impetuosity, and a vast body of water; and, except on occasions of this kind, generally of a darkish, and not very transparent colour. The tide flows up the country some four miles, and brings with it finnock, sea-trout, and salmon, in great abundance. The landlord's turreted mansion is on one side half a mile from the river, with the school-house, the most useful building on the estate, a few hundred yards further down; and on the opposite bank the manor, the residence of the clergyman, surrounded partly by trees, and partly by the churchyard, in the middle of which stands a small, white, and modest-looking church. When such agitation is going on, not only in Ireland, but in this country, for the abolition of tithes; when feuds and broils, and fierce and bloody contests are filling the minds of the pious and peaceable part of the inhabitants with fear and anxious foreboding; when landlords and tenants, and peasants are, day after day, becoming more and more alienated from the church, and the dreadful denunciation is realised, that "the father

shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law," it is consolatory to turn to a spot where the word "tithe," till lately, has not been heard for a hundred years; where the very term has become obsolete; where the tenant and peasant have nothing to pay for the support of the church, and all those causes of contention between the pastor and his flock, so prevalent in the other parts of the kingdom, are utterly unknown; where distraining for rent has not been put in force for the last forty years, because rents are moderate, and the landlord merciful; and where, out of a population of 700, there is frequently not more than one receiving parish, or rather church-door relief; all the provision of this kind being made by voluntary contributions, which are now greater than the wants of the poor, and a portion of which is laid up against some future evil day. There the clergyman, in the eyes of the people, holds, if not the first, certainly the second rank; he constantly resides on the spot; he attends to their religious and moral instruction; he is appealed to as the trust-worthy and impartial arbiter of their little feuds and quarrels; and, without having recourse to cant or hypocrisy, or those low and deceitful tricks which but too often catch the ignorant multitude, attracts to his church every Sunday nearly the whole of the adult population. He is not afraid either to mingle in the harmless sports and exercises, which at times fill up, not unprofitably, a vacant hour, and will take a hand at whist, though only for penny points, and join in the dance, and catch salmon-trout with as gay and light a heart as the youngest and most heedless of his parishioners. And who but such an old bigotted, dogmatical moralist as Johnson, or a half-crazed anchorite, "not knowing and unknown" in the world, would say any thing against such a rational way of beguiling the old enemy, time, and invigorating both the corporeal and mental frame. This sort of amusement too (we mean fly-fishing) is one of the cheapest in the world; an ordinary rod, a fish basket or *creel*, and a few country flies (for these are infinitely preferable to the whole stock of all the London fishing tacklers together) are all that is necessary. Choose, then, a proper day, with a west wind, the river not too clear, and a good sprinkling of gray clouds, and walk forth in good time, with a merry heart; and to keep out the cold, or give a little amusement when the sport flags, carry a small flask; but even if all these should not be favourable, "walk forth," as Epictetus says, "without murmuring or complaining, walk forth, calm, contented, rejoicing," trusting to the chapter of accidents, and skill and perseverance, for success. We have sometimes known an unpromising day turn out well, and add fresh delight to this harmless and manly exercise; for manly certainly it is, as we have practised, and seen it practised, in the spot just described. As the tide sometimes flows back with great rapidity, and the booty may be great, a small boat, with a sail, and one of the oars for a

rudder, is a very useful accompaniment. Into this all the implements are thrown; the sail is set, the boat is loosed from her moorings, and the stream and the breeze speedily carries her to her destination; or if accident should strand her by the way on some sand bank, she is quickly set afloat again, and gallantly towed into deep water by our host, somewhat in the way Gulliver towed the fleet of the Lilliputians against their enemies. She is then drawn ashore, to wait the returning tide, and serves as a depository for all the habiliments that may be found unnecessary or cumbersome in crossing the stream, or pursuing a spirited and powerful fish. To insure success wading is indispensable, and if proper care be taken, unattended with the least risk; because, what with buoyant spirits, bracing air, active exercise, and an occasional drop of "mountain dew," cold and rheumatism, and all the other ills that follow in their train, are effectually scared away. Then commences the sport which brought us so many miles from London, and which makes ample amends for the jolting of coaches, the shaking, and creaking, and clattering of steam-boats, and all the other inconveniences and fatigue of a long journey. We yet see in imagination the full stream flowing into the deep pool beneath the surface; gently rippled by the western breeze, feel the quick twitch of a fine healthy sea trout, two or three pounds at least, near the rattle of the wheel; see the rod of the line bent into that graceful parabolical curve, so gladding to the heart and the eye; watch him with anxious care as he springs from the surface, and then darts with the rapidity of a rocket through the water, winding backwards and forwards, and on every side threatening to entangle the line among rocks or reeds, and causing many an anxious palpitation, till at last, finding all his efforts vain, the subdued animal, which but a few minutes before was so full of spirits, yields to his fate, becomes docile and tractable, and without risk or difficulty is brought safe ashore. Well might the worthy clergyman say, that at such a moment all the ills of life are forgotten; yet that surly philosopher, who would allow nothing to be good which he could not enjoy himself, called all this folly, and attempted to turn it into ridicule, by describing the art of angling by the phrase, "a rod, with a fool at one end and a fly at the other." Sir Humphrey Davy a fool! But the sport is over; we enjoy it only in idea, and the sorrow at bidding adieu to the scene may, as the saying is, be better imagined than described, though pathetically, but despairingly described by our author in the following words:

'We had fished the deep hole above the river, and our rods are, for the *last time*, handed to the attendants. And shall I never wile my idle hours away beside that beautiful stream in the intervals of unfriendly sunshine, stretched beneath a bank, turning the light pages of a book, or watching, in dreamy indolence, the rushing of the river? Shall I no more watch the eddying of the pool, with its sparkling surface broken by the bold and glo-

rious spring which marks the salmon rejoicing, like a returned prodigal, in his native river? No, my foot will never press that bank again; nor shall I, beside that glassy water, enjoy those tranquillizing feelings, which the slave of fashion, the creature of society, can neither know nor estimate.'—pp. 168, 169.

Having made this sort of preliminary excursion into the field of fancy, led away, we own, by sympathy, it may be proper now to return to our duty, and give the reader some account of the author and the work before us, and very respectable and intelligent they both appear to be. The work is somewhat in the style, and after the plan, of Washington's Irving's *Sketch Book*. It begins by giving a short account of the author or hero, who, after acquiring a large fortune by inheritance, and spending the greater part of it in horse-racing, betting and gambling, and all the usual modes in which a reckless young man commonly gets to his wits' end, becomes utterly disgusted with London, and sets off, at the commencement of the sultry season, for the country house of a Connaught cousin, situate at no great distance from Clew Bay and the bogs of Connemara. Then he spends the summer in fishing, shooting, sailing, otter-hunting, owl-catching, drinking, and all the other *ings* which are commonly resorted to in an outlandish and mountainous country. He describes the sports generally, with all the fervour and unction of a thorough bred sportsman, and in so doing, forgets not to give a little insight into the character of the people, their habits, their clannish feuds, and, what is most painful of all, their present wretched and impoverished condition. We regret he has not been more minute in these latter points, because, however agreeable hunting and fishing, and such amusements are, for the time, it is always a source of satisfaction to mix up the *utile* with the *dulce*, and produce some recollections, not only of the glens, and hills, and streams and lakes, but a knowledge also of the state of the country, and make an attempt at least to discover why in one part of the three kingdoms plenty and peace abound, and in another nothing is to be heard but the war cry of infuriated clans, the wailings of poverty, or the fierce and unmitigated murmurs of a discontented and disunited population. All the evils of the West of Ireland, he attributes to the terrible change from war to peace; the bursting of the banking bubbles, which supplied for that time an imaginary capital, and over-population and high rents, which have ruined that wild district, and reduced its peasantry, with few exceptions, to abject wretchedness and want. All these, however, do not account for such a lamentable change; there must be some other latent cause; some canker at the root, which withers the hand of industry, and by its baneful influence, drives commerce, civilization, and capital far from her domain. Bubble companies, and high rents, and transition from war to peace, produced undescribable distress in Great Britain as

well as in Ireland, but that was of no long duration; rents were lowered as the price of grain fell; the capital which had been invested in supplying stores or ammunition, or in any concern arising out of a war establishment, were in time directed to another channel, and the elasticity of trade, encouraged by British enterprise and perseverance, has brought back the country, though not to high rents and high wages, to a comparative degree of prosperity, not attained, at all events not surpassed, by any other European nation. In the mean time the trade of Ireland has been gradually increasing, while the condition of the great body of the people, particularly the agricultural people, has been becoming worse and worse. The author does not give any feasible account of the cause of such a strange anomaly, and in despair exclaims that no remedy can be found, and that landlords cannot reduce their rents without completely pauperizing themselves. There may be something selfish in this; for it is not at all improbable that our hero, notwithstanding all his betting and horse-racing, may have some property in that country, yet may not incline to put the misery and poverty of the small tenants in competition with his own comforts and convenience. He could not do better than in a second edition of the work (which we expect to see) advise the Irish landlords (himself at the head, if Irish he be) to follow the good example of his Connaught cousin, reside at least half the year on their estates, fishing, hunting, shooting,—any thing, in short, in preference to wasting their time in the saloons and gambling-houses of London,—encouraging industry and sobriety among the peasantry, establishing school-houses, where the young may learn, not only to read and write, but, what is of more importance, learn a respect for good order and peaceable conduct, and last, though not least, reduce their rents to such a degree as will allow the famishing tenants something like human subsistence. It is absurd to say the rents cannot be reduced. If they are not reduced voluntarily, a starving population will reduce them with a vengeance; and certainly it is better in time to begin to live on a competency on one's own property, than ward off the evil day for a few years, till want and oppression and misrule drive a starving population to steps which may convulse the whole empire. Much has been said about bad government and oppressive taxation, but would landlords only do their duty, not a tithe of the present misery would in a few years be found in Ireland. It is said that "a people to be free have only to will it," and we may add, to be above want and wretchedness they have the means equally in their power. Bad governments cause vast mischief, but internal misrule, domestic feuds, and a want of sympathy in the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, a great deal more. Were the local authorities and grand juries to do their duty even in one respect—the making of roads, employment would be afforded to a considerable part of the population, and landlord and tenant would be still more benefitted than they; yet judge, reader, how these

things are managed in Ireland, from the following striking description:—

'Some distance from the town we crossed an ancient bridge of many arches, through which an extensive lake communicates with the sea, and farther on passed the old tower of Carrigahowla. Our route was contiguous to the sea; on the left were the numerous islands of Clew Bay; on the right an extensive chain of savage hills and barren moorland. The road became hardly passable; constructed without the least regard to levelness, *here* it dipped into a ravine, and *there* breasted some sudden hill, inaccessible to any carriage but the light machines we travelled with. Its surface was rough, and interrupted by a multitude of loose stones; some of the bridges were partially dilapidated, and others had never been completed. In these, the ragged line of granite which formed the key-stones of the arches stood nakedly up, and presented a barrier that no common carriage could overtop without endangering its springs and harness; and yet this forlorn road is the only communication with a highly improvable country, covering at least fifty square miles, with numerous and profitable islands attached, and an immense line of sea-coast, possessing rich fisheries, and abounding in kelp-weed and manure! And why was this neglect? Were the proprietors of this deserted district so cold to that true spring of human action, self-aggrandizement, as to omit providing an outlet for the sources of their opulence? Were there no public monies allocated to these abandoned corners of the earth, and so much lavishly expended on many a useless undertaking elsewhere? Yes: large sums have been presented and *re-presented* by the grand juries for the last twenty years, but they have been regularly pocketed by those to whose good faith they were entrusted. Would it be believed in England, George, that this atrocious system of peculation has been carried to such an extent, that roads have been passed, *as completed*, when their lines have been but roughly marked out—and bridges been actually paid for, the necessary accounting affidavits having been sworn to in open court, when not a stone was ever laid, and to this day the stream runs without a solitary arch to span its flood from the source to the debouchement? Ay—these delinquencies have been often and notoriously perpetrated, and none have had the courage to drag the criminals to justice.'—pp. 40—42.

The same may be said of the negligence and absenteeism of the higher classes, which drive the peasantry to idle life, to poaching, smuggling, and other demoralizing pursuits,—forgetting their best interests, and leaving to "the female peasantry those coarse and laborious services which elsewhere are confined to the lords of the creation."

Independent of direct and off-hand description of men and manners, scattered throughout the book, there are various tales which are told with much force and feeling, and illustrate not only the present but the past habits of this remote and isolated people. The memoir of Hennessey is among the most remarkable of this description, and gives a lively description of the hair-breath escapes, the daring exploits, the ruthless vengeance, mixed, at the

same time, with strong traits of good feeling, which are sometimes displayed in the life of a Connaught outlaw. The "Night Attack" and the "Contrast" are both good in their kind,—the former shewing what spirit and resolution, when exerted even by women, may effect against the most ruthless midnight murderer; and the latter, how little pity or mercy may be expected by non-resistance from men abandoned to all sense of honour, and steeped in every crime. Had but common courage been shown, by resisting the attack of Captain Gallagher's party, the frightful scene which ensued might have been avoided, and the chief of the band met with a more speedy, though not a more painful or ignominious death. The two most heinous offences with which these wild people are especially charged, appear to be abduction and murder; and both are of frequent occurrence. Abduction there is of two kinds,—that practised by a young man of good character, but poor and too often rejected by the avaricious parents, who bargain away their daughters at a poteen-house, or at an accidental meeting at a fair, without consulting the inclination of those whose happiness and life often depend on the contract. In this case the abductor is no more to blame than the abductee; the sympathy of the country people is altogether in their favour; a party is easily obtained to assist in the rescue; the successful lover at their head surrounds the house of his mistress's father during the night, and generally, though not always, without violence carries her off, "nothing loath," to some distant hill or island. The priest here acts as the chief negotiator, and what with the prospect of marriage, christening, and house-fees, is sufficiently ready to concur in the marriage. The other abduction is of a different nature, and forms, indeed, one of the blackest crimes in the country. Girls with property are oftentimes forcibly carried off, secreted in the mountains, and being left at the mercy of some idle dissipated blackguard and his confederates, are obliged to become the illegal property of the despoiler. Murders, too, are by no means unfrequent, arising partly from the barbarous remains of clanship and the feudal system—the use of ardent spirits, which are easily procured, and too often indulged in during the numerous holidays enjoined by the Catholic Church Smuggling and illicit distillation, too, tend to increase these crimes, but more to the hard-hearted and avaricious landlords than to the unhappy peasants are these modes of plundering the revenue to be attributed. At the mercy of middlemen and hireling drivers—crushed to the earth with a heavy rent, which no legal mode of disposing of the crop can pay—deprived of good roads through the culpable negligence of grand juries, or the rapacity of some unprincipled agent, and forced to pay the rent on a given day, the wretched peasant is driven to convert his grain into whiskey, and dispose of it at a cheap rate, or give a great part of it away to bribe the silence of his neighbours, who indulge to excess, and then break out in those acts of violence which disgrace the country. For one that succeeds by this illicit

trade, ten are ruined, by acquiring habits of drunkenness, and by the numerous casualties to which such a mode of life is liable. In fact, owing to the badness of the roads, the small profits which the farmer obtains by bringing his corn to market, and the high rent, he is forced, often against his will, to such a lawless course of life. We do not despair yet of seeing a change in that unhappy country, but assuredly it will not take place unless the Catholic priesthood, and the persons of property and good character in the country, are either forced by the Government or are voluntarily led, by motives of distant good, to do their duty. The miseries which Scotland once endured, as compared with her present condition, make us not despair of Ireland. Some two hundred years ago, the factious nobles kept that country in a constant state of turmoil, setting the prince at defiance, and trampling on the peasant. Agriculture and trade were neglected—smuggling, rapine, and clannish feuds were encouraged, and in their train came poverty, habitual disregard of law, and strife and murder. On the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign, the Scottish chieftains mixed with their southern and more civilized neighbours, acquired the arts of peace, and communicated them to their vassals; and what with frequent residence among them, enforcing the laws, protecting and encouraging the good, and punishing the bad, the people, from being the most turbulent and restless of any kingdom in Europe, have become so quiet and orderly, that their political apathy is proverbial, and a single regiment is hardly now required to keep the few idle and discontented characters in subjection.

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et arte
> Intulit agresti Latio—"

was the boast of the ancient poet; but Scotland made a much better bargain than Greece. Greece lost her independence, and civilized Rome; Scotland gave England a race of kings, for whom she had little regard, and received civilization in turn. Let us trust that Ireland some day will experience a similar happy change, and that the landlords and priests, (and particularly the latter,) will use their powerful influence, not only to obtain the redress of national grievances, but to cherish sobriety, industry, and humane and brotherly love among the people under their charge. It is, no doubt, owing to such a state of things, that the author of *Wild Sports of the West*, has given us in his tales, so few of these amiable traits of human life, which render the sketches of Washington Irving so delightful. We search in vain for such an amiable picture as that of two boys returning from the holidays: the description of the coachman, and the group at the inn-door; the innocent playfulness of the youths; their boisterous joy on meeting with old John and the pony at the park-gate, and the affectionate embrace of some dear sister, as they were seen through the avenue, and running up the steps of the

hall door: that is a picture which the writer has not given, because he could not give it consistently with truth. His pictures are chiefly filled with exploits of smugglers, or outlaws, or daring trenchmen, or ignorant and wretched peasants, with but few traits of domestic felicity or civilized hospitality. He has done right, because in pictures of this kind, likeness is the first quality, but when he describes a more civilized country, we shall expect something different; some more touches of feeling, unalloyed with cruelty, and some of those domestic scenes which tend to humanise the reader, and furnish food for agreeable reflection. The most interesting tale of the whole, is *The Blind Seal*, and with it we shall close our extracts. It is given with great effect, but unfortunately has one of the blemishes pointed out, and inspires a feeling somewhat stronger than anger against the superstitious actors in the tragedy:

'"About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described him to me, was 'fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten.'

'"Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

'"For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country *the crippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over night came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favourite resting-place.

'"Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Innis Boffin. It was done; a day and night passed—the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—

it was of course the house-dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth he fell into a deep sleep.

' "The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this hellish proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

' "A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure.

' "On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *Banshee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed-coverings. When morning broke the door was opened—the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!"

' "Stop Julius!" I exclaimed, "give me a moment's time to curse all concerned in this barbarism."

' "Be patient, Frank," said my cousin, "the *finale* will probably save you that trouble. The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter. Every thing about the devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, 'and blighted was the corn.' Of several children none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died *blind* and miserable.

' "There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name, and the series of incessant calamity which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true.' "—pp. 64—68.

The style of the work is plain and unassuming, and possesses considerable ease. It is not so chaste as we could wish, and some of the epithets are harsh and disagreeable, such as "besotted wretch," "superstitious wretch," "hag," "fellow," and a few others, which, if we had time, we could point out. The work is illustrated with a number of cuts and vignettes, some of which are well executed, among the rest, "*The Death of the Seal*," and "*The Passage down an Inlet*." The notes in the appendix are interesting, and the work altogether is far above mediocrity.

ART. VI.—*Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq. chiefly for the use of Schools. &c.* By J. HINE, Esq. 12mo. pp. 365. London: 1832.

THE poetry of Mr. Wordsworth has been so long before the public, and has so long since passed the ordeal of criticism, that it may require some explanation why a formal review of works so well known should appear at present. The cause is briefly this: Mr. Hine, a gentleman, it would seem, employed in teaching, finding our poetical school selections, to use his own phrase, "contained many examples of grossness and vulgarity, and were filled with trifling and vicious prattle," conceived the design of supplying the desideratum by a selection from the poems of Wordsworth. He had, shortly after forming his plan, an opportunity of communicating with the poet, who (as he informs us) politely gave him leave to select what suited his purpose.

There are three essential points which the editor of such a work should keep in mind. His selection should form something like an introduction to English poetry,—it should contain the greatest possible variety, and furnish examples of the manner in which the most important poetical subjects are treated; and, not the least, it should offend neither against correct and liberal sentiment, nor the most delicate taste. For this purpose it should be confined to pieces, which, while they tend to elevate and refine the mind, furnish apt illustrations of those more important rules of criticism which the pupil at that time is necessarily employed in acquiring.

It is obvious that it would be too much to expect the first two requisites from any single author, as no single author ever contemplated the probability that his works would be used as an introduction to English poetry, or be called for as exhibiting patterns of every style that a poet may happen to use; but we may fairly expect the latter requisite from every writer who attempts to amuse or instruct the public. *Our complaint* is, that Mr. Wordsworth's works contain few of these requisites, and that by a singular infelicity of taste, Mr. Hine has retained those pieces which contain the most objectionable of his poetic peculiarities, and with a feeling at variance with that liberality which should have guided a gentleman who was making a selection for the use of British youth in general, has admitted the most virulent of his invectives against those whose religious opinions happen to differ from his own.

We beg leave, *in limine*, to observe, that we allow Mr. Wordsworth the highest poetical qualities—that few have claims to a more distinguished place, either as a lyrical or descriptive poet—that few have connected the beauties and sublimities of rural scenery with more variety of feeling, or opened more sources of innocent gratification to the votary of nature: but we must, as a drawback to this, observe, that while we admire the more adventurous flights of his muse, the freshness of his sensibility, and the deeply impassioned colouring with which he sometimes tinges his descriptions, we have frequently to lament an obstinate perversion of taste which wantonly neglects every recognised rule of criticism, and, while it does so, fails, like some other master minds, to compensate for the injury by snatching

"—— a grace beyond the reach of art."

Come we now to particulars. Our first objection to Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, is the false estimate he gives of society, by selecting his characters generally from low life, and bestowing upon them language and sentiment at variance with their station. We might here observe, that Mr. Wordsworth, by taking his characters from this class, deprives his poetry of the benefit of a very general prejudice, which is in favour of rank and refinement: but our business is with the false colouring. If our young gentlemen are to become acquainted with muggers, pedlars, *et hoc genus omne*, it is only proper that they form a just estimate of their character.

When we are told of some rural nymph that she is beautiful, and

> "Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky,"

we believe it: many country girls are eminent for merely personal attractions; but when we are informed of the delicacy of their sentiment, and their sympathy with the beauties of nature, we justly suspect the poet to be drawing from his own imagination. When we are told of a clown, that he is active and diligent in his vocation, that all his dealings are marked with honesty, and his mind elevated by piety, we recognize the accuracy of the portrait: honesty, religion, and industry, from the character of our peasantry; but when we are informed, that his conversation betrays a knowledge of the theory of simple and relative association, and that he reasons from effects to their primal cause, we deem that we are travelling in the land of fairy, or renewing our acquaintance with the thousand and one tales.

When such characters view the most striking objects of nature, we strongly suspect that it is with an apathy the most lifeless. No imaginative flights invest them with the gilded recollections of the poet. Fancy does not represent the morn advancing "with rosy steps, and sowing the earth with orient pearl," coming with "roseis quadrigis," or "novo spargens lumine terras." Should they behold the fields covered with verdure, or hear the groves resound with song, nay, should they view the firmament glittering with stars,

> "When calmly gliding through the dark blue sky,
> The midnight moon ascends,"

even such a sight, so vast, so magnificent, is with them mingled with no moral association. No spirit-stirring feeling, no high imaginings of a cultivated mind, breaks the monotonous apathy in which their feelings are bound; their sensibilities have not been cultivated, and those feelings which should have formed the basis of the emotions of taste, are either wholly eradicated, or blunted by the cares and labours to which, by their station, they are doomed.

Yet to such advancement in intelleotual improvement, added to a knowledge of the most mystic philosophy, have some of Mr. Wordsworth's characters attained, and we are forced upon the somewhat preposterous conclusion, that the knowledge and taste of these people is in the inverse ratio of their means of acquiring it. We must suppose that a clown, whose mind has for many years been applied to the most paltry particulars, and who can scarcely form a general notion, is acquainted with the theory of morals, and troubles himself about systems of philosophy; in short, that a man, taken from the most matter-of-fact class of society, is richly

endowed with the sensibilities of the poet, and all the most excursive flights of his heaven-ward fancies. We are to suppose that, " with loveliest phrenzy caught,"

> " From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
> From heaven to earth, while twice ten thousand shapes,
> Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
> Flit swift before him."*

and as a climax, that for his materials, he exhausts the whole circle of nature,—

> " From the womb of earth,
> From ocean's bed they come: th' eternal heavens
> Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
> Pours out her births unknown."†

In short, we are to believe Mr. Wordsworth in opposition to our experience, and feel surprised to find the apathetic countryman, whom we have seen with inanimate pace wending his way to his accustomed labour, a Milton in disguise, a Cowper in embryo, or even a Wordsworth himself, masquerading in clouted shoes; that this wight needed only some happy opportunity, which may call forth his *matured* powers, and then, like the fallen archangel, from the touch of Ithuriel's spear, he would spring up, a personification of all the qualities which form the finest parts of the poetic and philosophic character.

For examples of this neglect of *vraisemblance*, we have only to turn to the " Excursion," in which one of the chief characters is a philosophic pedlar, whom we may aptly compare to the old man of the sea, for nothing but that wight ever equalled his tediousness and pertinacity. Of this gentleman the editor seems quite as much enamoured as Mr. Wordsworth; and we have in the " Selections" enough and to spare of his gorgeous truisms and mystified nothings. We might adduce nearly the whole poem, but take only a few lines as a specimen of his manner. Here we find that the pupil, to whom of course the work is addressed, and who is every way ignorant of the world, is to be enlightened and fitted for society by supposing that a pedlar conceives such thoughts, and embodies them in such language as the following:—

> " I see around me here
> Things which you cannot see: we die, my friend,
> Nor we alone; but that which each man loved,
> And prized in his peculiar nook of earth,
> Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
> Even of the good is no memorial left.
> The poets in their elegies and songs
> Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
> They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
> And senseless rocks! nor idly; for they speak,

---

* Akenside. † Ib.

In these their invocations, with a voice,
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passions. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,
And eyed its waters, till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken; time has been,
When every day the touch of human hand,
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone, I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
To the soft handling of the elements;
There let the relic lie—fond thought—vain words!
Forgive them; never did my steps approach
This humble door; but she who dwelt within,
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child."

Our next objection is to the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's poetic diction. We will not here stop to discuss his theory, which received full consideration at the time of its publication from the leading journals of the day. We will merely observe that, as a language, it belongs to no class of society. It has neither the subdued refinement of the gentleman, nor the vivid imagery of the clown. It is neither calculated to please by the elegance, nor strike by the boldness, of its combinations; and has only the merit of being appropriate when addressed to the babyish conceptions of the nursery. That he has particularly failed in giving the language of the lower ranks, will appear abundantly to any one the least conversant with this class. This part of society, so far as regards language, is placed nearly in the predicament of utterly barbarous nations, whose vocabulary being scanty, are under the necessity of having recourse to figure in order to express a meaning, which for want of single terms they cannot accurately convey. Accordingly we find the language abounds with metaphor drawn from the objects with which they are more immediately conversant, and vivid personifications, the fruits of an imagination not restrained by the formality of critical canons and rules.

"Hanc vulgo speciem propriæ penuria vocis
Intulit, indictisque urgens in rebus egestas:
Quippe ubi se vera ostendebant nomina nusquam,
Fas erat hinc atque hinc transferre similima veris."

With this before us, we are also to consider that the pupil spends the greater part of his time in acquiring a knowledge of the peculiarities of language—that he learns to discriminate, and not only so, but to imitate in his various themes the rigid correctness of the mathematician, the mingled simplicity and dignity of the historian, and the vividness and energy of the orator and poet. With the distinguishing peculiarities of these

several styles he is imbued by daily precept and practice, and his honours and rewards are proportioned, in many cases, to the mere correctness of his imitation. This the editor must know, and knowing this, our wonder is that he should choose for his sole selection an author opposed on principle to every thing which, as a teacher, he is bound to maintain. We say bound to maintain; for whatever truth there may be in Mr. Wordsworth's system, till it is generally recognized by the literary world, till we set aside by common consent those rules which have governed literary composition, both in the ancient and modern world, he is bound to confine himself to national taste and general usage. We are, indeed, fully of opinion that this single circumstance alone will injure his work, as no teacher would like to have presented to him poetical exercises, written in the manner of "Peter Bell," "Expostulation and Reply," and the "Idiot Boy." We think we perceive something like misgiving about the editor, and we attribute it to his doubt of the reception of these, and similar pieces, which he has had the hardiness to insert. He informs us, speaking of the pieces which contain Mr. Wordsworth's most prominent peculiarities, and which all critics have agreed in denouncing, that they "will, under a better poetic taste, please the public in rivalry with those whose merit is unquestioned." We dismiss this part of our subject with observing, that the editor should have awaited this poetical millenium—a period we truly deprecate, as should there ever happen such a revolution of taste, we must exchange Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Milton, for Robert Wisdom's Psalms, and the Canticles of some more modern saints.

We come now to a third objection. If Mr. Wordsworth descends to posterity it must be as a descriptive poet. In this department he stands deservedly high. He certainly "looked through nature with the eye of a poet," and received from her, to use his own words, "impulse and utterance." He felt all her most powerful energies, and he sometimes powerfully expressed what he so intensely felt. But even here his peculiarities are such as to render him an improper example for the mere student. While none was ever so fully a master of all those qualities which formed either the beautiful or the sublime of natural scenery,—while none ever connected such a rich variety of associated feelings with this scenery, there is none who has so frequently neglected the proper limits of the associating principle—the point where pleasure ends, and indifference, nay sometimes a feeling of dislike, begins.

We need scarcely observe, that this principle of association is the basis of the greater part of the pleasure we receive from poetry, and the poet succeeds best in interesting his readers, who, availing himself of this peculiarity of our intellectual constitution, awakens the most extensive and varied range of feeling. This principle forms the most general law of our nature, and is one of the first called into action, and one, upon the vigour of which, not only the pleasure we derive from poetry and the fine arts, but much of the pleasure of our life depends. To trace this connexion between us and the internal world, would far exceed our bounds. We confine ourselves merely to observe, that in the more early stages of our existence, we were absorbed in mere sensation, and our internal impressions filled up our almost sole capacity for pleasure. These were communicated in all their freshness to the mind, and the mind in turn invested them with beauties of a more transcendant and permanent kind than their own; she clothed them with the inexhaustible richness of sen-

timent, and coloured them with the ever varying hue of the passions. Hence those vivid and pleasing trains of emotion which, in after life, become the attendants, not only of such objects as contain the elements of what is called beautiful, but of many which have no pretensions to these qualities: emotions which, when pleasures merely sensual turn dull, vapid, and almost evanescent, still retain an undying freshness—a never varying energy.

Yet this so powerful principle is confined to certain limits, within which only it can be exercised with effect. We find certain objects interesting to the whole human race, to which the same, or nearly the same, ideas are attached, and which, of course, excite the same emotions and passions in every part of the globe, while others are of a more limited influence, and confined to a single nation. We find, again, certain objects possess a merely local interest, and not a few depend for any attention they excite on the situation, education, and habits of individuals..

The first two only are the proper province of the poet. In order to excite the most general interest, he must confine himself to such objects as are pleasing to our general nature, or flattering to our national vanity. Within that range he has "ample room and verge enough," not only for the finest sympathies, but the most ennobling feelings; not only to please by the beauty, but to rouse, surprise, and astonish, by the energy and sublimity of his delineations. Should he descend to a more circumscribed scene, and confine himself to subjects merely local, the interest he excites will be proportionally limited. As none out of the neighbourhood are acquainted with the objects described, no other, of course, will be excited by their description, for similar pleasures can only be received by those who, with the same objects, have associated the same moral ideas. Should the poet, lastly, not adverting to the very particular circumstance under which many of his associations were formed, give them place in a poem, whatever might be his merits in other points, we could not be surprised if the world rejected what it could not understand, or refused to praise that from which it derived no pleasure.

This premised, we come to the third objection we named, which is, that Mr. Wordsworth's mixes up in his poetry too much local and personal feeling. Not only are the greater part of his pieces infected with these faults, but whole poems seem to be written upon some particular associations of the author. Of the latter class, the "Lines to the Shade of a Friend," "Rural Architecture," "Goody Blake," and "Harry Gill," &c. have found a place in this selection. We repeat again, that we willingly give the highest place his friends can claim for him in descriptive poetry; but we complain that this greatness is never equable—never sustained: if a pleasing emotion is excited in one line or piece, we are never sure that it will not be neutralized or effaced in the next, by the intrusion of something which, by some unaccountable circumstance, has been recommended to the author, and with which he supposes every one else will be equally delighted. These he is not content with noticing in a cursory manner; but characters and objects with which we are unacquainted, in which we are no way interested, are not unfrequently spun out into the utmost tediousness of drawling detail.

Obviously these are offences against taste, which render this work improper for pupils, who are generally, at our more respectable seminaries, imbued with the doctrines we have here laid down, and to whom objects

so circumscribed in interest are commonly inhibital. We contend that nothing should be introduced into our seminaries at variance with those doctrines; that having been made acquainted with criticism, as founded upon its on proper basis, the philosophy of mind, any work put into their hands should tend to confirm and strengthen its conclusions. Should this volume be admitted into our schools, the pupil will be surprised to see poetry at variance with the principles he has been imbibing, and embarrassed to find in the works of one of no vulgar name, a selection of all he has been taught to consider as faulty; a departure from every rule which he has been taught to receive as the foundation of taste. Nor is this all. As his taste is not confirmed, and as he does not always recollect the standards to which he ought to refer, he copies, not unfrequently, indiscriminately whatever he reads; and as glaring peculiarities are more obvious than the beauties of composition, will be imbibed first and retained longest. How much trouble this may cost the tutor, can only be properly appreciated by those who have superintended the formation of that most curious of all pieces of mechanism—a cultivated intelleet.

Did this volume sin only against taste, it would be sufficient to exclude it from obtaining a place in our seminaries: but we have against it a heavier and more important charge—the charge of religious intolerance—a feeling which too long, in this country, has had the unhappy effect of limiting social intercourse, and deadening all those charities which the better spirit of our religion tends to cherish and advance.

We forbear descending to farther particulars, as what we have stated will give the liberal parent, guardian, and tutor, an accurate idea of the work. They will perceive from our short analysis, how little the work is calculated to assist their views. They will perceive that if they wish to elevate the mind of the pupil, this will not be happily effected by description of low characters, by mistified philosophy, or the canting tone of the conventicle; that if to liberalize be their aim, they will be little assisted by pieces, the direct tendency of which is to perpetuate those feelings of animosity which so long have disgraced the Christian world. They will perceive that if they desire to refine the mind by imparting those more transcendental elements of taste, which leaving the confined limits of ancient rules, and, taking the philosophy of mind as a guide, points out new roads to poetical excellence, new modes of exciting those emotions, which it is the more peculiar province of this art to produce, that this purpose is but indifferently assisted by pieces every way opposed to these principles; and lastly, should they wish the pupil to reduce his knowledge to practice, and essay himself original composition, they will decline placing before him a volume where at every page we have to complain of the absence of that *munda sedulitas*, that *simplex munditus*, the neatness and simplicity of elegance in the finish, and that all-pervading grace, which is felt, but cannot be described, required in examplars of this kind; and where, in addition to this, the structure of the verse is frequently deficient in harmony, and the diction degraded by affectation,—that affectation childish, and that childishness wanting in the only qualities which can render it interesting, freshness and *naiveté*.

ART. VII.—*Present State of Literature.*

1. *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.* Price, 1½*d.* W. Orr, Paternoster Row.
2. *The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* Price, 1*d.* Knight, Pall Mall, East.
3. *The Saturday Magazine.* Price, 1*d.* Parker, 445, West Strand.
4. *The New Penny Magazine.* Strange, Paternoster Row.
5. *The Christian's Penny Magazine.* Wood and Son, Poppin's Court, Fleet-street.
6. *The Evangelical Penny Magazine.* Howden, 194, Strand.
7. *The Girl's and Boy's Penny Magazine.* Strange.
8. *The Boy's and Girl's Penny Magazine.* Howden.
9. *The Penny Story Teller.* Howden.
10. *Penny Lancet, a Medical Magazine.* Berger, Holywell-street, Strand.
11. *T. Dibdin's Penny Trumpet, to be blown weekly (not* weakly*) throughout the British Empire, and farther if required.* Howden.

*12. *The London Penny Journal.* Strange.

*13. *The Halfpenny Magazine.* Seton, 26, Brydges-street, Covent Garden.

14. *The Halfpenny Magazine; or, The Witness.* Cowie, 312, Strand. 1832.

*15. *The True Halfpenny Magazine.* Berger.

*16. *The Halfpenny Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.* Thomas, 4, Birchin-lane.

*17. *The Cab.* Price, ½*d.* At Elliott's Literary Saloon, 14, Holywell-street, Strand.

*18. *The Literary Guardian, and Spectator of Books, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c.* Price, 1½*d.* Tindall, 3, Wellington-street, Strand.

19. *The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction.* Price 2*d.* J. Limbird, 143, Strand.

20. *The Thief.* Price, 2*d.* Strange.

*21. *Every Man's Paper of Useful and Entertaining Intelligence.* Price, 3*d.* Tomlinson, 24, Great Newport-street.

*22. *The Political Observer.* Price, 2*d.* Whitmore, George's Place, Holloway.

23. *The Political Investigator.* Bass, 7, Catherine-street, Strand.

*24. *The Weekly Miscellany; or, New National Magazine of Instruction and Amusement.* Price, 1*d.* Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street.

*25. *The Sunday Herald.* Price, 1*d.* G. Cowie.

26. *The Doctor.* Price, 1*d.* Strange.

27. *The Farmer's Magazine.* Price, 1½*d.* Strange.

28. *The National Omnibus, and General Advertiser, a Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.* Price, 1*d.* Cowie.

*29. *The Popular Library of Religious Knowledge.* Price, 1*d.* Hughes, High-street, Islington.

*30. *The Christian Corrector.* Price, 1*d.* William Arnold, Little Surrey-street, Blackfriar's Road.

31. *The Casket of Literature, Science, and Entertainment.* Price, 1*d.* Steill, 26, Paternoster-row.

32. *The New Casket.* Price, 1*d.* Strange.

33. *Asmodeus; or, the Devil in London.* Price, 1*d.* Cowie.

34. *John Bull's Picture Gallery; Political, Satirical, and Humourous.* Price, 1*d.* Chubb, 48, Holywell-street, Strand.

35. *The Crisis; or, the Change from Error and Misery to Truth and Happiness.* Price, 1*d.* Dent, 39, Burton-street.

36. *The Instructive Magazine; a Library of Interesting Knowledge, Rational Entertainment, and Useful Information.* Price, 1*d.* Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, 23, Paternoster-row.

37. *The Guide to Knowledge.* Price, 1*d.* James Gilbert, 228, Regent-street.

*38. *The Schoolmaster at Home.* Price, 1*d.* Steill.

39. *Figaro in London.* Price, 1*d.* Strange.

*40. *Church Examiner, and Ecclesiastical Record.* Price, 1*d.* Johnston, Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate.

*41. *The Entertaining Press, and London Advertiser.* Price, 1*d.* Harding, 3, Paternoster-row.

42. *The New Entertaining Press, and London Advertiser.* Price, 1*d.* Harding, 3, Paternoster-row.

43. *The London Spy.* Chubb.

*44. *Scrap Book.* Sears, 29, Charterhouse-square.

*45. *The Sunday Chronicle.* Price, 1*d.* Garman, 2, Johnson's Court, Fleet-street.

*46. *The Magnet, a General Repertory of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, Writing, Biography, and Amusements.* Price, 1*d.* Berger.

*47. *The Argus.* Price, 1*d.* Goulding, 1, Bell-yard, Strand.

*48. *The Squib.* Price, 1*d.* Cowie.

49. *The British Cyclopædia.* Price, 2*d.* Thomas, 12, Warwick-square.

50. *The Fool's Cap.* Price, 1*d.* Strange, 21, Paternoster-row.

To an ordinary observer it would appear as if the progress of English literature, since the commencement of the present century, were altogether of a downward character. In proof of the justness of his impressions, he would exhibit the number of inferior poets, novelists and historians, dramatists, tourists, and critics, who have sprung up within that period, whose works are already forgotten, and are now nowhere to be met with, except upon the linings of trunks, and occasionally wrapped round the small wares of the chandler's shop. It should, however, be recollected, that in all ages of the world, the valuable productions of men, in every mode of occupation, have been extremely few, compared with the number of those which have been of a worthless and perishable nature. In the days of Hesiod and Homer, bards were as common as potters or joiners; they wandered through every part of Greece, which they amused with their compositions and filled with their renown. But with the exception of the two poets just named, what remains of all that those bards frequently delivered to admiring audiences? Who can discover now among the cindered manuscripts of Herculaneum or Pompeii, a single line of that Codrus, who is said to have written a poem as long as the Æneid in celebration of the heroic Theseus, and which took up so many days in recital in the Athenæum at Rome, that Juvenal designates him by the name of the hoarse Codrus, "*rauci Codri?*" No offered reward, we fear, could now elicit from the ashes of antiquity a solitary verse from the once multitudinous compositions of that "ingens Telephus," whose name has been immortalized by the same satirist, although not content with the space ordinarily assigned to text on the scroll, he overflowed the margin, and even the back of it, with his lucubrations. The "*scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim*" of Horace has become proverbial. Equally well known is the "*scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber.*" of Persius. The dawn of reviving literature in Europe, after the long sleep that followed the fall of the Roman empire, was marked by swarms of troubadours and *trouveres*, who won the heart of every lady fair and gallant knight in Provence and Normandy. Nevertheless, airy and elegant as we generally assume their compositions to have been, amidst all the poems which they have left behind them, exceeding some thousands, there is scarcely one that deserves immortality. Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, stand out upon the literary history of Italy as names of glory. But look to the back ground of the picture, and you will behold there a crowd of poetas-

ters as numerous, and almost as unknown, as the hosts of the Israelites, in Martin's magnificent representation of their departure from Egypt.

We need say nothing of Germany, where for a long period "Fairs" have been annually held for the sale of new works, which are concocted for the occasion, just as horned cattle, horses, sheep, and swine are produced and fed for similar markets in England. Compared with the number of books which have been printed in Germany, since the typographical art has been discovered, not one, perhaps, in thirty thousand survives at this day as a standard production. Numerous as have been our own publications, the proportions between those that have perished and those that still live, are not quite so bad as among these our Saxon ancestors. We greatly outshine France in history, parliamentary oratory, poetry, essay, travels, and novels; but we must yield her the palm in natural history, the sciences, the comic and tragic drama, (reserving, however, the rights of Shakespeare,) in memoirs, and the unrivalled eloquence of her pulpit. As to Spain, when we have named Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, we have numbered the chief lights in her literary constellation.

In every nation that has reached an adequate degree of intellectual improvement, it is in truth the necessary consequence of any one man's decided success in any pursuit that is open to others, to raise around him a number of imitators, some of whom may chance to equal or surpass him, while the crowd ever lag behind at an immense distance. Thus, in our times, what a number of romances followed those of Mrs. Radcliffe! What a swarm of historical novels have thickened in the train of Sir Walter Scott! And since Mr. Ward, Mr. Lister, and Lord Mulgrave, have painted the manners of genteel life, the steam engines have been scarcely sufficient, with all their hundred horse power, to keep pace with the "Fashionable Novel" writers of the day. But it would be unjust to say that amidst all the piles of paper which the active intellects of our time have blotted, there are not many works destined to go down to posterity. In addition to the poetry of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Campbell, Moore, and Byron, and the best of the Radcliffe, Waverley, and High Life novels, there are many other works of recent origin, witness those of Mathews, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jamieson, Dr. Lingard, to mention no more, which will sustain the literary character of our age for many centuries still to come.

Doubtless we have produced, are producing, and will always continue to produce an infinite quantity of new literature; but it must be recollected that it is from molasses the pure spirit is to be distilled, and that the quantity of these, as compared with that of the ethereal fluid, must of necessity be immense. At the same time, although this must be so to a great degree from the very nature of things, yet it may happen, from a variety of causes, all of which cannot perhaps be very distinctly traced, that the molasses

are sometimes less productive of the spirit than usual, and leave a more than ordinary mass of dregs behind. We apprehend this to have been very much the case of late in this country, and there is undoubtedly one cause, pre-eminent over all the others, to which this comparative barrenness may in a great measure be traced.

We think it must be conceded that, since the peace particularly, literature has become much more of a trade than it ever was before, both in England and Scotland. What we mean when we place literature and trade in juxta-position is this: formerly an author sat down and composed a work from the unbidden influence of his own intellect; he felt a secret enjoyment—and man has few more delightful enjoyments—in arranging his original thoughts and his acquired information in order, in blending them together, and in creating from these two sources of inspiration a monument which he might call his own. He naturally gave it the impress of his own character: the style was personal: the fabric grew up by degrees under his own hand, every part being fitted to its place, and polished with all the skill he could command. He never thought of the bookseller, or the printer's devil, until his labour was brought to a close. Then if he could get a pecuniary reward for it, so much the better. No hard bargain was driven, at all events upon his side; and the work appeared in the world less solicitous of purchasers than of admirers. In that state of things the mind of the literary man was, as it were, its own kingdom, the "lord of all it surveyed." It was independent and happy; the thoughts came from a pure and lofty source, and the language easily flowered into those natural graces, which give to composition so many becoming charms.

But almost within our own recollection, the whole of this course of proceeding has been reversed. We could mention many instances within our own knowledge, in which the bookseller has been the original moving power, instead of the mind of the author. We need mention no names, but we may suppose a case. A bookseller finds that a work of a particular description, say, for example, a novel of "fashionable life," published by a rival tradesman, has "gone off," as the phrase is, amazingly well, producing, of course, large profits. He discovers a man of ability, who has been dabbling, perhaps, in some other line of literature, and he proposes to him to furnish a similar work, of the same extent, three or four volumes, as the case may be, within a given time, for a certain sum of money. It is of very little consequence, in this kind of traffic, whether the author thus hired have a peculiar genius for novel-writing or not. He accepts the office, because he probably wants the money, and providing himself with a ream of foolscap he soon tunes his intellect, as it were, to his new labour. There is scarcely any kind of work which a man of ability may not handle with some degree of success, and accordingly the volumes are produced, as per order, within the time prescribed. They are printed with the best types, on fine wove paper, hot-pressed, and then made up in those

drab or blue paper boards, the bare external freshness of which have so many attractions for all the frequenters of circulating libraries.

The actual publication of the work is preceded by a regular regiment of advertisements, the first of which appears in the form of a file of grenadier types, few and far between, five or six occupying a whole line in a column of a newspaper, as thus—

A D A,

and for some days the public are left to wonder at what these letters may be intended to intimate. When the curiosity of the said public may be supposed to be excited on the subject, a sly paragraph, *not* marked as an advertisement, appears in some of the newspapers which lend themselves to such sordid chicaneries, for the sake of the double or treble price paid for such paragraphs, disclosing in a sort of whisper, and, as it were, with a mysterious nod, the supposed character of the work thus enigmatically announced. Some unfortunate (fabricated) circumstance then happens to delay the appearance of the work; the cancelling of a chapter, which was supposed to be *too* personal, the difficulty of printing the vast number of copies already ordered, or some other equally veracious accident, that calls forth a new division of these flying trumpets, which proclaim the afflicting intelligence in all quarters of the kingdom. At length the important day is fixed, and the work comes forth amidst a new flourish of brazen sounds, enough to fright the isle from its propriety.

It is no wonder that, in consequence of all this preparation, the "new novel" is universally sought after, and almost universally admired as long as it is difficult to obtain it at the library. People are generally held captive by imposing appearances, and as long as they can have it to say, that they have read this or that book before it has reached the hands of the multitude, they will exaggerate its merits, thinking (most ridiculously) that they thereby also exalt their own. And so the speculation succeeds, for the whole impression is bought. By and by, when the cover begins to look a little faded, and the freshness of the press has disappeared from the pages, some few quiet persons happen to read and inwardly digest this mass of printed paper; they find it not quite so entertaining as they expected. It next falls into the hands of some unbought and unpurchaseable critic, who, in the midst of the corruption that prevails, endeavours, as far as in him lies, to preserve the ark of his country's literature from being defiled by profane hands. He examines the much-lauded production, discovers its utter worthlessness, proclaims the foul imposture to the world, and what is the consequence? The following season "Ada" lies utterly neglected. A second larger edition, which had been printed to meet the expected renewal of demand, is sold as waste paper, and the trader in intellect is driven to the chances of some newer enterprize on the same plan.

It is upon this system, that what is *called* the *literature* of the country has been conducted, to our knowledge, during the last fifteen or twenty years. We would wish to speak in respectful terms of the memory of Sir Walter Scott; but while we are upon this subject, we cannot forget, that the success of some of his earlier works led him into temptations, which we could most sincerely wish he had resisted. Had he been satisfied with the ordinary gains of a successful author, or rather with the liberal terms which his genius might have commanded, he would never have grasped at shares in Ballantyne's trade of printing, or in Constable's trade of bookselling. By desiring too much, he lost a fortune, and has left his children houseless. The world saw in him a man of exquisite ability, of the most engaging personal character, who created by the magic talisman which he held in his hand, a beautiful residence, well stored with all the intellectual luxuries, and surrounded by a handsome estate, to which the favour of a monarch who admired his talents appended the title of a Baronet. But he had scarcely sent his last novel into the world, decorated with all the embellishments of art, when it came to be discovered that his own life was the most affecting *fable* amongst all his works: that of all his creations his apparent fortune was the least real; and that he, an author, died the victim of debts which would have bowed a royal merchant down.

Who will now deny that even Sir Walter Scott *traded* in literature? It is admitted, that all the works which he has written since 1825 were produced under the painful pressure of the burthens which he had brought upon himself, and with the view, the highly honourable view we must add, of diminishing those burdens as much as possible. It was doubtless the rigid necessity of the case, that prescribed a mode of dealing with respect to his works, which was not pursued with reference to any other. It is very well known to persons in the trade, though not to the world at large, that when a new novel was sent to the publishers in London, it was accompanied with an appendix of "dead stock," such as "Ballantyne's Novelists," or Scott's "Poetical Works," of which a large portion had remained unsold, and which the unfortunate London agent was obliged to take, and pay for at a stipulated price, before he would be allowed the privilege of publishing the novel in London.

But the vicious principle of *trade* has pervaded every species of literature, as well as novels. Moore's "Lalla Rookh," for instance, was originally brought out as an enormous quarto volume, for which, if we remember rightly, four guineas were charged. During the war, and for some time after its conclusion, the prices of all things, books among them, were enormously high. The booksellers formed extensive establishments, which they have been struggling to keep up ever since the year 1825, so fatal to all artificial fortunes, and they were therefore under the necessity of continuing, as long as they could, the high prices of former days. In order to maintain these high prices, literary journals were established, whose principal busi-

ness it has long been to sound the loud notes of praise in favour of new publications. The consequence has been that very many works, both in poetry and prose, were puffed into notoriety, if not into fame, until the public at length became disgusted, and volumes of an expensive description almost ceased to sell.

The late Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, a shrewd though sanguine man, foreseeing in 1826, clearly enough, the change that was about to take place in the state of the book trade, taking counsel with Sir Walter Scott, Captain Hall, and other Scottish literary friends, and hoping to gain by an extensive sale of works, at a very reduced price, more than he could expect to acquire in the limited market that then existed for high priced volumes, resolved on his "Miscellany." The three first volumes of the series, consisting of "Captain Hall's Voyages to Loo Choo and South America," and costing altogether only half-a-guinea, whereas the original editions of those productions cost four guineas, established at once a standard by which the actual reduction in the money value of literature was thenceforth to be measured. The "Miscellany" was favourably received, and has been continued to the present day, amounting now we believe to nearly eighty volumes.

About the same period, the Society for "the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" began to put forth, in an equally cheap form, small treatises on scientific subjects, to which they soon afterwards proposed to add works of a popular and entertaining character. Mr. Murray was at first to have had, jointly with some other booksellers, the publication of what was to be called the Society's "Entertaining Library;" but the negotiation went off, and the publication was entrusted to Mr. Knight of Pall Mall. But Mr. Murray did not conceive that he was thereby precluded from issuing a similar series of his own, and he commenced his "Family Library," which has been carried on with some intervals, indicative of varying fortune, to the present period. The house of Longman and Co. naturally desirous of not being shut out from this cheap market, undertook, with the aid of Dr. Lardner, their "Cabinet Cyclopædia" and Cabinet Library," upon the Society's plan of mingling the *utile* with the *dulce*. Both of these series have also been continued to the present day, but with occasional interruptions, which betray a want of adequate popularity. More recently, the firm of Oliver and Boyd, at Edinburgh, without pledging themselves to any periodical regularity, have issued a series of volumes, entitled "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library," of which eight have already appeared, but with what degree of success, we are unable to conjecture.

While these various enterprizes were rivalling each other in one quarter, Mr. Ackermann, a print-seller in the Strand, of German origin, introduced an imitation of the pocket almanacks of that country, which being ornamented with some pretty plates, short

poems and tales, obtained amongst us at first considerable attention. The invention, as usual, was no sooner known, than it attracted the capital of other houses, and the Annuals rose rapidly to a degree of improvement, which left their German prototypes at an immeasurable distance in the back ground. No doubt can be entertained that the talent and skill which have been bestowed upon the embellishment of these volumes, have given an impulse to the fine arts in this country, which has already succeeded in placing English engravings in a rank altogether unrivalled. Of such an impulse the arts in this country stood very much in need. It has not, of course, been confined to the mere steel plate of the artist: it has extended to paintings of portraits, landscapes, and especially to subjects of still life of which we had previously very few. It has also improved, though we regret to say not materially, the prospects of historical painting in this country, which continues too much neglected.

Another beneficial consequence arising out of the Annuals, has been an immense reduction in the prices of excellent prints. The happy substitution of the steel for the copper plate, effaced the limits that before existed with respect to the number of perfect copies that might be taken from the same original. Besides this, after the lapse of two or three years, the accumulation of plates upon the hands of the publishers induced them to sell the plates at a small price, or to hire them out for a certain number of impressions to the minor print-sellers, and thus prints which scarcely ten years ago could not be purchased under seven or eight shillings, came to be sold for six-pence. It cannot be denied that this reduction of prices has contributed very much to diffuse a taste for the fine arts, among the middle classes of society in this country.

But with respect to the literary merits of all these periodical publications, "Constable's Miscellany," the treatises and other publications of the Society, the "Family Library," Longman's "Cyclopædias," the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and the "Annuals," we speak from close attention to the subject, when we say, that their effect upon the whole has been to lower very considerably the standard of literary composition in England. We by no means intend to say, that there have not been, among these publications, several volumes of distinguished merit; but these have been, for the most part, re-publications of volumes already known to the public—useful, we admit, and very cheap. With the exception of Sir James Mackintosh's splendid Dissertation on the Constitutional Epochs of our History, Sir W. Scott's "Letters on Dæmonology," and Sir D. Brewster's work on "Natural Magic," we remember at this moment no volume in the whole collection of the small Libraries, that deserves to be considered in the light of an original publication. The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" is compiled and digested in an exceedingly careful manner, and indeed we could refer to many separate works in the different collections, which are written

with much animation and grace. But the vice that pervades the principle upon which they are all founded is this, that they are written "to order." They are not, for the most part, the spontaneous effusions of full minds, but the elaborated tasks of minds which have "read up," as lawyers say, for the purpose.

With respect to the literature of the "Annuals," it has gone on, constantly degenerating from the commencement. There seems something almost incompatible between the healthy, vigorous composition of unfettered genius, and the consumptive aspect of one of these hot-pressed pages. Many of the poems or tales, of which they consist, must be written to suit the plates by which the volumes are embellished, and of course must be written as "per order." Others are composed with greater freedom, and possess more or less merit. Some are contributed by lordlings and commoners, who seek to shine in print; and a very dismal figure they exhibit in most instances. But is a very remarkable proof of the degenerative influence of these loo-table and ottoman-books, that no poet of established celebrity, who has ever written in them, with the exception perhaps of Mrs. Hemans, has consigned to their keeping a single stanza worth preservation. The general style of the "Annual" verse and prose has been of that spurious elegance, which marked the decline of classic taste in the Roman Empire.

But in addition to these various publications already mentioned, the long list prefixed to this article, shows the almost sudden creation of another class of periodicals, to the rapid increase of which, many persons in this country have looked with some degree of apprehension. We are not quite certain whether the first on the list, "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," did not exist before the commencement of the present year. But we can state from our own observation, that, perhaps with the exception of three or four, all the others have sprung up, like so many mushrooms, within the last ten months. The Journal of Mr. Chambers has been, generally speaking, well conducted. It contains a fair proportion of original matter, which, together with the columns selected from other works, we have always found of a useful as well as an amusing tendency. It does not profess to be learned; but it aims at being sensible and popular, and conducive to the welfare of society. The "Penny Magazine," of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is nothing more than a fresh written abridgement of information already found in various works; it sometimes gives extracts from recent publications, and poetical selections. The first half dozen numbers appeared to have been prepared with considerable industry, guided by good sense, but it has for some time laboured under the malady of dulness. The number for Saturday, 20th of October, now lies before us. It is occupied with three columns descriptive of the mode of catching turtles on the coast of Cuba, about a column of dissertation on the Flemish language, two columns of dissertation on comets, two columns abridged from the

Society's treatise on Herculaneum and Pompeii, three columns on "Fractions," an abridgement of the life of Captain Cook, and some make-weight paragraphs. The reader must decide for himself whether these, or a majority of these, subjects be of a very engaging description. Of the accuracy of the knowledge conveyed in these publications a judgment may be formed, when we state that the "Penny Magazine" informs us, that Biela's comet, now so much the object of attention, will be at its nearest approach to the sun (perihelion) on the 27th November; whereas the "Saturday Magazine," of the same date, assures us that the same comet will reach its perihelion on the 29th of that month. The former asserts that at that point the comet will be seventy-two millions of miles from the sun; the latter gives the distance as exactly *eighty-three and a half* millions of miles. The "Penny" says that the nearest approach of the comet to the earth would take place on the 22nd of October; the "Saturday" fixes that important day for the 25th of the same month. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge calculate the distance of the earth from the said comet, when arrived at that point, at about forty-four millions of miles; whereas the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, have measured the distance, we suppose, by missionaries of their own, at about "fifty-one millions of miles." We must, however, observe, that of the two, the "Saturday Magazine" appears to us much the better conducted. The matter is more miscellaneous, more popular, and, at the same time, more neatly re-written and arranged. Its wood cuts are also of a very superior description.

With respect to the merits or demerits of the other penny and twopenny publications on our list, it is not our intention to make any observation. The open profligacy of "The Thief," which well maintains its ignominious title, by plagiarizing, in the most brazen-faced manner from all the higher periodicals and new books, has been put down by "due course of law." It has now descended to the less audacious system of affording a receptacle to stolen second-hand clothes—that is to say, to passages extracted from publications in which no copyright exists, or is likely to be claimed, and no doubt it will soon suffer sentence of death in the usual form. The "Political Investigator," which took an alias of "Observer," in its efforts to violate the stamp-laws, deserves no further notice.

Mr. Pinnock's "Guide to Knowledge" deserves great encouragement: but the only other penny journal in our catalogue, worthy of the least notice, is "The Crisis," which is conducted under the superintendance of Mr. Owen. The object of this publication is to advance the well-known social system, of which he has been so long, and so ineffectually, the enthusiastic advocate. He has now established in Gray's-inn-lane a central "Labour Exchange," in connexion with branch institutions, upon the same plan, throughout several parts of the metropolis. The principle of this invention is to afford to the poor a market, in which they may barter one article

for another; as for instance, so many pair of shoes for a chair or table, and so on. "The Crisis" trumpets forth the establishment of this exchange as the finest discovery of modern economy.

The stars prefixed to the titles of the works mentioned in our catalogue, (which, by the way, is in itself a curiosity,) indicate those which have already fallen before the ever-sweeping hand of time. We have little doubt that the new year will witness a still further destruction among them, for it is quite impossible that many of these works, which are stupid and worthless in the extreme, can continue to be carried on with any advantage to the proprietors. They necessarily employ a great many hands, they give infinite trouble to the agents, who receive but a very slight remuneration for their labour, and as they nearly all deal in old matter, dressed up under a new face, the stores on which they depend must, sooner or later, be exhausted, at least of every thing that is of a popular description.

We have not placed upon our list the encyclopædias, ancient histories, geographies, grammars, modern histories, law libraries, novels, and biographical works, which are now in course of weekly publication, upon the penny-per-sheet system. Of these we must say, that Mr. Partington's "British Cyclopædia" seems admirably got up, in numbers of two sheets each. But we might ask, when such immense undertakings as these would be likely to reach their conclusion? At the rate of even two sheets a week, which Mr. Partington gives, his work must take from ten to fifteen, if not twenty years before it can be brought to a termination. Does he really expect that he can attach subscribers to his work during that period? Will he insure their lives? These speculations will have their day, too, and then, like the penny journals, they will go to the tomb of the chandlers and trunk-makers.

In the mean time, what, it may be asked, are the prospects of what may be called the sterling literature of the country? They are, in our humble judgment, of a much more satisfactory nature than people in general would seem to imagine. The effect of these numerous cheap journals, added to that of the "Libraries" and "Annuals," may be compared to the occasional swellings of the Nile beyond the usual landmarks of its annual inundation. Many of the lower animals, some villages, with their inhabitants, are swept away by the extraordinary flood; many interests are injured, but the detriment is partial and temporary, whereas the general and permanent consequences are beneficial. The waters, on their subsiding, leave a rich loam behind them; wherever they have been, large tracts of territory, which, before the flood, were barren, become fertile; seeds are sown, and in due season golden harvests wave before the breeze, over extensive regions which had previously been no better than the desert.

So it will be with our literature. The decided tendency of all these cheap publications is to generate a taste for reading in the

minds of the middling, the lower, and even the lowest orders. For a while they will be satisfied with the imperfect glances which they are enabled by these publications to obtain at most subjects of an interesting and useful character. But let their curiosity be once excited, and they will not rest satisfied with the baby-food which the penny works afford them. They will seek more substantial nutriment in higher quarters, and it will then be supplied to them on equitable terms. They will soon enough find out that men of real talent and information cannot afford to give their time to a "penny" journal. Shewy and superficial pretenders to knowledge may continue to delude them for a year or two; but a better era will arise, when, abandoning the extravagantly high prices of former days, and the paltry *pennyism* of these, a fair compromise will be entered into by all parties. The mere *trading* principle having destroyed itself by its disgusting puffs, by its repeated attempts to assimilate books to iron or cotton manufactures, as a subject of commerce, and by the numerous bankruptcies which it has produced, or will yet produce, the old and only sound principle of publication will again resume its influence. The men who love literature for its own sake will again worship the sacred fire of genius in its own temples; men will write from their own spontaneous impulses; books will be published, not because they are necessary to keep up the trade, but because they are worthy of being read and admired; the market will not be overstocked, but the honour of British literature will be sustained, and its character, like the flag of our country, will be respected throughout the world, as the pledge of a free, generous, and enlightened people.

ART. VIII.

1. *The Landscape Annual for* 1833. London: Jennings and Chapman.
2. *Heath's Picturesque Annual*, 1833. Longman, Rees, &c.
3. *Friendship's Offering*, 1833. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
4. *The Literary Souvenir*. Edited by A. A. Watts. 1833. Longman, Rees, &c.
5. *The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer*. Edited by S. C. Hall. 1833. London: F. Westley and A. H. Davis.
6. *The Juvenile Forget-me-not*. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 1833. London: F. Westley and A. H. Davis.
7. *The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir*. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. 1833. London: Longman, Rees, &c.

LAST year we expressed a pretty strong conviction that "the Annuals were over-done;" in other words that there were too many competitors in the field; that each rival being ready to make the last sacrifice to triumph over

his opponent, the necessary consequence would be a total abandonment of the arena by some, and a complete exhaustion of power in those who still persevered in the struggle. We are sorry that our prophecy has been too faithfully realized. The unusual efforts which were made last season by the proprietors and editors of the numerous annuals then published, have been productive afterwards of a depressing effect, such as at once distinguishes the periodicals of 1833 from those of all preceding years. The spirit of the pristine time is altogether degenerated; the poet of the annual no longer glories in the fond patronage of the muse; the wit has become insipid—the humourist is serious; the fascinating narrator of the tale that used to beguile us of our natural repose, has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and is now no more than the pitiable representative of a second childhood.

We must however make an exception in these remarks in favour of the artists, who seem, in almost every instance, to have made an advance beyond even the triumphs achieved by their pencils on all former occasions. This exception applies in an especial manner to the first of the works mentioned at the head of this paper, the *Landscape Annual*, which appears to us, so far as we have yet been able to judge, to constitute an illustration of the many perfections of the art of engraving. Independently of the frontispiece and vignette to be found in the *Landscape Annual*, there are twenty-four other plates of an excellence of design and and execution so uniform, so completely exempt from all unfavourable criticism, that we almost feel, in looking over the work, as if we laboured under that sort of oppression that arises from an unbroken monotony of beauty. The illustrations consist chiefly of representations of scenes in Italy, some of the most celebrated localities of that far-famed land of the poet being selected by the artist. Never were the various and exquisite charms of Italian landscape more faithfully depicted than in the publication to which we now direct attention. Never were the laws of perspective more skilfully turned to account, and never was a lovlier light shed than that beneath which the groves, and mountains, and golden vallies of the south of Italy are unfolded to our eyes by the influence of the magic hand of art, which is conspicuous in all these plates. A charming view of Vietri, a vale embosomed amid an amphitheatre of hill, dale, and rocky coast, and in which a half ruined monastery arrests the spectator's eye, calls our attention, as soon as we open this volume, to a melancholy tale of the events of which it was the melancholy scene. The story, which is founded on fact, informs us that in the monastery a lady once sought refuge from the suffering inflicted upon her by treachery and wrong. The next plate is a view of La Trinita, the famous convent, the last great foundation of the Lombards, and still, as Mr, Forsyth observes, the richest repository of their antiquities. Following this is a beautiful marine landscape of Vico, in the bay of Naples, which is rendered still more striking in the reader's eyes by the fearful details of an historical narrative connected with it and continued from the last number of the same annual. We pass over in succession the charming views given of Mola da Gaeta, a place sacred in the recollections of the classic scholar; of the Garigliano, on whose fenny banks the subdued Marius once concealed himself after flight, and in whose gentle stream Piero de Medici perished after a battle between the French and the Spaniards; of Castel Gandolfo, famous as being the site of a museum of Virtu: of the Villa Madama, an edifice planned by the

immortal Raphael, and executed by his pupil Julio Romano; of the Vico Varo, a town which cannot be better recommended to the veneration of the reader than by its having been mentioned in the undying verses of Horace; of San Cosimato, a convent standing in the midst of rocks and caverns, which are rendered sacred in the country as being once the haunt of St. Bernardo. Let the reader pass on to the delicious solitude which seems to make Narni its especial residence, and further on he will be deceived by the skill of the artist who induces him, by the sight of a distant town, to place his ear in an attitude for conveniently catching the roar of the mighty cataract which has been sung in immortal numbers; and in glancing at the succeeding view in which is seen the Vallambrosa crowning with her "enclosure green,

> 'As with a rural mound the champaign head,
> Of a steep wilderness,'

who will forget that with its wilds and religious groves the sublime Milton has long taught us to be familiar?

A splendid engraving of Fiesole, which is the next of the plates, gives origin to a very interesting sketch (still in continuation of an article in a preceding number of this annual), of Florence, which, however, as an illustration of the political history of Italy, scarcely yields in interest to the details given in illustration of the plate of the Val di Magra. Leaving the luxuriant vallies of the south of Italy, the reader is conducted to Genoa, Savona, Trevi, Albenga, Alassio, Ventimiglia, Nice, Ivrea, and Fort de Bard. The plates of each of these delightful localities are uniform in excellence, both of design and execution, with the engravings which have already called forth so much of our approbation, and the work, indeed, as a specimen of British art, cannot be equalled.

The letter-press is, in general, of a very superior order, written in a manner that is destined to meet the state of excitement which the illusory power of the engraver is so well calculated to produce in the reader. It consists chiefly of tales which are meant to illustrate historical facts connected with a particular scene, and in many instances are portions only of a narrative which has been partly published in a former number. The Landscape Annual of 1833, however, may safely be deficient in the beauties which can be conferred upon its pages by the pen; its success is amply secured by the pencil of Harding.

Heath's Picturesque Annual is a beauty of another sort; and whilst it does not equal the *Landscape Annual* in the uniformity of the perfection of its plates, it exceeds its rival in the variety and interest of the articles which it contains. As the *Landscape* has been devoted to the luxurious scenery of the south, so the *Picturesque* has been employed in depicting the more quiet charms of the north of Europe, and thus an opportunity is furnished for the gratification of those fine tastes which are captivated by beauties of a different character. The number of plates in the *Picturesque* amount to twenty-six; and when we say that the drawings are by Clarkson Stanfield, and the engravings by some of the first artists of our time, it is needless to attempt a further justification of the judgment which we have already avowed. This annual may be regarded as supplying the details of a tour of Germany, performed by some individual endowed with an extraordinary power of seizing and of faithfully recording, by the in-

strumentality of his pencil, the scenes that are calculated most to attract the lover of nature in such a journey. From the French and German frontiers the judicious guide conducts to Baden, Karlsruhe, and Heidelberg, then transports to the banks of the Maine, from which we make a rapid movement in the course of the Rhine, and after that we find ourselves in the midst of the marshes of Holland. If we can imagine ourselves to have halted at each of the principal or most remarkable spots to be met with in this extensive course, and that we were so happy as to be invited to listen to the best song, or the most agreeable tale, which was heard in the place for years before—if we could conceive all this only for an instant, we should then form some notion of what the *Picturesque Annual* for 1833 has accomplished. Strasbourg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Bingen, are beautiful specimens of architectural drawings. The view of Coblentz, we mean that which is obtained from Ehrenbreitstein, is quite a triumph of art, and is only equalled, in our judgment, by the engraving of Andernach, which exhibits a distribution of deep relief worthy of the hand of Rembrandt. Several of the plates, those especially which represent scenery on the banks of the Rhine, serve very forcibly to illustrate the poetry of Lord Byron. The "castled crag of Drachenfels," for instance, frowns, in one of these engravings, with all the terror of the original, over the "wide and winding Rhine." The subjects of the remaining plates are some of the chief cities of Belgium, and one or two of Holland, all executed in the very first style.

The *Picturesque Annual*, as we have already observed, deserves that some attention should be paid to the prose with which its pages are enriched. This consists of a continued narrative of a tour through Germany and the Netherlands, with an account of the principal places through which the tourist passed, interspersed with observations on the manners, characters, and customs of the people with whom he mixed during the journey. To these are added some of the traditional legends which are still told amongst the simpler orders of the people, and which, of course, serve to enhance the entertainment afforded otherwise by this volume. They, for the most part, however, partake of that extravagance for which the popular romances of Germany are so remarkable, and the taste for which, it must be admitted, has very sensibly declined in this country. But from this remark we must except the account given of the "Robbers of the Rhine," which, along with being interesting in itself, has also the attraction of being founded on facts. At the close of the French revolution the banks of the Rhine, and the neighbourhood from Holland to Mainz, became the scene of daring exploits, such as had been unexampled in Europe for centuries before. The part of the continent just mentioned was rendered, by a strange combination of political circumstances, a neutral territory, and to this, as to a safe asylum, the worst characters of the adjacent countries constantly retired. A community was at last composed, the members of which had forfeited their natural stations in society, and who were therefore constrained to live by plunder. For a time this people obeyed the impulses of a reckless spirit; but the results of the indiscriminate right of every man to do as he pleased, soon produced a determination on the part of the community at large, to adopt some principle by which a useful system of general controul could be maintained. A band was ultimately organized, and a plan of operation fixed upon. A camp, which was to be regarded as a rendezvous for the whole body, became the first object of

attention; then a line of posts was established for the purpose of securing a safe passage to the bandits through the country. The low innkeepers were the principal agents in this arrangement, and the police were corrupted into a systematic connivance of the crimes of the banditti. So complete was their influence that a robber, at the period alluded to, could travel from the farthest extremity of Holland to the Danube, with the certainty of spending every night in the company or under the protection of his friends. The heads of the banditti were only a few—not more, perhaps, than a dozen of influential individuals with their families, but their subjects, who were bound to them body and soul by the most awful vows, consisted of a great proportion of the working classes, who inhabited their own houses, and were ready at a moment's warning to congregate and follow even unto death the commands of their masters. To this large body the term "apprentices" applied. They, upon all occasions, showed the greatest fidelity, and whenever an instance of treachery occurred, it was certain of being visited with the cruellest penalties.

The apprentices were under considerable restriction: they were forbidden to appear at fairs, or to go in public in groups of more than three or four; they were distributed in pretty equal numbers over the whole country, and were required, for obvious reasons, to make places considerably remote from their own residences, the scenes of their lawless enterprizes. No expedition of moment was undertaken which had not been immediately planned or sanctioned by a set of Jewish spies, who were in intimate connection with the banditti. These cunning persons gave up their time altogether to the discovery of such places as booty might be found in; and when they succeeded in any instance, they forthwith commenced a negotiation with one of the chiefs.

The assembling of the band for any great enterprize was conducted with the cautious policy which distinguished this remarkable society. The members were generally assembled by some confidential messenger, or perhaps the chief in person, and set out for the rendezvous, sometimes alone, but never in parties exceeding three or four. Each man's mode of travelling was regulated by his usual habits, or by his wealth or grade in society. Some were on horseback, others in carriages, others on foot; and a few had the charge of bringing waggons for the transport of the booty. As the way was commonly long, and broken by forests and ravines, some place in the route of sufficient notoriety to be known to the whole was appointed; and there the successive groups of travellers began to look anxiously out for the *Kochemeresink*, or direction signs, left for their guidance by the leaders. These, placed at the cross-ways, were sometimes merely a line traced upon the road which each party passing, intersected with a shorter line; so that the travellers not only knew their route, but the number of friends who had preceded them:

'Sometimes, when more caution was necessary, a branch of a tree was thrown down, as if accidentally, near the road, with the greater part of the foliage on the side which it was proper to take. In all their strategetic measures, it will be seen that they calculated securely upon the absolute inviolability of their secret; and the examples we have given show on what grounds their confidence was built.

'Frequently, the journey was performed in the middle of the night, and a sign of recognition, therefore, was necessary, which did not depend

upon the organs of vision. To whistle, the expedient of common thieves, would not only have been vulgar, but dangerous; inasmuch as the sound, when heard in the dark, is sure to call up a thousand cut-throat associations. The *Kochemloschen*, therefore, was invented, a shrill and lengthened cry; which the belated wayfarer, although no doubt startled by the sound rising from the brakes and thickets as he passed, would be more ready to set down as the voice of owls, or evil spirits, than the call of robbers.

'When all had, at length, reached the place of rendezvous, an inspection of arms took place, and the *schuelles*, alias pistols, were loaded. The words were then given which were to signify advance or retreat; torches were then distributed, to be lighted instantaneously, at a particular signal; and the column moved on in profound silence.

'The captain marched at the head of the troop, armed, besides his other weapons, with a crow-bar, the baton of his office. After him was carried the *ram*, a classical engine, used for *battering* down doors and walls. It was usually a beam of timber a dozen feet long; but, when this was not to be come at easily, a finger-post from the road, or a cross from the church-yard, if heavy enough to answer the purpose, was an excellent substitute. Then came the subalterns, bearing the other tools of their trade, which they called *clamones*; and, finally, the private gentlemen of the band, armed, like the rest, to the teeth. The faces of the whole were blackened, or otherwise disguised, partly to prevent the possibility of recognition, but principally to impress the attacked with the idea that the robbers were of the same neighbourhood—although, in reality, they had probably never before been within a dozen miles of the place.

'Arrived at the bourg, or village, in which, to simplify the affair, we shall suppose that a single house was to be the object of attack, some persons acquainted with the localities were sent to muffle the church-bell, and kidnap the watchmen. These "guardians of the night" were very like the King Logs we have now exchanged in London for an infinitely worse nuisance,—they slept themselves, and, on awaking, being indignant to find every body else asleep, roused the town by bawling the hour. Having tied up the watchmen in a bundle, and thrown them into a corner, the band marched openly upon the devoted house, surrounding it instantaneously with a cordon militaire.

'No summons was given to surrender, no notification made of the coming attack. A tremendous shout declared the presence and purpose of the enemy; their torches, lighted at the same instant, flared suddenly up like meteors in the night, and the ram was applied to the principal entrance in the midst of a volley of musketry. The firing was kept up without intermission, being now especially directed to the windows in which any light was visible; the astonished inmates, deprived of all presence of mind by the sudden noise and confusion, stood staring at one another in dismay; and the rest of the town, believing that nothing less than a pitched battle was in progress in the streets, barricaded their doors, extinguished their lights, and hid themselves in their cellars.

'The door at length yielded to the repeated blows of the ram, and the captain led the way into their land of Jewish promise. If any hesitation was evinced on the part of one of his followers, he turned round and blew out his brains on the instant—such power being vested in him by the laws of the society. This military execution, however, was rarely necessary. Within grasp of their expected booty, the most timid became

brave, and all rushed at once into the house, fighting their way, if the inmates had recovered their senses, and were in sufficient force to resist, till they were in possession of the field. The victims—men, women, and children—were then bound hand and foot, and wrapped up in mats or carpets; the building was illuminated from the garret to the cellar; and the search for plunder commenced.'—pp. 186—189.

Some very curious details, for which we regret that we can afford no room, are afterwards supplied by the writer respecting the various bands into which this strange society was distributed, and the individuals amongst them who distinguished themselves by their extraordinary prowess and valour. The notice of the renowned Schinderhannes, the robber of the Rhine, is particularly attractive, from the ingenious and skilful manner in which the incidents of his life are developed.

Friendship's Offering, we are happy to meet once more in that very auspicious stage of maturity which is signified by ten long years of a healthy existence. We are not sure, however, that much of the apparent vigour with which this annual is now endowed, may not be traced to the incorporation with it of our old favourite the *Winter's Wreath*. The number of embellishments in the present annual amounts to twelve; they are of very unequal merit both as respects design and execution. The representation of "Corfu" is indifferent; the same thing may be said of Mr. Dean's engraving of "Affection;" and Martin's grand procession of "Christ entering Jerusalem," is altogether deprived of its effect. The deficiencies of these plates, however, is fully redeemed by the "Miniature" of Mr. H. Shenton, and the "Vintage" of Mr. C. W. Marr. The latter displays an exceedingly rare power of producing sweetness of expression. Several of the prose articles in this annual have already appeared in one of the periodicals of the day. Miss Mitford has contributed an article on match-making, which is quite worthy of her pen. The poetry is furnished principally by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, Barry Cornwall, Mr. T. K. Harvey, the Rev. C. B. Taylor, and Delta, and no less a personage than Mr. Macaulay, the new Commissioner of the India Board, has also consented to be of the number of the tuneful supporters of *Friendship's Offering* for 1833. The subject which Mr. Macaulay has chosen is one that was calculated to rouse all the energies of his mind, and how far he has succeeded in rendering justice to the great theme, our readers shall have the opportunity of deciding for themselves:

'THE ARMADA,

'A FRAGMENT. BY T. B. MACAULAY.

'ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

'It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay.
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle.
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes waft her wide:
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,—the banner of our pride.

'The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day:
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire:
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires:
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires:
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:

And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north.
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang;—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.'—pp. 16—20.

On directing our attention to the *Literary Souvenir* for 1833, we felt no inconsiderable share of satisfaction at finding that Mr. Watts's good sense had finally prevailed over the inveteracy of a bad habit, and that in reading his preliminary address we were no longer to be painfully employed in perusing the querulous remonstrances by which the editor so often endangered, on former occasions, a favourable reception from his readers. To this extent, therefore, we are happy to say that the *Souvenir* is amongst the very small proportion indeed of those annuals in which it can be said that any improvement has taken place.

A frontispiece, consisting of a bold and spirited engraving of a charming picture by G. S. Newton, now in the collection of the Duke of Bedford, representing the Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina, ushers in the list of embellishments which adorn the *Souvenir*, nor are the brilliant expectations which such an admirable work of art holds forth, disappointed. A splendid composition painted by Fragonard, has been engraved by William Greatbach, and is sufficient of itself to decide the exalted position which the *Souvenir* should occupy amongst its contemporaries in 1833. The representation in this work is that celebrated scene in which Francis I. received the honour of knighthood from the Chevalier Bayard on the field of battle. The engraving has been taken from the finished sketch of a picture, which is in one of the *plafonds* of that part of the Louvre known until lately as the Gallery of Charles X. but which is not yet open to the public. "The Children in Prayer," by Uwins, is a beautiful specimen of expression, in which the purest innocence combines with the tenderest devotion. "The Pledge," engraved by Portbury, can hardly be deemed a family group, but the attitudes are excellent, and we must believe that they are natural, on account of the painter, who was no less than Wattier. "Fairies dancing on the Sea Shore," is a singularly happy vision, and is executed in his best style by W. Danby. The engraving does great credit to Mr. W. Millar. "The Cauchoise Girl," from a painting by G. S. Newton, affords a very faithful portrait as to costume and general appearance of the fair maids of Normandy, as they are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Dieppe. Of the few remaining engravings, the best is that of "The Shipwreck," executed by Thomas, from a design by Bentley.

The contributions to the *Souvenir*, in prose as well as in poetry, are obnoxious to the general character which we gave of the annuals for 1833, at the commencement of this article. Languor, and all the evidences of a worn-out spirit, are as apparent in this volume as they are in almost every one of the annuals which have yet been submitted to our examination. Mr. Watts, however, who is usually the chief contributor in the poetical department of this annual, preserves all the best qualities of the character which he has originally assigned to himself; he still continues to be the faithful interpreter of those refined feelings which the endearing ties of kindred are so well calculated to engender and maintain; he is still the father and the husband, cheered by the happiness, and depressed by the uneasiness of the little circle around his hearth. A paper of some length by Mrs. Watts, entitled "A Morning in Kensington Gardens," is highly creditable to the ingenuity of that lady. In this amusing paper, she takes pains to demonstrate the fallacy of a proposition, imprudently sent forth by one of the publications of the week, to the effect that nothing was now to be seen in Kensington Gardens of a morning, than "nursery maids and bread-and-butter misses!" Mrs. Watts, we think, has placed upon record a convincing proof of the injustice which is thus committed by implication on the good sense of the inhabitants of Kensington. The reader will find a good deal to interest him in this paper. We are not at liberty to enter at large into an analysis of the contents of the *Souvenir*. But in the pleasing mixture of poetry and prose, of narrative and description, a very fair combination of winter nights' reading will be found provided. As a specimen of the poetry, we quote the following two pieces:—

'SONNET

'ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S QUITTING ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

'BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conquerer knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!'—p. 1.

'ON A PICTURE,

'REPRESENTING AN ITALIAN CONTADINA AND HER FAMILY.

'BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

'Not for the myrtle, and not for the vine,
Whose grape, like a gem, is the sunbeam's shrine;
And not for the deep blue heaven, that showers
Joy on thy spirt, like light on the flowers;
And not for the breath of the citron-trees,
Fair Peasant! I call thee not blest for these.

II.

'Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it throw;
And not for the lustre that laughs from thine eye,
Like a dark stream's flash to the summer sky,
Though the south in its riches nought lovelier sees—
Fair Peasant! I call thee not blest for these!

III.

'But for these breathing and loving things—
For the boy's fond arm, that around thee clings;
For the sunny cheek on thy lap that glows,
In the peace of a trusting child's repose;
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast—
Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply blest!'—p. 36.

The editor of the *Amulet* appears to us to be well deserving the approbation of the public, for the perseverance with which he has continued for now eight years a consistent plan, highly calculated to render great service to the cause of moral improvement. Having formed an adequate estimate of the great responsibility which attaches to the office of purveyor for the public appetite, he seems to have directed his mind altogether to the great duty of incorporating as much as possible of what was instructive in that which must of necessity have been amusing. The volume before us affords sufficient evidence that he feels the value of the system which he has adopted, for, in all its principal characteristics, the *Amulet* for 1833 very strongly resembles its predecessors, save only that, in common with all its cotemporaries, it bears the melancholy tokens of having been affected by the "annual" panic which is still raging.

That the paintings, from which Mr. Hall has been able to embellish the *Amulet*, are of a nature to excite a considerable interest, will readily be admitted, when it is known that no less than seven are from the easel of the illustrious Lawrence. There is one each by Wilkie and Mulready, one by G. S. Newton, one by the late H. Liverseege, and a twelfth by John Boaden. The "Golden Age" of Sir T. Lawrence, delightfully engraved by C. G. Lewis, is in two parts, and consists altogether of three exquisite portraits. Next follow engraving by different artists of the portraits of the "Duchess of Richmond," "John Kemble" in the character

of Cato, the "Evening Star," a charming portrait, and the "English Mother," the original of which latter is in the possession of Viscount Templetown, all the productions of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and most of them, of course, familiar to the frequenters of the exhibition at Somerset House. The "Gentle Student," an engraving by C. Rolls, from a painting by G. S. Newton, is quite a captivating picture of meek contemplation. Mulready's "Young Navigators" is admirably transferred from the original by Mr. C. Fox; and Wilkie's "Theft of the Cap," engraved by E. Finden, is one of the most meritorious of the embellishments contained in the volume.

It appears from Mr. Hall's statement, the first sheet was reserved for Mr. Bulwer; but that gentleman having been prevented from complying with his engagement by more serious avocations, the editor was under the necessity of applying to "one that was *nearest* to him," and Mrs. Hall was requested to repair the deficiency thus unexpectedly. Considering the circumstances under which she was required to supply so large a supplementary contingent, having a considerable *cure* of her own at the same moment to manage, we should be disposed to pass over the article altogether which thus may be said, in some measure, to have been extorted. But Mrs. Hall stands not in need of any such indulgence. In the pretty sketch, called the "Lost Beauty," which she has contributed for the first sheet, we meet with that keenness of power in the estimate of character, that faculty of keeping up in language, action, and manners, the identity of each individual in the dramatis personæ, which she employs in the business of the scene. But should the reader, after perusing the "Sketch," be affected with the slightest doubt as to the rare qualifications of this remarkable woman for that great department of literature which is assigned to the imagination, let him only turn his attention to the beautifully pathetic tale, entitled the "Trials of Grace Huntley," to be found in the present volume.

Amongst the established contributors to the *Amulet*, we are happy to distinguish Dr. Walsh, who, in a paper on the apparently insignificant subject of "Sneezing," has contrived to exhibit an amazing extent of curious and recondite erudition. "A pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre," by the author of "Contarini Fleming," adds nothing whatever to our familiar knowledge of the details of that ceremony; nor is there any thing in the style of the paper itself to compensate for the absence of originality. "The Account of Mr. T. Harcourt and his Father" belongs to a very distant era from the present time; but the story, which details the miseries inflicted in a former century on Christian slaves, when made captives by Algerine pirates, is of enduring interest, and will amply repay the trouble of a perusal. From the prose articles, of which in general we entertain a very favourable opinion, we select one, which from the nature of the subject, and the manner in which it is executed, will, we are sure, be read with pleasure: we mean the paper called "Soldiers' Wives," by the Rev. Charles Taylor.

'One of the sweetest creatures I ever saw was a soldier's wife: indeed, whenever I hear the expression, "a soldier's wife," my imagination raises before me a very lovely vision. Some persons may tell me that the only idea they have of a soldier's wife is a bold, bad wanton, who can drink and swear like a trooper. I do not speak of such wives; for such are a dis-

grace to their sex and to their husbands. Nor would I say much of those officers' ladies who avail themselves of all the licence open to them, who go to the very verge of propriety—in short, as far as a woman can go without positively ruining her character. I do not speak of the bold, the forward, the unfeminine. A soldier's wife, such as she ought to be, is no rare character. She is usually gentle, modest, and feminine among women; just as her husband, if true to his profession and calling, is brave, bold, enterprising, and unboastful among men. How lovely an object is the woman, who, in the midst of the liberty necessarily attaching to her situation as a solder's wife, creates around her a circle within which purity, and delicacy, and simplest modesty are always found; beyond which she has no wish to venture! There are few men who do not respect a really modest woman; and it is not the licence of opportunities, but the licence given in spite of opportunities by a woman herself, that makes a faithless or foolish wife.

> "Let her fear loose looks to scatter,
> And loose men will fear to flatter."

'What makes a soldier's wife so peculiarly interesting is, that she is constantly placed in situations where her feelings are deeply and affectingly tried, and where she sees it is her duty to rise superior to those feelings. She is called upon to suffer many a sad surprise of sorrow: to part at a short notice from the being dearest to her on earth—to fear that their parting may be for ever on this side the grave—to weep over his departure—to think of him, in her unprotected loneliness, as probably exposed to hunger and fatigue, to dangers by sea and by land—perhaps to find his name, in the battle-return of the newspaper, among the dangerously wounded, among the prisoners, among the dead. Are not these trials for the soft heart of a gentle loving woman? And are they not the common every-day trials of the soldier's wife in time of war? But does she not feel it her duty—and a sacred duty which she would not, aye, and does not fail to perform—not to unman her beloved husband by yielding to the force of anguish that presses so heavily upon her heart? to whisper hopes, instead of fears, at parting—and, if her tears cannot be restrained, to smile through them? not to be merely resigned, but cheerful—nay, the inspirer of cheerfulness? How finely Byron touches on the subject of the soldier's hour of parting! What force in that noble line, in the midst of his florid description of the beauty and chivalry of Brussels, all assembled in their gladsome revelry!—when soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again:—

> "But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell;"

and how soon after we hear of

> "hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
> And there were sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts; and choaking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
> If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
> Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!"

'Reader! if you have made it a practice to pass over poetry, as if you found it in your way—if you have done so now, turn back to read those lines; fancy them a plain prose description, and read them for their truth; their natural but exquisite feeling will steal into your heart.

'Many a soldier's gentle wife has proved herself a true heroine, and even fit to take her husband's place on a sudden emergency. The noble Constance de Barri was an instance of such heroism. Her husband, who was governor of a town in Languedoc, during the wars of the League, was treacherously taken prisoner; the party of the enemy that besieged the town, pretending they sought an interview with him, having seized his person. He contrived, however, to write a few words to his wife, desiring her to defend the town to the last extremity. Without a moment's delay, she obeyed him, and went forth to take his place on the ramparts. Seeing how brave and how resolved she was, and that the garrison still held out under her spirited command, the besiegers thought to subdue her by threatening to put her husband to death unless the gates were thrown open to them. Constance was rich, and she offered to give up all she possessed to ransom her beloved husband; but she knew that he would never submit to buy his life at the price of his fidelity and honour. She therefore refused their terms: they would not agree to her's. They then put the husband to the torture, that they might force him, if possible, to command his wife to open the gates to them. He was enabled to endure their cruelty without submitting to them; and, being at last obliged to give up the siege, they savagely strangled the brave officer in prison. In the midst of her grief, the proposition was made to the incensed widow that she should avenge her husband's death by destroying some gentlemen who were prisoners in the garrison; but Constance was a Christian heroine; she not only forbade their execution, but, wretched and disconsolate as she was, she exerted herself to save their lives and protect them.—Henry the Fourth rewarded this pious and heroic woman by giving to her the government of the town she had so bravely defended, and she held it for twenty-seven years.

'In more than one instance a soldier's wife has been among the loveliest creations of the masters of song. The Andromache and Penelope of Homer, the Imogen and Desdemona of Shakspeare, were soldiers' wives; nay, what was it that won the gentle Desdemona, whom her father so exquisitely describes?—

> '"A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
> Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
> To fall in love with what she feared to look on!"

'What was it that won her? What, in fact, but that "what she feared to look on" was a soldier, that he told of "battles, sieges, fortunes, that he had passed"—

> '"Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe."

'Spenser's fair and holy Una, that "lovely ladie," pure and innocent, was a soldier's bride, and by her husband's absence "left to mourne."

'What a fine subject for a picture would be the last parting of the heroic and even stoical Portia (who was also a soldier's wife) from her husband Brutus! I mean at that moment when, having accompanied him to the sea-shore without betraying any emotion, she burst into tears on seeing a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. Far too dreadful a situation for a picture was that of the wife of Captain Lietirn, the Prussian officer, when she received her husband's last letter. Frederick II. intending to make in the night an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a light in the tent of Captain Lietirn, which he entered just as the officer was folding up a letter. Lietirn knew him, and instantly fell on his knees to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing; he said it was a letter to his wife, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish. The king coolly ordered him to rise, and write one line more, which he should dictate. The line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that, by such an hour the next day, he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed and dispatched as it had been intended; and the next day the captain was executed.

'A touching description is given of a soldier's wife in an account I remember to have read of the battle of Waterloo. A young Irish officer had married a very young and very lovely Flemish lady. They were residing in cantonments at Rivelles, when he was suddenly and unexpectedly called off to the field of battle. All he could leave with his wife was his servant, one horse, and an ass to carry her baggage. Very soon after his departure, her husband sent her word that a retreat was ordered, and begged her to set off to Brussels with as little delay as possible. The servant, who was a foreigner, deserted his mistress like a villain, and went off with the horse. She did not hesitate to obey her husband's commands; but, forlorn and unprotected as she was, she set off alone with quiet resolution on her journey of five-and-twenty-miles: she set off on foot, leading the ass laden with her baggage. She passed along through the retreating British army, exposed at times to great danger from the firing of the artillery. When she reached the great road to Brussels, the army were falling into line for the terrible conflict. She had walked on through the dreadful storm which raged on that evening—the evening before the battle—the rain falling in torrents, and the lightning hurling its forked and deadly fires round her defenceless head. She had come up to the spot where perhaps all that would be soon left of her husband would be a cold and disfigured corpse, and he was then perhaps within a few hundred yards of the young and unprotected wife; but she did not attempt to seek him amongst that immense army of 80,000 men; nay, she did not wish to unman or distress him by her presence. Quietly and slowly she kept on her toilsome way during the whole of the Saturday night. The road from

Waterloo, till within a few miles of Brussels, is through the forest of Soignèe, and hemmed in on both sides by the tall trees. Here the young wife met with many difficulties; the whole road was crowded with waggons and horses, and carriages of various sorts, by wounded soldiers, and by the terrified inhabitants of the country; and still the storm continued with unabated fury. Patiently, and with quiet perseverance, the gentle lady went on, still leading the ass, but now barefoot, and almost wearied out with fatigue and dismay. At length she entered Brussels on the Sunday morning. She had been mercifully protected by Him who is ever at the side of the destitute and the friendless. She was in safety and unhurt, and even the poor ass and the baggage had arrived uninjured. Her husband, too, was spared to thank God for his wife's safety and his own.

'At the night of the splendid illuminations in London after the battle of ——, there sat one in an inner chamber of her house in Upper G—r-street, whose heart was well nigh broken by that very victory. The Lady Isabel R—— wished not to intrude her griefs upon the public eye, nor to dim the blaze of that rejoicing night by what might seem a sullen want of sympathy with the public joy: besides, her sorrow was too great, too real, too deep in her heart, to turn one thought upon what merely passed before the eye.

'Her servants led her to the quiet chamber which they had prepared for her, where not a gleam of the resplendent light, nor a sound of the glad popular voice, could reach her; but she scarcely noticed or knew of their attention. They might have placed her in the midst of the full glare of the illuminations; she would not have shuddered, or closed her eyes, or asked a question why the world rejoiced. She would have sat, just as she did, bowed beneath the weight of woe which had fallen upon her, calm with hopelessness, like one who had done with the world, and every thing on this side the grave. Her husband had fallen in that dreadful battle, and she was yet almost a bride. But a few weeks before, he had left her, in the pride and vigour of manhood; the tone of his last joyful words was still sounding in her ears, when they told her she was a widow, that he was quite, quite gone, never to return.

'The very next evening the same fair and delicate lady was standing on the deck of a small vessel that went dancing over the waves of the broad sea, all her canvass spread to the fresh and favourable wind. The same lady did I say? The very same as to mere personal identity, but oh, how different a being!

'She is alone in her feelings now, as she was then; for who could share them with her? But smiles have come back into her beautiful face, except when her trembling hand wipes away tears, the tears of the heart's speechless gratitude, from her cheek, now bright with the eloquent blood.

'It was false news they brought; her husband was not dead. He was dangerously wounded, but he might recover—at least he might die in her arms. The decision was formed, and executed at the same time. The Lady Isabel set off within a few hours for Spain. Objections had been made, advice seriously given, all to no purpose; duty and love, strong as death, called her to her husband's side.

'The soldier's wife is not only exposed to these great trials of the heart, which must be met by a spirit of high and noble endurance, but she is beset by a thousand little trials to the temper, which are almost as difficult to be borne; because human nature is accustomed to view them as trifles, and yet, when they come, to bear with them most ungraciously—to despise them in theory, but to feel them poignantly in practice..... She is seldom permitted to enjoy with her husband the sweet privacy of domestic habits and a settled home.—She must be always ready to pack up every thing, and remove with her children and servants from one lodging to another. She is always at the mercy of strangers, always amidst a new neighbourhood, never free from interruptions.

'I delight in a print that I have seen, after a painting by Metzu, or Terburgh, or some Flemish or Dutch painter of that school. A fine martial-looking fellow is delivering his orders to a herald or trumpeter, who has come, perhaps with important tidings, and been ushered up in haste to the very chamber of the officer. The officer himself looks as if he had not been an hour in his lady's presence; his martial trappings still cumber him, his heavy boots, and long large spurs, and clanking sword. He has not yet had time even to draw off his stiff and high-topped gloves. His wife is seated at his feet, the very image of delicate, modest womanhood, her soft cheek resting on as soft a palm, the arm of that same hand resting on her husband's knee. The perfect contrast of her face in contour and expression to his—of her manner, her attitude, and her dress to his, give a peculiar charm to the picture. The flurry of their first meeting is evidently over, but she has scarcely had time to speak to her loved husband, or to ask her many questions, or even look into his dear face. She sits, however, at his feet, and leans against him, and looks perfectly happy, knowing that she is with him once again.'—pp. 192—203.

Mr. Hall, the editor, Mr. Harvey, and other veteran bards, have maintained the poetical department of the *Amulet* in a state of most unexceptionable credit, whilst L. E. L. is, as usual, in the van. Though pressed for space, we must not omit the very pretty lines which she has dedicated to Mulready's capital painting of the "Young Navigators." The painter presents us with a view of some village boys leaning over a stream, upon which they have launched a pair of miniature boats, and are anxiously engaged in filling the canvas with the zephyrs of their breath. This explanation will the better enable the reader to understand the following verses:

'THE YOUTHFUL MARINERS.

'BY L. E. L.

'How now, my youthful mariners!
Where will ye sail to-day?
Seek ye the southern latitudes,
And Spice Isles far away?

'Manilla and the Phillipines,
To have your canvass fanned
By a thousand fragrant odours
Before you see the land?

'With Sindbad for your guide-book,
Will ye go sailing on,
To gather cinnamon, and pearls,
And nutmegs in Ceylon?

'Or are ye for a bolder quest,
Upon the northern seas;
And, on your passage to the pole,
See even ocean freeze?

'And watch the restless waters
Turn'd into solid stone,
Like granite, and like porphyry,
In wild confusion thrown?

'Or do ye bear a battle-flag,
And thunder at your side,
So that the foreign foe may quail,
Where'er your navies ride?

'I cannot tell what enterprise
Might haunt that childish crew—
What, with their little fairy ships,
It was their dream to do:

'But be what will the enterprise,
That carries men afar,
Through danger, death, through calm and storm,
For commerce, science, war;

'They could not go more heart in hand,
Their purpose to fulfil,
Than launched those boyish mariners
Their fleet upon the rill.

'The sunbeam glittered on the waves,
And danced within their eyes:
Whose bark shall reach yon willow first,
His is the victor's prize.

'And each one lends his voice and breath,
To urge the tiny sail;
No sailor in a calm e'er watched
More anxious for a gale.

'And though they are but paper boats,
Launched on a village brook;
How earnest is each beating heart!
How eager is each look!

'Oh, happy age! that thus can find,
In trifles and in toys,
The pleasure of a new delight—
The freshness that enjoys!

'Oh! why should life bring weariness,
And languor, and disdain?
Ah! would to God that I could be
An eager child again!'—pp. 127—129.

The valuable little annual for 1833, called the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, has been published under auspices of the most favourable nature. An amicable arrangement has been affected between the proprietors of the two works under the same name, which up to the present year were related to each other in the character of rivals, but are now incorporated into one. The effects of the union we can assert are perfectly marvellous; indeed so much so, as to lead to the hope that it will be an example for the guidance of those who have still higher interests to superintend. Compared with all the former volumes which bore the title of the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, the present one exceeds them in the uniform excellence of the embellishments. These consist of engravings, from paintings by Gainsborough, Corbould, Rothwell, Parris, Mason, Kearsley, Frazer, Salmon, Hoppner, and Harvey. The letter-press portion of this annual is chiefly intended to invite the young men to the study of nature, to initiate it in the knowledge of what is calculated to excite curiosity, and thus to render the pursuit one of recreation rather than of toil. Dr. Walsh's paper on "Travelling on the Ice," is a happy introduction to one interesting branch of science. L. E. L. has furnished a sweet tale of an Indian Island; and "A Walk in the Flower Garden," shows the deep knowledge of botany, and the happy power of lucid explanation which Mrs. Loudon possesses. Mrs. Hall's portion of the general burden is much too small, in our opinion. Her lighter effusions, of which we have an excellent specimen in the work before us, under the title of "Seven and Seventeen," seem admirably calculated for the understandings of youth; and we regret, therefore, that her share in a production confined almost exclusively to the junior portion of the existing generation, should be so limited in respect to the extent of the work. From the poetical part of the annual we take the following verses, which we regard as extremely beautiful for their simplicity and tenderness:

'THE FIRST SAD LESSON.

'BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

"Come hither, my little child, to me—
Come hither, and hearken now—
My poor, poor child! is this a day
For thee to dance, and sport, and play,
Like blossom on the bough?

"Fair blossom! where's the fost'ring bough,
And where's the parent tree?
Stem, root, and branch, all, all laid low—
Almost at once—at one 'fell blow!'
Dear child! cling close to me;

"My sister's child! for thou shalt grow
Into my very heart;
But hush that ringing laugh—to me
The silver sound is agony:
Come, hearken here apart;

"And fold thy little hands in mine,
So standing at my knee—
And look up in my face, and say,
Dost thou remember what to-day,
Weeping, I told to thee?

"Alas! my tears are raining fast
Upon thine orphan head;
And thy sweet eyes are glistening now—
Harry! at last believest thou
That thy poor mother's dead?"

"No, no, my mother is *not* dead;
She *can't* be dead, you know.
Oh aunt! I saw my father die—
All white and cold I saw him lie:
My mother don't look so.

"She cried when I was sent away,
And I cried very much;
And she was pale, and hung her head—
But then her lips were very red,
And soft and warm to touch:

"Not like my father's, hard, and cold;
And then, she said, beside,
She'd come to England soon, you know."
"But Harry! that was months ago—
She sicken'd since, and died;

"And the sad news is come to-day—
Told in this letter. See!
'Tis edged and sealed with black." "Oh dear!
Give me that pretty seal. Look here,
I'll keep it carefully,

"With all these others in my box;
They're all for her. Don't cry
I'll learn my lessons every day,
That I may have them all to say
When she comes by and by."

"Boy! boy! thy talk will break my heart:
Oh Nature! can it be
That thou in *his* art silent so?
Yet what, poor infant! shouldst thou know
Of life's great mystery?

"Of time and space, of chance and change,
Of sin, decay, and death
What canst thou know, thou sinless one!
Thou yet unstained, unbreathed upon
By this world's tainting breath?

" A sunbeam all thy little life!
Thy very being bliss:
Glad creature! who would waken thee,
To sense of sin and misery,
From such a dream as this?"

There remains still to be noticed *The New Year's Gift* of Mrs. Alaric Watts, which is represented by the fair editor as presented "in this year to its readers in an enlarged and considerably improved form." We doubt not but that a considerable addition to the expense, as well as to the labour, which the former numbers of this annual cost the proprietor, has been made, with the view of improving its general character. But the scale on which it is constructed, with reference either to its external beauty or its intellectual value, appears to us to be greatly inferior to the standard of nearly all the annuals which we have examined in the foregoing pages. We speak particularly as to the subject of the embellishments, for in all the productions to which we have just called the attention of the reader, we find that the whole strength of the various competitors has been directed, almost exclusively, to the excellence of the plates: whilst, as we have more than once observed, the prose and poetry of these works seemed to belong altogether to a degenerate species. Mrs. Watts will then permit us to observe, that the engravings in the *New Year's Gift* are, generally speaking, much below the level of those of her cotemporaries. There are, however, some three or four of the plates which tend by their excellence to compensate, in a great measure, for the deficiencies of the others; besides which, we may observe, it is by no means an uninteresting quality of this annual, that the scenes which are selected for its embellishments, are those most suited to the excitement in the young mind of a love of kindred, and of a taste for the practice of the charities of domestic life. The same tendency must justly be attributed to the miscellaneous contents of the *New Year's Gift*. We find that, whatever be the burden of the tale, or the song, a useful moral is always sure to be the goal to which the youthful student is brought at last.

We regret that we are forbidden by our limits to transfer from this interesting little work more than the following little stanzas, which, however, will give a very fair notion of the merits of the poetry contained in the volume:

'THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

'BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

'THE day is over, my frolic child!
Thou hast left thy sports of glee;
With looks composed, and with accents mild,
Thou hast sunk on thy bended knee;
And the moonbeams play on thy hazel eye,
And shine on thy flaxen hair,
While thy voice is raised to the Power on high,
In a simple Evening Prayer.

II.

'Few are thy words, my gentle boy,
Thou art but of infant years,
Thou canst not tell of the world's vain joy,
Its temptations, toils, and tears;
But thou still canst ask from the Lord above,
His protecting grace and care,
And each earthly friend who has won thy love,
Is named in thy Evening Prayer.

III.

'Ere thy lips could a lengthened sentence frame,
Or utter a perfect tone,
We taught thee to lisp thy Maker's name,
And bow at his heavenly throne;
We bade thee gaze on the bright blue skies,
And told thee his home was there,
And He will not the simple words despise
Of our infant's Evening Prayer.—pp. 86—87.

We shall resume our review of the remaining annuals of the year next month.

ART. IX.—*The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France; embracing with a few incidental reflections, a general description of the principal places, &c.* By GEORGE CLAYTON, Jun. 12mo. London: printed for G. Clayton. 1832.

IT IS now some tedious half dozen years, or thereabouts, since we met with such an intellectual treat as that which we shall ever be beholden to worthy George Clayton for having afforded us. We took George, in the first instance, for a cockney stripling, who had no other sin under heaven to answer for, save only a simplicity of soul, which, however, brought him into so many practical scrapes in this world, that it was devoutly to be hoped that they would earn for him an indemnity in the next. But George must not be deteriorated in this manner; it were a clipping of the genuine coin of nature to deny to him the full compliment of his weight in society. He has aspired to exalted things; he has sustained the perils of a Brighton steamer, and fearlessly risked a valuable life in the very streets of Dieppe. Grown bolder as he advanced, Rouen quickly capitulated before him, and finally a snug lodging in Paris rewarded the patience and the courage of Mr. Clayton. For he was not satisfied with the descriptions of men and ladies, in reference to the existence of such a place as Paris at all, just as a king of Siam once ridiculed the strangers who told him that an article called ice, was actually indigenous to a country not very far from his own. Now we do not mean to compare our worthy countryman to so barbarous

an object as a Siamese monarch, feeding, as the wretch perhaps delights to do, on the flesh of his own species; but in the incredulity which each has manifested in what is called the common consent of mankind, we must say, that a marvellous unanimity subsists between him the cannibal potentate.

Having demonstrated, by the only tests which are absolute authority with Mr. Clayton, that such a kingdom as France was something better than a theory, having satisfied himself that there was no exaggeration in the report that Paris had an existence, our explorer sets himself to work, and seeks to ascertain if his ears have not been abused by some malicious misrepresentations of the character of the people themselves.

Such being the nature of the commission wherewith Mr. George Clayton had been charged by himself, we are at once enlightened as to the sort of demeanour we should assume as the companions of a journey undertaken by such a man. A due degree of solemnity is therefore expected of the reader, whilst he is requested to listen in stillness to a history of the travels of Mr. Clayton.

It should be universally understood, that at 10 o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 12th of August, 1829, the "narrator" (for such is the humble designation selected by Mr. Clayton), in company with his father, mother, brother, and a friend, took his departure from Finsbury for Brighton. The event was signalized by a very perceptible storm, the like of which has not been experienced since the terrible war of the elements that marked the critical moment of Cromwell's death. Embarked on board the steam vessel which was bound for Dieppe, Mr. Clayton waved his hat to the friends on shore, and would have been extremely happy at the novel situation in which he was placed, were it not, says he, that "our father was very soon afflicted with that truly painful, disagreeable, and obnoxious visitation, sea-sickness." "Brother William and myself," he adds, "were occasionally annoyed with *emetic sensations!*" But after having reached Dieppe, and taken a survey of its superficial beauties, the party retired to bed by 9 o'clock, seeking, he says, "the refreshment and repose of restorative sleep, so beautifully described in the appropriate language of our eloquent poet:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

It is a very curious result of the arrangements for the night, that "*individually* they were each very much satisfied with the accommodation which the inn afforded them,"—and "personally," declares Mr. C., "we felt greatly refreshed and recruited by the reinvigorating slumbers of nocturnal repose, excepting our father, who still remained an invalid, *arising* from the sickness which the preceding day's aquatic expedition had brought on." But this burst of the muse is as nothing when compared to the specimens of his descriptive power, which have been left us by Mr. Clayton. "The houses," he writes, "are exceedingly lofty, very irregularly

built, and altogether devoid of that uniformity or harmony in their construction which invariably yields so much either of beauty or grandeur to every description of building, whether plain, ornamental, or gothic. The *inhabitants* of this town are *rather populous*, (!) and appear examples of plodding industry and laborious activity. The head-dress of the women, in particular, attracted my observation, and arrested my notice, for its peculiar singularity. The females wear no bonnets, but in lieu of them, large linen caps, of a conical shape and expansive magnitude, with huge flaps hanging down on each side of their face, extending laterally, from the cheek-bone beyond the back of the head, and perpendicularly, in height, *above the pericranium a foot*, and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders."

The diligences have been quite enough to put Mr. Clayton almost out of his wits; he cannot call them coaches or waggons, he can only compare them to a sort of "three-bodied fly waggon, which for clumsiness, magnitude, incommodiousness, and *inelasticity*, would surprize even to amusement the stranger when he first beholds them." Good heavens! what will the man desire in the nature of a vehicle? Inelasticity, indeed!—pray let the gentleman have a britschka of caoutchouc, that he may have the full benefit of a conveyance elastic to his heart's content. Bad, however, as is the diligence, the postillion out-herods the ill-fated vehicle. Respecting the "boots" of this knight of the whip, Mr. Clayton can find throughout nature no resemblance to them more striking than "*a japanned chimney pot!* surmounted by *a cow reversed!!* with its top downwards, and answering by way of receptacle for the foot"! "The difference," he declares, "consists in the *lustre* of the chimney-pot, when compared with the dirty and dingy appearance of these exceedingly curious boots."

No sooner does Mr. Clayton enter upon the investigation of the rural affairs of France than he meets with something with which he finds fault. Thus he tells us, that "one striking peculiarity in the mode of French farming is, that the sheaves of grain are placed with their ears downwards upon the ground, and then tied at the top with a small band of straw, which gives them a pyramidical form, and rather mean appearance—a mode which differs considerably, both in shape, aspect, and elegance, from the English method of gathering up the sheaf. Whether the English method is preferable to the French I cannot pretend to determine. The reason adduced by the French farmers for this peculiar construction of their sheaves is, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by the showers of rain; and provided the rain did never descend violently, or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and *concludency*; (!) but should the *pluvial torrent precipitate strongly*, and that for several hours of many successive days, so as to penetrate to the base of the sheaf, I apprehend, the ears would be likely to suffer damage, to germinate or corrupt, at

all events, and in all probability, they would contract an earthy taste, *with the concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvium*, to say nothing of the maturing rays of the sun, which assuredly, is one great advantage obtained by the method which the English farmers adopt in the exposure of *theirs* to the sun's ripening influence."

The beauties of the scenery of Rouen captivate Mr. Clayton; he was pleased with his reception at this city, but he could not dine on account of the unpalatable character of the dishes. We have no personal experience of the effects of rigid abstinence on the state of the imagination; we have not been much in the condition that would admit of any such experiment, but if ever the sensation of hunger, stimulated the "elasticity" of the fancy, Mr. Clayton was the fortunate man whose sensorium was the seat of the phenomenon. All we can say is, that we could live eternally deprived of day-light were we to be blessed with such nocturnal adventures as appear to have occurred to our traveller, at least according to the evidence contained in the following description:

'The night, now far advanced, was warm, and brilliantly bright with the radiancy of lunar and astral effulgence—a most lovely night—a death-like stillness prevailed all around; Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep; and the fair moon, taking her nocturnal *promenade* along the cloudless, azure, and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft resplendency of her highest and brightest glory—the very night, according to the fictions, tales, and romance of *imagination's* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit, bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure—just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love—a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which give to

——— "airy nothings
A local habitation and a name"' !!

Having bestowed much time on the "sights" of Paris, having wandered over the Garden of Plants and seen the Hotel des Invalides (which however is nothing to his own Greenwich Hospital), Mr. Clayton bends his course to the Palace of the Tuileries. He is quite enraptured with the gardens, and records, with fond accuracy, the extraordinary delight derived from a sight of the terraces, the marble statues, the flower beds, the shady groves, and the playing fountains of this celebrated scene, which is thus, he declares, rendered "strikingly attractive, *paradisiacal*, magnificent, and *picturesque*"! But on consideration, Mr. Clayton is disposed to give the preference to the statues of white marble, at the same time admitting, very candidly, the claims which the "verdant foliage" of the scene urges on his sense of justice. "The verdant," observes the enthusiast of nature, "extensive, luxuriant, and *umbrageous* avenues of lofty trees, combine to yield a perspective of overpowering and bewitching impression."

Hitherto we were induced to consider Mr. Clayton as a good-natured, good-tempered critic, who would be disposed to make some allowance for the condition of those benighted creatures, in any part of the world, who were so particularly unfortunate as to differ essentially in their manners, habits, and language, from the countrymen of Mr. C. We were well aware of the enormity of the offence with which all such people stand charged; but we hoped that our author would use the advantages he possessed over them with meekness and discretion. There is, however, no accounting for antipathies. Some men grow faint at the sight of a cat; an apple has been known to throw a very respectable member of society into a fever; why should not Mr. Clayton be licensed to carry his hobby?

It is quite obvious that Mr. C. entertains a congenital horror for the Church of Rome. The gentleman is calm, charitable, and polite, so long as he is engaged with the scenes of civil, and even political life; but the moment that the religion of the French people comes into view, that instant is marked by an abrupt change in the whole character of Mr. C. Excited, inflamed, apparently girded for the offensive, he loses all sense of decorum, all notions of justice, all feelings of sympathy for his fellow-men; and in the blindness of his zeal, and in the selfish presumption that he is infallibly right in his opinions, he unhesitatingly consigns to eternal perdition those delinquents who differ from him in belief. There are evidences enough in the pages of this work to justify our character of Mr. Clayton. Let us, for example, select his visit to the church of Notre Dame, whither he had been directed by the report that a royal procession was about to take place within its precincts. The following are the remarks to which a sight of this spectacle gives rise:

'The retinue of royalty, with its *suite* of state, in train with the mighty ones of the Romish hierarchy, "gorgeously apparelled"—the guard of a military cohort—the sudden burst of martial music, which announced the entry of the reigning family—the assemblage, together with the clamorous plaudits and resounding acclamations of the multitudinous populace, contributed to render the scene overpoweringly imposing and impressive; producing upon the senses an effect analogous to that which is sometimes experienced in the thrilling sensations of surprize, and the astonished feelings of amazement. *But*, it was all a huge and monstrous vanity—a sinful and Babylonish spectacle—the equipage of an unholy and benighted superstition—the pageantry of wicked Antichrist—the procession of the man of sin. It was all the heathenish and demoralizing *apparatus* of the mummery, will-worship, and priestcraft of antichristian papacy—that apocalyptic beast—that mother of harlots and abominations—that queen, probably, of mystic Babylon, so often referred to, in the Revelation of St. John. It was all an abominable scene of papal usurpation and tyranny, which Christianity frowned upon with abhorrent revoltings—which Religion denounced as no better than pagan—and which the Sacred Scriptures have

represented and described in such awful and condemnatory delineations as accursed, because of that diabolical and unsanctifying influence wherewith popish infatuation has always hoodwinked and enthralled the reasons, minds, and wills of her deluded and degraded votaries—for the cruel persecutions with which, in all ages, she has martyred those who religiously and conscientiously protested against her unrighteous procedures—for her impious usurpation in things sacred and divine—in whatever appertained to the religion of the heart, or the evangelical belief of the conscience—substituting, still more wickedly, for the doctrine of the cross, the "doctrine of devils"—for an heart-felt, abiding, and manifestative repentance for sin, as shown forth in the practice of a godly and consistent life—for an humble and contrite faith, in an exclusive and a fiducial reliance upon the atonement and mediation of our Redeemer's sacrificial death, as the *only* divinely revealed method of a sinner's justification and acceptance in the sight of an holy God; and as the *only* scriptural medium through which salvation unto life eternal is proffered to apostate, rebellious, and ruined man—the sale of indulgences, the bargain of absolution, the sin-purification of purgatory, the remission of the pope, and the passport to heaven of sinfully-assumed infallibility—the assumption of which, in itself, is a blasphemous and arrogant impiety. Notwithstanding the disturbing pressure of the crowding multitude, the tumultuous uproar which unceasingly prevailed, and the noisy vociferations which reverberated in every part, and re-echoed in every corner, several priests were engaged, with a few poor people around them, in the observance of their matins, or morning devotions, secreted in several recesses of the church, bowing before crucifixes enchased in gold and silver, with many unseemly gestures, performing with the strictest scrupulosity all the ceremonies prescribed by the pontifical ritual; viz. such as masticating the holy wafer, drinking various mixtures prepared from the ingredients of several phials, which are successively handed to the priests by lads habited in vestments of a scarlet colour, and who wait upon them obedient to their orders, and whose office also it is, at appointed intervals, to ring a bell, by the voice and intimation of which, the worshippers are informed what particular prayers are in the course of reading. The crucifixes are placed in the centre of seven lofty candlesticks, containing lighted tapers, by which they are brilliantly illuminated.'—pp. 45—48.

This language, purely Christian as it is, falls yet very far short of the diatribe uttered by our mild critic against the manner of spending the Sunday in Paris. We do not complain of his indignation, since it may be regarded, as in some respects a demonstration of his sincerity, although *that* is sometimes put into a condition of great ambiguity, by the extreme attention which Mr. Clayton seems to pay to the rhetorical ornaments. We can hardly believe, for instance, that a man is in a serious mood, who, after carrying the details of an unfavourable description to the utmost point that our patience will endure, delivers himself in such tropes and figures as these: "Such was the scene which prevailed in all the principal streets and *Boulevards* of Paris—a scene, indeed, wicked, horrible, and demoralizing—a scene which would have provoked

the pious indignation of a Nehemiah, zealous for the glory of his God, to *an irascible state of choleric exacerbation*—a scene, in fine," &c.

It is quite consistent with the character of such a mind as Mr. Clayton's, to be delighted with that which displeases every one else. Thus is he charmed outright with the French system of passports, which exempts travellers from that liability to unpleasant and dangerous consequences to which they would be exposed if found without one.

At Pere la Chaise, our wanderer discovered an uncommon supply of provender, wonderfully adapted to the fastidious predilections of his fancy. This site, he tells us has been chosen both by choice and *necessity*, by the most distinguished personages as the place of their interment; " and *which* accordingly," adds our correct author, " has *cumbered* the spot with a great number and variety of beautiful monuments, cenotaphs, and mausoleums, some of which are of grand dimensions and elegant architecture, in the form of temples, funereal vaults, sepulchral chapels, pyramids, altars, columns, urns, and tombs of diversified and multiform shapes, variously and richly ornamented. Many of them are surrounded by enclosures of wood and iron, within which are planted appropriate and funereal flowers and shrubs; and near to them are placed benches, to which friends repair to give vent to feelings of remembrance, affection, respect, and sorrow, over the tombs of their departed relatives, friends, or acquaintances. Exactly in the centre is a chapel, of a plain construction, which we entered, and found *filled with a multitude of crucifixes, images, and lighted tapers*, together with most of the devices peculiar to popish superstition." But though the chapel was thus " filled" with crucifixes, images, and lighted tapers, Mr. Clayton and his party had verge and scope enough to parade up and down the interior of the said chapel, until intimidated by a scowling old woman, who appeared to be the hag of the revolting den, Mr. Clayton thought it convenient to retire, in order to avoid consequences which, as he sagaciously observes, might prove unpleasant, if not absolutely "*jeopardous*"! Finding him now in the vein, we cannot resist the temptation of transferring to our pages one of the happiest effusions to which his heated imagination has as yet given birth:

'Adorned with every sepulchral tree, and plant, and flower, and shrub which *nature* could provide—ornamented with every device emblematic of death and expressive of grief, which *art* could invent—it was made a spot, which, to the moralist, would abound with very many motives to serious and solemn reflections; whilst the Christian, contemplating the spectacle around him, by the *eye of faith*, through the *telescope* of sacred truth, would stretch his view onwards to that great and solemn day of final retribution, when, in this valley of dry bones, *a shaking would take place*, and *bone embracing his fellow-bone, to the completion of the human body*, will rise up, and appear before the august multitude of an as-

sembled world, and the awful tribunal of God, an exceedingly great army, summoned by *the vivific* blast of the Archangel's trump, after the *adumbration of the vision of the prophet Ezekiel*, who, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, was carried and stood forth in the arena of death; and where, instructed by the Spirit of inspiration, and promise and prophecy, the son of man was bidden to address the dispersed bones of the scattered corpses of the house of ancient and rebellious Israel. And our own moralist poet, in the solemn, appropriate, and scriptural description of the wondrous process, and amazing revivification, on the morning of the resurrection of the dissolved and entombed body, reanimated by the transmigration, or return of the immaterial and reembodied spirit from her ethereal or aërial state into her *forsaken, kindred, and sublimated tabernacle*—his faithful muse thus sings:—

' " Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scattered limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call
Self-moved, advance; the distant legs, the feet;
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

' " The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear;
Or fixed in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal, wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.' "

From Pere la Chaise, we accompany the peripatetic Mr. Clayton to the centre of the Palais Royal, where the first thing he does is " to take," in the language of one of Mr. C.'s fellow-citizens, " to take and make a discovery." Ingenuity was never more signally displayed than in the instance under consideration; for Mr. Clayton has adduced the most satisfactory reasons to prove that the water which is raised by the *jet d'eau* in the Palais Royal, " falls in the shape of a *spreading wheatsheaf*"! Ye powers of mirth! do suspend your influence for a moment—give us time only to relax the muscles of our face, or we die with laughter. The next thing in the Palais Royal which took the fancy of our traveller was, the small cannon enclosed in an iron railing, which has the miraculous power of making an explosion at the moment that it is noon. The surprise, however, excited by this extraordinary phenomenon is only surpassed by the gratification with which Mr. Clayton is filled withal at finding so many persons around him on the occasion, " regulating their watches at the moment of the explosion." As Mr. Clayton tells us that the numerous haunts of human depravity, in which are exercised every species of licentious profligacy, are situated beneath the galleries of the Palais Royal; and when he adds impatiently, that he must dismiss the description of this " too fascinating and voluptuous spot," we acknowledge that we entertain

some strange misgivings as to the complete uniformity of his pious practices in this gay metropolis of France.

The effect of his visit to Paris seems to have done but little in softening the obduracy of Mr. Clayton's national prejudices. In no possible point of view in which the French capital can be compared with that of England, does our author admit the balance to be in favour of the former. The following passage exposes, in a very ample manner, the qualifications which Mr. Clayton is able to bring to the very delicate duty of estimating the character of a nation:

'Of the higher classes of Parisians, the writer, cannot speak in those terms of unqualified and commendatory admiration which have been so frequently pronounced in his hearing; but, perhaps he had not the requisite opportunity that would enable him to pass a correct judgment; for neither his sentiments or time would permit him to frequent their theatres, mingle in their circles of gaiety, or pay nocturnal visits to their most splendid *cafés*. Of those whom he saw walking about the streets, *bouvelards*, gardens, *promenades*, and parks; their complexions were neither so healthy, their features so comely, their *waists so slender*, their figure so elegant, their persons so fine, or their attire so becoming or genteel, as those who constitute that class, commonly styled the *beau monde* of English fashionables.

'Moreover, their insincere expressions of civility, the deceptive declarations of their friendship, and their external forms of a frivolous politeness, though, he doubts not, they might please some persons, are still to the sober and sedate mind far from praiseworthy or acceptable; and, notwithstanding John Bull is ridiculed and laughed at, for the rusticity of his manners, and the uncouthness of his address; the writer, certainly much prefers the urbanity, sincerity, and veracity of an English gentleman, to the adulation, hypocrisy, and dissembling habits of the most polished amongst the Parisian popinjays.

'In the shops, although you meet with much that is pleasing and courteous in manner, those purchasers who are not acquainted with their character, as venders, are exposed to the circumvention of much unjust chicanery, and over-reaching imposition. The tradesmen, or rather tradeswomen, sometimes ask half, invariably more than a third of the fair or demandable value of their articles; and this system so generally prevails, that is absolutely necessary before the traveller engages a bed, to strike a price and bargain for it.

'The habits of the Parisians, generally, are very unsocial and undomesticating; and, consequently, in many points, of an anti-christian tendency. To the dissipation, extravagance, and gaiety of an *ecarté*, or French saloon, they shamefully victimise the delightful, lovely, and more christianly interchanges of social life, and the observance of its moral duties and virtuous obligations.'—pp. 73—75.

We have done with Mr. Clayton. As to himself as an individual, we should have felt little interest in ascertaining the nature of his thoughts and speculations upon any subject; but as the representative of a certain class of Englishmen, a small one we are happy to say, Mr. Clayton is entitled to a great deal of consideration.

He is a very faithful specimen of that order of persons in this country, who deem the place of their nativity to be the Eden of the earth; who spurn the notion of an equality with foreigners, and persuade themselves that the people of which they form a part, were appointed by providence to take the first place in the order of the human creation. The existence of such a class amongst us is sincerely to be deplored; but so long as the prejudices which are common to them are limited to such minds as Mr. Clayton's, there is no great danger, we are certain, that they will make many proselytes to their doctrines.

ART. X.—*Ellis's British Tariff for* 1832-33; *contains the Duties payable on Foreign Goods imported into Great Britain and Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Island of Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and the British Possessions in America; with a List of the Articles prohibited to be imported into, or exported from, those places respectively; as well as Tables of the Duties payable on British Goods exported; the Tonnage Duties, Foreign and Coastwise; Tables of the Drawbacks allowed on the Exportation of Foreign Goods, and of the Bounties and Drawbacks of the Customs and Excise, to be paid and allowed on British Goods exported. To which are added, the countervailing Duties between England and Ireland, the inland Duties of Excise, and practical Remarks and Information relative to the Entry of Goods for Duty, or Exportation, or to be warehoused: together with copious Extracts from the Warehousing and Navigation Acts, and every Order in Council, Treasury Order, and Minute of the Commissioners of the Customs, bearing upon the subjects treated of; the whole forming a ready Reference for officers of the Revenue, merchants, ship-owners, brokers and agents, captains of ships, warehouse-keepers, wharfingers, gentlemen travelling abroad, and all persons trading in Articles of Foreign Production.* By ROBERT ELLIS, Esq. Principal Computer, Long Room, Custom House, London, Compiler of the "Customs' Laws," &c. London: Longman and Co. 1832-33.

IT IS now some years since we noticed this valuable work, which we are happy to say presents itself before us in the very agreeable disguise of a fifth edition. The improvements which have been made in its plan and details have rendered it superior to every objection which might have been made against it in its original state.

The object of the British Tariff, considered in its present perfect form, is to supply important information for the use of almost

every class of the state. It gives in alphabetical order the names of the various articles imported from foreign countries into this, with the proportion of the duty which is to be paid on each. The utility of such information as this, may not strike the reader at first sight, and therefore it will not be amiss that we should render it intelligible.

Many of the articles of daily consumption amongst us, but especially many of those which come under the name of luxuries, such as spices, liqueurs, &c. are brought to us from abroad. As, in general, we are unacquainted with the manner in which they are obtained, we are often liable to be imposed on by the vender, of whom we immediately purchase. Experience teaches us that with reference to some delicacies of foreign growth, the dealer will offer as an excuse for the exorbitance of his charges, that the custom house duty on the article sold, is too heavy to allow of a reduction in the price. It is obvious then, that if the housekeeper can have ready access to any record of competent authority, by which she can at once determine the amount of duty, she may be able, on many occasions, to secure herself against the chances of imposition.

There is another use of such a work as this, which is quite as important as that last mentioned, inasmuch as it applies to that vast proportion of families who emigrate for a season to some part of the continent. There are few individuals who make even a short tour abroad, who do not find themselves under the necessity of carrying home some specimens at least of the commodities peculiar to the countries through which they have passed. Though this may be said to be the universal practice of Englishmen, still we find it very common for young travellers, in the circumstances just mentioned, to forget that they have a duty to pay on their return, and it is not until they are asked to yield up half the sum perhaps in their possession at the moment, that their minds have been led to consider the subject at all. It is obvious, therefore, that the opportunity of calculating the expense of transport, at a period when the traveller is in the country where he can choose the most convenient commodities, would be not only a source of great satisfaction to him, but would save him from great disappointment and probable loss.

Besides these qualities, the value of which cannot be denied, the work will serve as a book of reference from year to year, as it will shew periodically the increase or diminution of the duties on the imports and exports of the country, and, consequently, facilitate the adjustment of outstanding or disputed accounts; in fact, the numerous alterations which every session of Parliament fails not to make in the laws relating to the commerce and navigation of the country, renders it imperative that the various Acts of Parliament connected with these subjects, should, at the close of each session, as now proposed, be incorporated in the former laws and duties,

so as to render to the merchant and the officer, that facility of reference which in business is so truly desirable;—in addition to this, the trouble of watching for, and noticing the various alterations, whether emanating from the legislature, the Government, or the local authorities, will be *cheaply* avoided, and the certainty of being correct *cheaply* purchased, at the annual expense of a few shillings.

The present, which as we have already mentioned, is the fifth, edition of the Tariff, contains a very considerable quantity of additional matter, the nature of which may be briefly described. To the compendium of the colonial trade are added the treaties which govern the intercourse of foreign states with the British possessions abroad; as also the conventions of commerce and navigation which regulate the trade of such states with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and as articles, the produce of, or which are manufactured from materials the growth or produce of the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and Man, are, on importation into the United Kingdom, from those islands respectively, exempt from the duties levied on goods imported from parts beyond the seas; yet as such goods may, nevertheless, be charged with any proportion of such duties as shall fairly countervail any duties of excise payable on the like goods, the produce of the part of the United Kingdom into which they shall be imported, to this edition is annexed a list of articles which are liable to the payment of an excise duty, as also the amount of such duty, as a guide to the importers of goods, the produce or manufacture of those islands respectively.

It should be recollected, that by an Act of Parliament which has just passed, a very considerable reduction in the duties on imported goods, but especially those used in general consumption, has taken place. The Tariff of course specifies the alterations, and as a knowledge of the details of this great innovation deeply concerns every family in the country, we feel that we shall be humbly complying with one of the first duties imposed, by giving an alphabetical list of the articles the duties on which have been altered, with the amount of duty at present levied on them:

NEW DUTIES ON IMPORTED GOODS.

Established by the Act 2° and 3° Will. IV. cap. 84.

ARTICLES.		DUTY.		
		£.	s.	d.
Alkanet Root - - - -	the Cwt.	0	2	0
Almonds. viz.				
——— Bitter - - - -	the Cwt.	0	4	0
——— Jordan - - - -	the Cwt.	2	0	0
——— any other sort - - -	the Cwt.	1	0	0
Aloes - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	8

ARTICLES.		DUTY. £	s.	d.
Aloes, the produce of and imported from any British possession	the lb.	0	0	2
Amber, rough	the lb.	0	0	6
Ambergris	the oz.	0	0	6
Angelica	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Annatto, viz.				
——— Flag	the Cwt.	0	1	0
——— Roll	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Antimony, viz.				
——— Ore	the Ton.	0	1	0
——— Crude	the Cwt.	0	8	0
——— Regulus	the Cwt.	0	16	0
Argol	the Cwt.	0	0	6
Arrow Root, the Produce of and imported from any British possession	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Arsenic	the Cwt.	0	8	0
Asphaltum	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Balsam, viz.				
——— Canada	the lb.	0	0	1
——— Capivi	the Cwt.	0	4	0
——— Peru	the lb.	0	1	0
——— Tolu	the lb.	0	2	0
Bark, viz.				
—— for Tanners' or Dyers' Use	the Cwt.	0	0	8
——— imported from any British Possession	the Cwt.	0	0	1
—— of other sorts	the lb.	0	0	1
—— Extract of, or of other Vegetable Substances, to be used only for Tanning Leather, imported from any British Possession	the Cwt.	0	0	1
Basket Rods, the Bundle, not exceeding Three Feet in Circumference at the Band		0	1	0
Benjamin or Benzoin	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Berries	the Cwt.	0	2	0
Bitumen Judaicum	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Boracic Acid	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Borax or Tincal, viz.				
—— Refined	the Cwt.	0	10	0
—— Unrefined	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Brazil Wood	the Ton.	2	0	0
Camomile Flowers	the lb.	0	0	3
Camphor, viz.				
——— Refined	the Cwt.	2	0	0
——— Unrefined	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Camwood	the Ton.	0	5	0
Cantharides	the lb.	0	1	0
Caoutchouc	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Cardamoms	the lb.	0	1	0
Carmine	the oz.	0	0	6

ARTICLES.		DUTY. £	s.	d.
Castor	the lb.	0	0	6
Chicory, roasted or ground	the lb.	0	0	6
China Root	the lb.	0	0	3
Cinnabaris Nativa	the lb.	0	0	1
Citrat of Lime	the lb.	0	0	2
Citric Acid	the lb.	0	0	6
Cloves, imported from any British Possession in Asia, Africa, or America	the lb.	0	2	0
Cobalt	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Cocoa Nuts	the lb.	0	0	6
——— the Produce of and imported from any British Possession	the lb.	0	0	2
——— Husks and Shells	the lb.	0	0	1
——— Paste, the Produce of and imported from any British Possession	the lb.	0	0	4
Colocynth	the lb.	0	0	2
Columba Root	the lb.	0	0	2
Comfits	the lb.	0	1	0
Copper Ore, the Produce of and imported from any British Possession in America	the Ton,	1	0	0
Cranberries	the Gallon.	0	0	1
Cream of Tartar	the Cwt.	0	2	0
Cubebs	the lb.	0	0	6
Dates	the Cwt.	0	10	0
Drugs, not particularly charged in this or any other Act	the Cwt.	0	10	0
Euphorbium	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Galls	the Cwt.	0	2	0
Gamboge	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Gentian	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Ginseng	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Granilla	the lb.	0	0	2
Gum, viz.				
—— Animi, Copal, Arabic, Senegal, Tragacanth, Lac Dye, Shellac, Storax, and other Gum, not otherwise charged in this Act	the cwt.	0	6	0
Hair, viz.				
—— Cow, Ox, Bull, or Elk Hair	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Hellebore	the lb.	0	0	1
Hemp, rough and undressed, or any other Vegetable Substance of the Nature and Quality of undressed Hemp, and applicable to the same purposes	the Cwt.	0	0	1
Hoofs of Cattle	for every 100*l.* of the Value	1	0	0
Jalap	the lb.	0	0	6
Jet	the lb.	0	0	2
Ink for Printing	the Cwt.	0	10	0
Juice of Lemons, Limes, or Oranges	the Gallon	0	0	0½

ARTICLES.		DUTY. £	s.	d.
Lac, viz.				
—— Stick Lac - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Lamp Black - - - - - -	the Cwt.	1	0	0
Latten, viz.				
——— Black - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	4	0
——— Shaven - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Leaves of Roses - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	2
Live Creatures, illustrative of Natural History -		Free.		
Maccaroni - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	2
Mahogany, viz.				
——— imported from any British Possession,	the Ton	4	0	0
——— imported from the Bay of Honduras, in a British Ship cleared out from the Port of Belize	the Ton	1	10	0
Manganese Ore - - - - -	the Ton	0	10	0
Manna - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	3
Mastic - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Medlars - - - - - -	the Bushel	0	1	0
Moss, viz.				
—— Lichen Islandicus - - -	the lb.	0	0	1
—— Rock, for Dyer's use - -	the Ton	0	5	0
—— not otherwise charged, for every 100*l.* of the Value		5	0	0
Musk - - - - - - -	the oz.	0	0	6
Myrrh - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Nicaragua Wood - - - - -	the Ton	0	5	0
Nuts, viz.				
—— Cashew Nuts - - - -	the Cwt.	0	10	0
—— Pistachio Nuts - - -	the Cwt.	0	10	0
Oakum - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	0	1
Ochre - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Oil, viz.				
— Castor, the Produce of and imported from any British Possession - - -	the Cwt.	0	2	6
— Paran - - - - - -	the Ton	8	8	0
— Chemical, Essential, or Perfumed, viz.				
.. of Carraways - -	the lb.	0	4	0
.. of Cloves - - -	the lb.	0	14	0
.. of Lavender - -	the lb.	0	4	0
.. of Mint - - -	the lb.	0	4	0
.. of Peppermint - - -	the lb.	0	4	0
.. of Spike - - - -	the lb.	0	4	0
.. of all other Sorts - -	the lb.	0	1	4
Olibanum, or Frankincense - -	the Cwt.	0	6	0
Orris, or Iris Root - - - -	the Cwt.	0	10	0
Ores, not particularly charged in this or any other Act, except Tin Ore, for every 100*l.* of the Value		5	0	0

ARTICLES.		DUTY. £	s.	d.
Painter's Colours, unmanufactured, not particularly charged in this or any other Act, for every 100*l.* of the Value	- - - - - -	5	0	0
Pink Root	- - - - - the lb.	0	0	4
Pitch, Burgundy	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	8	0
Pomegranates	- - - - - the 1,000	0	15	0
——— Peels of	- - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
Quicksilver	- - - - - the lb.	0	0	1
Quinces	- - - - - the 1,000	0	1	0
Radix, viz.				
—— Contrayerva	- - - - the lb.	0	0	2
—— Ipecacuanha	- - - - the lb.	0	1	0
—— Serpentaria	- - - - the lb.	0	0	2
Red Wood or Guinea Wood	- - the Ton	0	5	0
Rhubarb	- - - - - - the lb.	0	1	0
Safflower	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
Sago	- - - - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
Sal, viz.				
— Ammonia	- - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
— Prunella	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
Salep or Salop	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0
Sanguis Draconis	- - - - the Cwt.	0	4	0
Sapan Wood	- - - - - the Ton	0	1	0
Sarsaparilla	- - - - - the lb.	0	0	6
Sassafras	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	2	0
Saunders, White or Yellow	- - the Cwt.	0	1	0
——— Red	- - - - - the Ton	0	1	0
Sausages or Puddings	- - - the lb.	0	0	4
Scammony	- - - - - the lb.	0	2	6
Seed, viz.				
—— Aniseed	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	5	0
—— Commin Seed	- - - the Cwt.	0	2	0
—— Fennel Seed	- - - - the Cwt.	0	2	0
—— Hemp Seed	- - - the Quarter	0	1	0
—— Lettuce Seed	- - - the Quarter	0	1	0
—— Worm Seed	- - - - the Cwt.	0	2	6
Senna	- - - - - - the lb.	0	0	6
Skins; viz. Seal Skins in the Hair, not tanned, tawed, nor in any way dressed; of British taking,	the Dozen Skins	0	0	1
Smalts	- - - - - - the lb.	0	0	4
Spelter, in cakes	- - - - the Cwt.	0	2	0
Sponge	- - - - - - the lb.	0	0	6
——— the Produce of and imported from any British Possession	- - - - the lb.	0	0	1
Squills, dried	- - - - - the Cwt.	0	8	0
——— not dried	- - - - the Cwt.	0	1	0

ARTICLES.		DUTY. £	s.	d.
Stavesacre - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	4	0
Steel, unwrought, prepared in and imported from any British Possession in Asia, Africa, or America	the Ton	0	1	0
Stone, viz.				
—— Marble in Blocks - - - - -		Free		
—— Emery Stones - - - - -	the Ton	0	1	0
Straw for Platting - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	0	1
Succinum - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	6
Tapioca - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Tartaric Acid - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	4
Teeth, viz.				
—— Sea Cow, Sea Horse, or Sea Morse Teeth	the Cwt.	1	0	0
Terra, viz.				
—— Japonica or Catechu - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
—— Sienna - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	4	0
—— Umbra - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	4	0
—— Verde - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Tortoise-shell, unmanufactured, imported from any British Possession - - - -	the lb.	0	0	1
Valonia - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Vanelloes - - - - - -	the lb.	0	5	0
Verdigris - - - - - -	the lb.	0	1	0
Vermicelli - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	2
Vermillion - - - - - -	the lb.	0	0	6
Woad - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Wood, fit for Ship-building, imported from any British Possession within the limits of the East India Company's charter -	the Load of 50 Cubic Feet	0	0	1
—— imported from any other Place within those limits - - - - - -	the Load	0	10	0
Zaffre - - - - - - -	the Cwt.	0	1	0
Goods, Wares, and Merchandize, not being either in part or wholly manufactured, and not being enumerated or described, nor otherwise particularly described, nor otherwise particularly charged with Duty, in this or any other Act	for every 100*l.* of the value	5	0	0

ART. XI.—*An Introduction to Botany.* By JOHN LINDLEY, F.R.S. L.S. G.S. Member of the Imperial Academy Naturæ Curiosorum; of the Botanical Society of Ratisbon; of the Physiographical Society of Lund; of the Horticultural Society of Berlin; Honorary Member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York; Assistant Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London, &c. &c.; and Professor of Botany in the University of London. With six copper-plates and numerous wood engravings. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

IT is impossible to see a man of such exalted powers as Professor Lindley, day after day, season after season, bending his great energies to the toil of smoothening the rugged path that still leads to the treasures of botany, without feeling how immeasurably superior are the advantages which the student in that science possesses, above those that attend the pursuit of knowledge in this country, in any other department whatsoever. There is reason to hope that the results which these facilities so furnished must produce, will lead to a general amelioration of our systems of education.

It is now very nearly three hundred years since the first attempt to teach botany, through the medium of books, was made. The period just mentioned, is the interval which has passed since a learned physician of Tubingen published an introduction to botany. The number of works which have succeeded this in various countries, and intended to promote the same objects, are innumerable. Botany, however, as it now exists, may be said to be an entirely new science; for little, almost before our own day was known of the anatomy and physiology of plants, and the true principles on which the arrangement of the vegetable kingdom should have been based, are altogether a modern discovery. What we understand by botany, then, in the present acceptation of that word, is not merely the power of distinguishing one plant from another, or associating with it certain medicinal virtues; it is far more comprehensive in its import, and implies a knowledge of the names and uses, the anatomy and physiology, and organization of plants individually; next of the general plan on which the vegetable kingdom is maintained, and of the laws in compliance with which they are developed and placed in various situations according to peculiarities of soil and climate; botany likewise includes a knowledge of the peculiarities resident in vegetable existence, which are capable of being so controlled by man, that he is able, by the exercise of his ingenuity and skill, to modify them, so as almost to alter their original nature. It is by no means, as Mr. Lindley eloquently expresses himself, a science for the idle philosopher in his closet; neither is it merely an amusing accomplishment, as others appear to think; on the contrary, its field is in the midst

of meadows, and gardens, and forests, on the sides of mountains, and in the depths of mines,—wherever vegetation still flourishes, or wherever it attests by its remains the existence of a former world. It is the science that converts the useless or noxious weed into the nutritious vegetable; which changes a bare volcanic rock, like Ascension, into a green and fertile island; and which enables the man of science, by the power it gives him of judging how far the productions of one climate are susceptible of cultivation in another, to guide the colonist in his enterprises, and to save him from those errors and losses into which all such persons unacquainted with botany are liable to fall. This science, finally, it is, which teaches the physician how to discover in every region the medicines that are best adapted for the maladies that prevail in it; and which, by furnishing him with a certain clue to the knowledge of the tribes in which particular properties are or are not to be found, renders him as much at ease, alone and seemingly without resources, in a land of unknown herbs, as if he were in the midst of a magazine of drugs in some civilized country.

That the acquisition to an adequate degree of a knowledge of botany demands extensive labour and applicaton, few will be disposed to doubt. The principles of the science are complicated enough to call for great soundness of judgment, and considerable accuracy of reasoning, whilst the facts which it embraces severely tax the best powers of the memory. These may be well described as the natural obstacles by which the way to botanical knowledge is embarrassed, but still would be deemed by most persons as trivial, when compared with the whole bulk of the impediments which is constituted by the addition of other difficulties, that may be justly called artificial. Here then we have a summary view of the ground which one, about to commence the study of botany, has presented before him. He contemplates in the first place, the undisputed principles of the science as they are now established; he is then to consider those newer principles which have been introduced into the science, and which are to be received or rejected, according as the weight of evidence shall decide.

The object, therefore, of the present volume is to explain all those principles, to compare the evidence on which they are founded, to exhibit errors, and the causes of them, and in short, to place in the hands of the beginner in botany, the best means whereby he can satisfy himself upon the all important point as to that which is certain and that which is doubtful. And when we consider upon what an extended examination this decision, in order to be a safe one, depends, we should heartily thank the skilful pioneer, who by his diligence and skill, has saved us from the necessity of so gigantic a labour. But the utility of this admirable work is not limited to this, for Mr. Lindley, by a series of proofs, which are totally irresistible in their combination, demonstrates, that in no walk of natural history can we perceive more clearly and strikingly,

the simplicity and harmony pervading the creation, than in the vegetable kingdom, since we can trace the varieties of the almost innumerable forms of plants to the diversified combination of certain organs, few comparatively in their amount, whilst an exceedingly brief series of laws will afford the most satisfactory explanations of all the complicated phenomena to which their life and their structure are liable.

With the view of effecting the object thus proposed, Mr. Lindley has deemed it convenient to divide his work into seven distinct parts or chapters, this arrangement being of course immediately subservient to the easy and certain understanding of his explanations. The first of these divisions is that called *Organography*. Under this head is explained the minute structure of plants, the elementary substances of which that structure is composed, the numerous combinations in which these elements are found, and the results of each combination with respect to the external appearance which is produced by it.

Under this head, Mr. Lindley considers the elementary organs, that is cellular tissure, woody fibre, and vascular tissure, which may be regarded as the true elementary organs; there are also spurious elementary organs which are named by the author. Intercellular passages, receptacles of secretion, air cells, and raphides. The circumstances connected with the modifications of these elementary organs having been amply explained, he proceeds to consider the manner in which they are combined together for the purpose of forming the external or compound organs, or those parts which make up the apparatus for sustaining the life of the plant.

This branch naturally divides itself into two distinct subjects of investigation; the one is the compound organs of flowering plants; the other the same organs in flowerless plants.

The second general head which we have to consider is entitled *Physiology*, and treats of the nature of the vital actions which take place in plants. This is by far the most interesting part of the science, as being immediately connected with the laws on which our own existence in this world perhaps depends. In commencing the explanation of this part of his subject, Mr. Lindley has deemed it expedient to present his readers with a summary account of the principal phenomena which occur during the process of a plant from a seed to a tree. In doing so he has avoided the introduction of all speculative questions, and all conclusions which have not been adequately justified by experience; so that in the following quotation we beg of the reader to bear in mind, that we have the best and most authentic account perhaps that ever was published of the wonderful natural process known by the simple name of vegetation. The importance of the matter of the extract will excuse its length:

'If we place a seed,—that of an apple, for instance,—in earth at the temperature of 32° Fahr., it will remain inactive till it finally decays. But if it is placed in moist earth above the tem-

perature of 32°, and screened from the action of light, its integument gradually imbibes moisture and swells, oxygen is absorbed, carbonic acid expelled, and the vital action of the embryo commences. It elongates downwards by the radicle, and upwards by the cotyledons; the former penetrating the soil, the latter elevating themselves above it, acquiring a green colour by the deposition of carbon absorbed from the atmosphere in the light, and unfolding in the form of two opposite roundish leaves. This is the first stage of vegetation: the young plant consists of little more than cellular tissue; only an imperfect developement of vascular and fibrous tissue being discoverable, in the form of a sort of cylinder of bundles, lying just in the centre. The part within the cylinder, at its upper end, is now the medulla, without it the bark; while the cylinder itself is the preparation for the medullary sheath, and consists of vertical fibres passing through cellular tissue, which separates them horizontally in every direction.

'The young root is now absorbing from the earth its nutriment, which passes up to the summit of the plant by the cellular substance of the medulla, and is thence impelled into the cotyledons, where it is aërated and evaporated: such of it as is not fixed in the cotyledons passes down through the bark into the root.

'Forced onwards by the current of sap, which is continually impelled upwards from the root, the plumula next ascends in the form of a little twig, at the same time sending roots in the form of fibres downwards in the centre of the radicle, which become the earliest portion of wood that is deposited: these fibres, by their action, now compel the root to emit little ramifications. Previously to the elongation of the plumula, its apex has acquired the rudimentary state of a leaf; this continues to develope as the plumula elongates, until, when the first internodium of the latter ceases to lengthen, the leaf has actually arrived at its complete formation. When fully grown it repeats in a much more perfect manner the functions previously performed by the cotyledons: it aërates the sap that it receives, and returns the superflous portion of it downwards through the bark to the root; it also sends fibres down between the medullary sheath and the bark, thus forming the first stratum of wood in the new stem. During these operations, while the plumula is ascending, its leaf forming and acting, and the woody mattter created by it descending, the cellular tissue of the stem is forming, and expanding horizontally to make room for the new matter forced into it; so that developement is going on simultaneously both in a horizontal and perpendicular direction. This process may not inaptly be compared to that of weaving, the warp being the perpendicular, and the weft the horizontal, formation. In order to enable the leaf to perform its functions of aëration completely, it is traversed by veins originating in the medulla, and has delicate evaporating pores (*stomata*), which commu-

nicate with a highly complex pneumatic system, that extends to almost every part of the plant.

'After the production of its first leaf by the plumula, others are successively produced around the axis at its elongating point, all constructed alike, connected with the stem or axis in the same manner, and performing precisely the same functions as have been just described. At last the axis ceases to elongate; the old leaves gradually fall off; the new leaves, instead of expanding after their formation, retain their rudimentary condition, harden, and fold over one another, so as to be a protection to the delicate point of elongation; or, in other words, become the scales of a bud. We have now a shoot with a woody axis, and a distinct pith and bark; and of a more or less conical figure. At the axilla of every leaf a bud had been generated during the growth of the axis; so that the shoot, when deprived of its leaves, is covered from end to end with little, symmetrically arranged, projecting points, which are the buds. The cause of the figure of the perfect shoot being conical is, that, as the wood originates from the base of the leaves, the lower end of the shoot, which has the greatest number of strata, because it has the greatest number of leaves above it, will be the thickest; and the upper end, which has had the fewest leaves to distend it by their deposit, will have the least diameter. Thus that part of the stem which has two leaves above it will have wood formed by two successive deposits; that which has nine leaves above it will have wood formed by nine successive deposits; and so on: while the extreme vital point, as it can have no deposit of matter from above, will have no wood, the extremity being merely covered by the rudiments of leaves hereafter to be developed.

'If at this time a cross section be examined, it will be found that the interior is no longer imperfectly divided into two portions, namely, medulla and skin, as it was when first examined in the same way, but that it has distinctly two, internal, perfect, concentric lines, the outer indicating a separation of the bark from the wood; and the inner, a separation of the wood from the medulla: the latter, too, which in the first observation was fleshy, and saturated with humidity, is become distinctly cellular, and altogether or nearly dry.

'With the spring of the second year and the return of warm weather, vegetation recommences.

'The uppermost, and perhaps some other, buds which were formed the previous year gradually unfold, and pump up sap from the stock remaining in store about them; the place of the sap so removed is instantly supplied by that which is next it; an impulse is thus given to the fluids from the summit to the roots; new sap is absorbed from the earth, and sent upwards through the wood of last year; and the phenomenon called the flow of the sap is fully completed, to continue with greater or less velocity till the return of winter. The axis of the buds elongates upwards, forming

leaves and buds in the same way as the parent shoot: in like manner also each bud sends down its roots, in the form of fibres within the bark and above the wood of the shoot from which it sprang; thus forming on the one hand a new layer of wood, and on the other a fresh deposit of bark. In order to facilitate this last operation, the old bark and wood are separated in the spring by the exudation from both of them of the glutinous, slimy substance called cambium; which appears to be expressly intended, in the first instance, to facilitate the descent of the subcortical fibres of the growing buds; and, in the second place, to generate the cellular tissue by which the horizontal dilatation of the axis is caused, and which maintains a communication between the bark and the centre of the axis. These lines of communication have, by the second year, become sufficiently developed to be readily discovered, and are in fact the medullary rays spoken of in the last book. It will be remembered, that there was a time when that which is now bark constituted a homogenous body with the medulla; and that it was after the leaves began to come into action that the separation which now exists between the bark and medulla took place. At the time when they were indissolubly united they both consisted of cellular tissue, with a few spiral vessels upon the line indicative of future separation. When a deposit of wood was formed from above between them they were not wholly divided the one from the other, but the deposit was effected in such a way as to leave a communication by means of cellular tissue between the bark and the medulla; and, as this formation is at all times coetaneous with that of the wood, the communication so effected between the medulla and bark is quite as perfect at the end of the third year as it is at the beginning of the first; and so it will continue to be to the end of the growth of the plant. The sap which has been sucked into circulation by the unfolding leaves is exposed, as in the previous year, to the effect of air and light; is then returned through the petiole to the stem, and sent downwards through the bark, to be from it either conveyed to the root, or distributed horizontally by the medullary rays to the centre of the stem. At the end of the year the same phenomena occur as took place the first season; wood is gradually deposited by slower degrees, whence the last portion is denser than the first, and gives rise to the appearance called the annual zones: the new shoot or shoots are prepared for winter, and are again elongated cones, as was the first; and this latter has acquired an increase in diameter proportioned to the quantity of new shoots which it produced, new shoots being to it now what young leaves were to it before.

'The third year all that took place the year before is repeated: sap is absorbed by the unfolding leaves; and its loss is made good by new fluids introduced by the roots and transmitted through the albernum or wood of the year before; new wood and liber are deposited by matter sent downwards by the buds; cambium is

exuded; the horizontal development of cellular tissue is repeated, but more extensively; wood towards the end of the year is formed more slowly, and has a more compact character; and another ring appears indicative of this year's increase.

'In precisely the same manner as in the second and third years of its existence will the plant continue to vegetate, till the period of its decay, each successive year being a repetition of the phenomena of that which preceded it.

'After a certain number of years the tree arrives at the age of puberty: the period at which this occurs is very uncertain, depending in some measure upon adventitious circumstances, but more upon the idiosyncrasy, or peculiar constitution of the individual. About the time when this alteration of habit is induced, by the influence of which the sap or blood of the plant is to be partially directed from its former courses into channels in which its force is to be applied to the production of new individuals rather than to the extension of itself: about this time it will be remarked that certain of the young branches do not elongate, as had been heretofore the wont of others, but assume a short stunted appearance, probably not growing two inches in the time which had been previously sufficient to produce twenty inches of increase. Of these little stunted branches, called *spurs*, the terminal bud acquires a swollen appearance, and at length, instead of giving birth to new leaves, produces from its bosom a cluster of flower-buds, or *alabastra*, which had been enwrapped and protected from injury during the previous winter by several layers of imperfect leaves, now brought forth as bracteæ. Sap is impelled into the calyx through the pedicel by gentle degrees, is taken up by it, and exposed by the surface of its tube and segments to air and light; but having very imperfect means of returning, all that cannot be consumed by the calyx is forced onwards into the circulation of the petals, stamens, and pistillum. The petals unfold themselves of a dazzling white tinged with pink, and expose the stamens; at the same time the disk changes into a saccharine substance, which nourishes the stamens and pistillum, and gives them energy to perform their functions.

'At a fitting time, the stigmatic surface of the pistillum being ready to receive the pollen, this is injected upon it from the anthers, which have remained in approximation to it for that particular purpose. When the pollen touches the stigma, the grains adhere firmly to it by means of its viscid surface, then emit a delicate membraneous tube, which pierces into the stigmatic tissue, lengthens there, and conveys the vivifying matter contained in the pollen towards the ovula, which it finally enters by means of their foramen. This has no sooner occurred, than the petals and stamens fade and fall away, their ephemeral but important functions being accomplished. All the sap which is afterwards impelled through the peduncle can only be disposed of to the calyx and ovarium,

where it lodges: both these swell and form a young fruit, which continues to grow as long as any new matter of growth is supplied from the parent plant. After a certain period the juices of the fruit cease to be increased by the addition of new matter, its surface performs the functions of leaves in exposing the juice to light and air; finally the surface loses its green colour, assumes the rich, ruddy glow of maturity; the juices cease to be influenced by light; the peduncle is no longer a passage for fluids, but dries up and becomes unequal to supporting the fruit, which at last falls to the earth. Here, if not destroyed by animals, it lies and decays: in the succeeding spring its seeds are stimulated into life, strike root in the mass of decayed matter that surrounds them, and spring forth as new plants to undergo all the vicissitudes of their parent.

Under the head of physiology are considered the root, sap, pith, wood, and bark, the leaves, bracteæ, calyx, corolla, and disk, stamens, pistillum, fruit, seeds, their taste, colour, smell, irritability, poisons, diseases, hybrid plants, and flowerless plants. It would be impossible for us to follow Mr. Lindley through the varied subjects, all of them of the deepest interest, which are here designated. There are, however, a few points in the physiology of plants which it is impossible to pass by, in consequence of the interest which is given to them by the varied and exact knowledge of the author. The manner, for example, in which the pollen took effect after having been applied to the stigma, has been up to the present time a mystery apparently incapable of explanation; still theories unnumbered have been raised on the abstruse question. It is now, however, known, according to Mr. Lindley, that shortly after the application of the pollen to the stigma 'each grain of the former emits a tube of extreme tenuity, not exceeding the 1,500th or 2,000th of an inch in diameter, which pierces the conducting tissue of the stigma, and finds its way down to the region of the placenta, including within it the active molecules found in the grain; no one has actually seen the tubes pass further than the placenta; but there appears to be good reason for supposing that the vivifying matter communicated by the pollen tubes to the placenta is by some unknown means transmitted by the latter to the foramen of the ovulum, through which it finally passes into the nucleus, there to become the new embryo. In order to facilitate the contact between the placenta and the foramen of the ovulum, some very curious contrivances have been remarked. In Euphorbia Lathyris the apex of the nucleus is protuded far beyond the foramen, so as to lie within a kind of hood-like expansion of the placenta: in all campulitropous ovula the foramen is bent downwards, by the unequal growth of the two sides, so as to come in contact with the conducting tissue; and in Statice Armeria, Daphne Laureola, and some other plants, the surface of the conducting tissue actually elongates and stops up the mouth of the ovulum, while impregna-

tion is taking effect. Again, in Helianthemum and Cistus, which, like the rest of their tribe, have the foramen of the ovulum very remote from the placenta, Mons. Adolphe Brogniart has observed, that, at the period of impregnation, the ovula are bent down in such a way as to present their foramina to the conducting tissue; and that when, owing to the shortness of the umbilical cords, this is impossible, other not less ingenious means of establishing the contact have been provided by nature.

'The function of the stigma has been already shown to be to catch the grains of pollen. This is a mere mechanical operation, and is effected by a viscid secretion, which is generally exuding from the surface of the stigma; which is also generally covered with minute papillæ, or sometimes with fringes, all of which, undoubtedly, aid the action of the organ. In some plants, as in Compositæ, Campanulaceæ, Lobeliaceæ, &c. the style is furnished with a sort of brush, with which it sweeps out the cells of the anthers, and collects the pollen either upon its own stigma, or scatters it upon that which is next it.'

In reference to fruit in general, Mr. Lindley tells us that it constitutes 'the principal part of the food, especially in winter, of birds and small animals; it is often more ornamental than the flowers themselves, and it contributes most materially to the necessities and luxuries of mankind. When ripe, it falls from the plant, and, borne down by its weight, lies on the ground at the foot of the individual that produced it: here its seeds vegetate, when it decays, and a crop of new individuals arises from the base of the old one; but, as plants produced in such a manner would soon choke and destroy each other, nature has provided a multitude of ways for their greater dispersion. Many are carried to distant spots by the animals which eat them; others, provided with a sort of wings, such as the Samara, and the pappus of Compositæ, fly away upon the wind to seek a distant station; others scatter their seeds abroad by an explosion of the pericarpium, caused by a sudden contraction of the tissue; others falling upon the surface of streams, are carried along by the current; while others are dispersed by a variety of methods which it would be tedious to enumerate.

'When fruits, separated from the tree, but capable of completing their own ripening, are placed in media free from oxygen, they do not ripen: the power, however, is only suspended, and may be re-established by placing the fruit in an atmosphere capable of taking carbon from it. But, if the fruit remain too long in the first situation, although it preserves the same external appearance nearly, it has entirely lost the power of ripening.

'Hence it results, that most fruits, and especially those that do not require to remain on the tree, may be preserved for some time, and the pleasure they afford us thus prolonged. The most simple process consists in placing at the bottom of a bottle, a paste formed of lime, sulphate of iron, and water, and afterwards to introduce the

fruit, it having been pulled a few days before it would have been ripe. Such fruits are to be kept from the bottom of the bottle, and, as much as possible, from each other; and the bottle to be closed by a cork and cement. The fruits are thus placed in an atmosphere free from oxygen, and may be preserved for a longer or shorter time, according to their nature; peaches, prunes, and apricots, from twenty days to a month: pears and apples for three months. If they are withdrawn after this time, and exposed to the air, they ripen extremely well; but, if the times mentioned are much exceeded, they undergo a particular alteration, and will not ripen at all.

'Ripe fruit exposed to the air rots and decays: in this case, it first changes the oxygen of the surrounding air into carbonic acid, and then liberates from itself a large quantity of the same acid gas. It appears that the presence of oxygen gas is necessary to the rotting or decay of fruits: when it is absent, a different change takes place.'

The germination of seeds, or the phenomena which occur when the embryo contained in a seed is warmed into life, form a subject of deep wonder to the philosopher. The commencement of the change in the seed is marked by a general swelling of its body, which is caused by the water that is absorbed. This water is likewise the instrument of a chemical change in the juices of the seed, which is traced to the loss of carbon and the addition of oxygen. It is known that seeds will not germinate in the light, a circumstance which results from the decomposition by the light of the carbonic acid gas, which also expels the oxygen and fixes the carbon. The seed, under such circumstances, becomes hard, and this is a condition altogether inconsistent with vegetation. Reverting, then, to the process of germination, we shall find that when the chemical changes to which we have alluded are completed, the embryo also swells and bursts its envelope, protruding its radicle, says Mr. Lindley, 'which pierces the earth, deriving its support at first from the cotyledons or albumen, but subsequently absorbing nutriment from the earth, and communicating it upwards to the young plant. The manner in which the embryo clears itself from its integuments differs in various species; sometimes it dilates equally in all directions, and bursts through its coat, which thus becomes ruptured in every direction; more frequently the radicle passes out at the hilum, or near it, or at a point apparently provided by nature for that purpose, as in Canna, Commelina, &c. If the radicle has a coleorhiza or rootsheath, this is soon perforated by the radicle contained within it, which passes through the extremity; as in grasses, and most monocotyledonous plants. The cotyledons either remain under ground, sending up their plumula from their centre, as the oak; or from the side of their elongated cauliculus, as monocotyledons; or they rise above the ground, acquire a green colour, and perform the ordinary functions of leaves, as in the radish and most plants. In the mangrove

germination takes place in the pericardium before the seed falls from the tree; a long thread-like radicle is emitted, which elongates till it reaches the soft mud in which such trees usually grow, where it speedily strikes root, and separates from its parent. Trapa natans has two very unequal cotyledons; of these, the larger sends out a very long petiole, to the extremity of which are attached the radicle, the plumula, and the smaller cotyledon (Mirbel). Cyclamen germinates like a monocotyledon: its single cotyledon does not quit the seed till the end of germination; and its radicle thickens into a fleshy knob, which roots from its base (Mirbel). The Cuscuta, which has no cotyledons, strikes root downwards, and lengthens upwards, clinging to any thing near it, and performing all the functions of a plant without either leaves or green colour.'

The conditions, then, which are indispensable to the germination of seed, are heat, moisture, and darkness; and if that be so, it is obvious that we have at once a clue to the best mode of managing seeds. 'Hence, in packing them,' we are told by the author, 'for travelling to a long distance, it is found, by experience, that no mode is so suitable for their conveyance as being packed loosely in coarse canvass bags, hung to the cieling of the cabin of a ship; where they are exposed to light and air, and where they are protected from damp: this is much better than enveloping them in wax, or mixing them with sugar, as has been sometimes done; both pernicious practices. It has been thought, that if seeds were mixed with charcoal, as their carbon would, under such circumstances, always be in excess to their oxygen, their vegetation might be safely suspended. But it has not been found, from experience, that any practical advantage arises from this method; seeds perishing in charcoal as quickly as in most other media. The best material is the English coarse brown paper, made from old tarred rope, in which a large quantity of tar is incorporated. No material will preserve seeds so long a time as this; while cartridge paper offers them no protection whatever.'

In speaking of the irritability of plants, Mr. Lindley considers the phenomena to which this property gives rise under three divisions, namely, those which are produced by the agency of atmospheric changes, those which are called spontaneous motions, and those which are produced by the touch of other bodies. Of these varieties in the results of irritability, those which are the effect of touch or external violence, more or less, seem to us to be particularly calculated for the study of the botanist. Besides the sensitive plant (mimosa pudica), there are others endowed with the same singular quality which is so well known to distinguish that curious specimen of vegetation. Thus, for example, if the centre of the leaf of the Dionæa muscipula is irritated, the sides collapse, so as to cross the ciliæ of their margin, like the teeth of a steel-trap for catching animals. Roth is recorded to have seen something of the same kind in Drosera rotundifolia. If the bottom of the stamens

of the common berberry is touched on the inside with the point of a needle, they spring up against the pistillum. The valves of Impatiens noli-tangere, when the fruit is ripe, separate and spring back with great elasticity when touched. In this case the phenomenon is apparently capable of explanation upon a similar principle to the Momordica elaterium. In the fruit of Impatiens the tissue of the valves consists of cellules, that gradually diminish in size from the outside to the inside; and the fluids of the external cellules are the densest. The latter gradually empty the inner cellules and distend themselves, so that the external tissue is disposed to expand, and the internal to contract, whenever any thing occurs to destroy the force that keeps them straight. This at last happens by the disarticulation of the valves, the peduncle, and the axis; and then each valve rapidly rolls inwards with a sudden spontaneous movement. M. Dutrochet proved that it was possible to invert this phenomenon by producing exosmose: for that purpose he threw fresh valves of Impatiens into sugar and water, which gradually emptied the external tissue, and, after rendering the valves straight, at length curved them backwards.

The column of the genus Stylidium, which, in its quiescent position, is bent over one side of the corolla, if slightly irritated, instantly springs with a jerk over to the opposite side of the flower. In Kalmia the anthers are retained in little niches of the corolla; and, as soon as they are by any cause extricated, the filaments, which had been curved back, recover themselves with a spring. In certain orchideous plants, of the tribe called Vandeæ, the caudicula to which the pollen masses are attached will often, upon the removal of the anther, disengage themselves with a sudden jerk.

A chapter next follows on the diseases of plants, and on the still more interesting subject of hybrid plants, with respect to which a law prevails which very nearly resembles that of the animal kingdom. The laws upon which the phenomena of hybridising depend, are recommended to the attention of practical persons, chiefly by the consideration that they afford one of the most important means of modifying the productions of nature, and making them better adapted than they are in their original state to the wants of man. The known laws by which hybrid plants are produced, are stated as follows:

'Two distinct species of the same genus will often together produce an offspring intermediate in character between themselves, and capable of performing all its vital functions as perfectly as either parent, with the exception of its being unequal to perpetuating itself by seed; or should it not be absolutely sterile, it will become so in the second, third, or, very rarely, fourth generation. It may, however, be rendered fertile by the application of the pollen of either of its parents; in which case its offspring assumes the character of the parent by which the pollen was supplied. This power of hybridising appears to be far more common in plants than in

animals; for while only a few animal mules are known, there is scarcely a genus of domesticated plants in which this effect cannot be produced by the assistance of man, in placing the pollen of one species upon the stigma of another. It is, however, in general only between nearly allied species that this intercourse can take place; those which are widely different in structure and constitution not being capable of any artificial union. Thus the different species of strawberry, of certain tribes of Pelargonium, and of Cucurbitaceæ, intermix with the greatest facility, there being a great accordance between them in general structure and constitution; but no one has ever succeeded in compelling the pear to fertilise the apple, nor the gooseberry the currant. And as species that are very dissimilar appear to have some natural impediment which prevents their reciprocal fertilisation, so does this obstacle, of whatever nature it may be, present an insuperable bar to the intercourse of different genera. All the stories that are current as to the intermixture of oranges and pomegranates, of roses and black currants, and the like, may therefore be set down to pure invention.'

'The cause of the sterility of mule plants is at present entirely unknown. Sometimes, indeed, a deficiency of pollen may be assigned; but in many cases there is no perceptible difference in the healthiness of structure of the fertilizing organs of a male plant and of its parents. I know of no person who has attempted to prove this by comparative anatomical observations, except Professor Henslow, of Cambridge; who, in an excellent paper upon a hybrid Digitalis, investigated anatomically the condition of the stamens and pistillum, both of his hybrid and its two parents, with great care and skill. The result of his inquiry was, that no appreciable difference could be detected.'

We now come to the third general division of this work called Toxonomy, or the principles of classification. Under this head Mr. Lindley considers the various arrangements, natural and artificial, which have been proposed to be applied to the vegetable kingdom.

After having explained the numerous systems which have been presented for general adoption at various epochs, the author next expatiates on the value of the various characters of plants respectively, with a view to the employment of those characters in distinguishing the separate divisions of the whole. He then gives a lucid exposition of the exact import of the words so familiar to our ears, but often so erroneously interpreted, such as species, varieties, general orders, and classes. Passing over the fourth division of the work, entitled Glossology, or the terms employed in botany, and which consists too much of details to allow us to comprehend them under a brief summary, passing over likewise the portions in which the rules to be observed in describing and naming plants are considered, we proceed to the sixth branch of the general subject, that which relates to the geography of plants.

To find out the way in which plants are affected by their station, and the climate where they grow, to appreciate the peculiar circumstances which are essential to enable them to live and thrive within certain latitudes, are tasks which have imposed great difficulties on some of the cultivators of botany. This subject embraces, as Mr. Lindley truly observes, a consideration of the constitution of the atmosphere, and geological structure of all parts of the globe; and of the specific effects of particular conditions of climate and soil upon vegetation; all points upon which we can scarcely be said to know any thing. It involves the discussion of the plan upon which the world was originally clothed with verdure; and, as Humboldt most truly observes, it is closely connected with 'the physical condition of the world in general. Upon the predominance of certain families of plants in particular districts depends the character of the country, and the whole face of Nature. Abundance of grasses forming vast savannahs, or of palms or coniferæ, have produced most important effects upon the social state of the people, the nature of their manners, and the degree of developement of the arts of industry.'

If we examine the surface of the globe, we shall find its vegetation varying according to its inequalities and its differences of soil: we shall see that the plants of the valleys are not those of the mountains, nor those of the marsh like the vegetables of the river or of dry grounds; it will also be seen that the vegetation of all valleys, all mountains, marshes, or rivers, has a similar character in the same latitudes. The Flora of the granitic mountains of Spain and Portugal is very different from that of the calcareous mountains of the same kingdoms: in Switzerland, Teucrium montanum always iudicates a calcareous soil; and the same may be said of certain Orchises, ustulata, and hircina, for instance, in our own country. Hence it is inferred, that the differences in the character of vegetation, depend upon circumstances connected with the soil or atmosphere in which they grow.

The next, and by far the most important head under which the geographical distribution of plants is to be considered, is with reference to temperature and light. These depend, firstly, upon latitude; and, secondly, upon elevation above the sea.

As we proceed from the pole towards the equator, we find the temperature gradually increasing; and, as we ascend from the surface of the ocean up into the atmosphere, we find the temperature gradually decreasing, until we reach a point at which perpetual frost holds his throne, and where vegetation ceases.

In like manner we find, as we recede from the equator to the pole, we quit the country of palms and other arborescent monocotyledonous plants, for the habitations of deciduous dicotyledonous trees, Coniferæ, and cryptogamic plants; and that as we rise into the atmosphere as considerable a change takes place.

Therefore, in considering the matter of the vegetation of a given

climate, it is necessary to take into account the temperature *peculiar to the latitude itself*, and the reduction *caused by elevation*.

After an elaborate examination of the principles which bear on this interesting question, Mr. Lindley comes to the following conclusion:

'From what has now been said, it would seem that the forms assumed by vegetation in different latitudes are dependent upon particular conditions of climate and soil, and that it is to variations of these conditions that we are to ascribe the difference between the Flora of the equator and of the polar regions. And this is no doubt true: but there are, nevertheless, some plants which have a remarkable power of adapting themselves to all climates and circumstances, and there are others which readily naturalize themselves in climates similar to their own. Of the latter, examples present themselves at every step; all the hardy plants of our gardens may in some sort be considered of this nature; for although they do not grow spontaneously in the fields, they flourish almost without care in our gardens. The pine apple has gradually extended itself eastward from America, through Africa, into the Indian Archipelago; where it is now as common as if it were a plant indigenous to the soil; and, in like manner, the spices of the Indies have become naturalized on the coast of Africa and in the West Indian Islands. Of the former description the instances are not numerous, but they are very remarkable. In the woods of Georgia, in North America, grows the Rosa lævigata, which, while all the other species of rose of that country are entirely different from those of other regions, is identical with the R. sinica of China; to the Flora of which country, that of North America has no resemblance. Samolus valerandi is found all over the world, from the frozen north to the burning south; associated here with Amentaceæ and similar northern forms, and there mixed with palms and the genuine denizens of the tropics. Above 350 species are said to be common to Europe and North America, and even among the peculiar features of the Flora of New Holland, Mr. Brown recognised 166 European species. The presence of many of such strangers may undoubtedly be referred to the agency of man, by whom they have been transported from climate to climate, along with corn and by other means; as, for example, at Pont Juvenal, near Montpellier, the vicinity of which abounds with Barbary plants, the seeds of which are known to have been brought across the Mediterranean along with the Barbary wool, which is disembarked at that station. In like manner the various kinds of corn have been carried about from country to country for the service of mankind, until their real home has become doubtful. Medicago sativa abounds in Chili, whither it has been transported by the Spaniards; and instances in abundance of similar cases could be produced. But it must not thence be inferred, that all cases of species growing in places

far away from their kindred forms, are to be referred to migration: for this, the agency of man, of animals, of seas, of wind, and of torrents, will doubtless have done a great deal; but none of the causes, nor any other with which I am acquainted, will explain the identity of the Calypso borealis, Orchis viridis, and Betula nana of North America and of Europe; of the Potamogetons common to Europe and New Holland; of the Rosa, already adverted to, as common to North America and China; of the wide diffusion of Samolus valerandi, and, most especially, of the identity of the cryptogamic plants of various countries, plants incapable of cultivation, unconnected with the purposes of man, and, of all others, the most difficult of transport under any form. To us it appears that such plants must have been originally created in the places where they now exist; the contingent circumstances under which they are found having been favourable to the particular mode of vegetable developement which was necessary for their formation. And this may, I think, be admitted, as a circumstance connected with the original creation of the world, without having recourse to the theory of some philosophers, that nature exercises at this time the power of producing plants without parents; a subject upon which Professor Link remarks, that "we find buried in the earth the remains of plants which formerly existed, but which are now unknown. New forms have, therefore, been produced by nature different from the first. Wherever a salt spring breaks out at a distance from the sea, its vicinity immediately abounds with salt plants, although none grew there before. When lakes are drained, a new kind of vegetation springs up; thus, when the Danish island of Zealand was drained, Vilny observed Carex cyperoides springing up, although that species is naturally not a native of Denmark, but native of the North of Germany. Hence it is easy to infer, that some plants have been produced at one time and others at another, some earlier and some later; and to this cause may be attributed the smaller number of species found upon islands than upon continents, the former having been produced the latest. Perhaps plants change from one to the other, as certain organic bodies when young belong to a less perfect class than when they are older. On the naked rocks we find Lichens, on the mud Confervæ, in ancient strata the remains of Monocotyledonous plants, in more recent strata those of Dicotyledons."

The last subject treated of in this volume, and with which it is necessary that we should conclude, is the highly curious and interesting one of Morphology, or the metamorphosis of plants. Linnæus was the first to suggest the existence of this natural process. Upon examining a perfect plant, we find that it consists of a number of branches. These are successively produced from one common stock, each exactly resembling its predecessor. But when the fructification is to be produced, a change necessarily takes place in the extremity of the fructifying branch; it is therefore incapable,

generally speaking, of further prolongation. Now the branches which bear fruit, as they succeed one another, in the same way as those which did not bear fruit, are each exact resemblances of those which were produced before them. Thus it will happen, that if we take away twenty successive branches which are fertile from a tree, the whole will be found formed precisely upon the same plan. A similar rule obtains with respect to the sterile branches of a tree. In short, we may take it for granted, that the numberless varieties which we observe in the vegetable kingdom, can all be traced to a few simple laws. After proceeding through a chain of conclusions drawn from undoubted facts, which are observed in the growth of plants, Mr. Lindley ultimately arrives at a series of deductions, which may conveniently be laid down in the form of propositions. These we shall present to the reader, as a summary, in a very short compass, of the principles on which the metamorphosis of the organs of plants takes place, as those principles are admitted by the best botanical philosophers of the time :

'Every flower, with its peduncle and bracteolæ, being the developement of a flower-bud, and flower-buds being altogether analogous to leaf-buds, it follows, as a corollary, that every flower, with its peduncle and bracteolæ, is a metamorphosed branch.

'And further, the flowers being abortive branches, whatever the laws are of the arrangement of branches with respect to each other, the same will be the laws of the arrangement of flowers with respect to each other.

'In consequence of a flower and its peduncle being a branch in a particular state, the rudimentary or metamorphosed leaves which constitute bracteæ, floral envelopes, and sexes, are subject to exactly the same laws of arrangement as regularly formed leaves.'

We have felt it necessary to devote a little more space than we usually bestow on a single subject, to the work now before us, under the impression, that as the season of medical education has only just begun, and as botany forms a principal branch of the knowledge which medical students are obliged to possess, we should be doing a service to the very large body of that class who have congregated in London during the last month, if we were to point out to them the unprecedented facilities for studying botany contained in this Introduction. We trust that they will be convinced by the present article, that a safer and a sounder guide in the road to science it would be impossible for them to discover than the author of the work before us; that in his prudence and discretion they may fully rely, as a security against the possibility of their being tainted with false opinions—that whilst he lays before the student not only the whole of the principles of the science, and whilst carrying his explanations over its profoundest mysteries, he is still the clear, intelligible, satisfactory instructor, whom the pupil can easily comprehend.

ART. XII.—*A Letter to John Murray, Esq. from Lord Nugent. touching an Article in the last Quarterly Review, on a Book called "Some Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times."* London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1832.

MERE personal disputes deserve no place in a journal, the object of which is to afford materials for instruction and mental recreation to those who have the good sense and the taste to take pleasure in both. We should, therefore, have consigned the *Letter*, whose title we have prefixed to this article, to oblivion, if, together with being a controversial effusion, it did not also connect itself with considerations having reference to the public.

Mr. Southey, it seems, is openly accused by the noble author of the *Letter*, as having written a long but very unjust criticism in the *Quarterly Review*, on a recent work of his Lordship, entitled *Some Memorials of John Hampden and his Party*. Lord Nugent appears to have felt a good deal of indignation at the impression which the article was certainly calculated to produce; for, undoubtedly, the arguments and assertions of the critic had a direct tendency to cast a suspicion on the good faith of Lord Nugent as a historian, and to charge him with surrendering the integrity of a faithful reporter of facts to the blind predilections of a heated politician. With what is merely of a personal nature in this affair, we, of course, have nothing to do; but as the difference between the author and the critic embraces some material points of history, it is of importance that we should ascertain which party best supports his own views.

It should be borne in mind that, in a former number of the *Quarterly Review*, a charge was brought against Hampden, to the effect that he had been a party to an attempted compromise in favour of Lord Strafford's life, and that being disappointed in his expectations he was thereby determined on the shedding of blood. This accusation was met by Lord Nugent, in his *Memorials of Hampden*, by a denial, and by showing that the assertion in the *Review* was not supported by any competent authority; nay, the noble author went so far as to prove, that on the only occasion on which Hampden interfered in this matter at all, he absolutely argued against that very arrangement which he has been stated as endeavouring to promote. In the second paper of the *Quarterly Review*, that which contains the criticism on Lord Nugent's work, the writer returns to the charge, but the only evidence he brings in support of it is a quotation from Whitelocke. Now what does Whitelocke say? This, that there was a proposal to restore Strafford to his former favour and honour, if the king would prefer some of the grandees to offices at court. Now Lord Nugent never denied that a proposal was made, and of this nature too, but he maintained that none of the persons nominated

for office had cognizance of any intended compromise, except the Earl of Bedford.

The point of greatest difference between the author and the critic is as to the construction of a part of the famous speech spoken by Hampden, when that illustrious patriot was impeached with four other members of the House. It is represented to have contained a passage, asserting the doctrine of passive obedience, and this passage Mr. Southey declares that Lord Nugent had suppressed. As this is an important question, inasmuch as it involves Hampden's political principles, we deem it only an act of justice to lay before the public the defence which Lord Nugent has happily been enabled to make:

'I now proceed to Hampden's famous speech on the impeachment of himself and the four other members, a part of which, *as asserting the doctrine of passive obedience*, Mr. Southey has been pleased to say, *I have suppressed.* To this I have one answer only to give,—*I have not!* And this answer I give with at least as much civility as that with which the member of so many institutions of polite literature has insinuated that I am "prepared to account hypocrisy and falsehood among a patriot's accomplishments." I have *not* garbled that speech, nor suppressed any part of the doctrines contained in it, but *Mr. Southey has.* And I refer to the published speech, London, 1642, easily to be obtained; compare it with the version in my book, and then with that in Mr. Southey's article in the *Quarterly Review.* I call you, my dear Murray, forth as a juryman, from that little back room of yours, where you are even now preparing to publish the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly*, and I stake my character against Mr. Southey's, since he has brought it to that pass, on the issue of the fact.

'John Hampden's speech professes to define the difference between a good and bad subject, and divides it under these heads:—"Religion towards God, loyalty and *due* submission to the *lawful* commands of the sovereign, and *good affection towards the safety and just rights of the people, according to the ancient and fundamental laws of the realm.*" This, Mr. Southey, *professing to give the whole speech, suppresses,* and then accuses John Hampden of hypocritically supporting the doctrine of *passive obedience!*

'John Hampden states, as the duties of a subject, 1st. *Lawful* subjection to a king in his own person, and the commands, &c., of the prince and his privy council.

'2d. *Lawful* obedience to the *laws, statutes, and ordinances* enacted by *the King and the Lords, with the free consent of the great Council of State assembled in Parliament.* And this it pleases Mr. Southey to call *the doctrine* of *passive obedience!*

'John Hampden proceeds to say, that "to deny a willing and dutiful obedience to a *lawful* sovereign and his privy council, or to deny to defend his royal *person* and *kingdom*, or his *ancient* privileges and prerogatives *pertaining and belonging of right* to

his royal crown," or. " to deny to defend and maintain true religion established in this land *according to the truth of God*, is a sign of a bad subject."

' Secondly, " *to yield obedience to the commands of a king, if against the true religion and the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, is another sign of an ill subject.*" And this it pleases Mr. Southey to call *the doctrine of passive obedience!*

' Thirdly, " to resist the *lawful* power of the King, or raise insurrection against him, admit him averse in his religion, to conspire or rebel against his sacred *person*, though commanding things against our consciences in exercising religion, or against the rights and privileges of the subject, is an absolute sign of a disaffected and traitorous subject." And this doctrine is limited, observe, to obedience to the *lawful* power of the King, and prohibiting violence to his *person*, or rebellion, though he exercise *such power as the law may give him*, even against religion, or right, or privileges. And Mr. Southey calls this *the doctrine of passive obedience!* Hampden proceeds with the inverse of the proposition, and describes a " loyal and good subject " by the performance of the duties which he has before described the bad subject as neglecting or betraying. This is the passage which Mr. Southey accuses me of suppressing. It is the exact inverse of the case of the " good subject," and the doctrine is, article for article, the same. And again I stake my character against Mr. Southey's, since he has brought it to that pass, that, throughout, there is not a duty enjoined in the second part that is not enjoined in the first, and in like manner qualified and guarded by the phrase " *lawful* power." '

But Lord Nugent retorts the charge of wilful suppression on Mr. Southey. Hampden had concluded the speech already alluded to by a splendid recapitulation of the principal points of his elaborate statement. In this he lays down in an eloquent manner the whole constitutional doctrine respecting the duties and obligations which a subject in this country, that is to say, the member of a community governed by a free monarchy and a representative government, owes to the great council of the State. ' I conceive,' says Hampden, ' if any particular member of a Parliament, although his judgment and vote be contrary, do not willingly submit to the rest, he is an ill subject to his king and country; and, secondly, to *resist the ordinance of the whole state of the kingdom, either by the stirring up a dislike in the hearts of his Majesty's subjects of the proceedings of the Parliament*, to endeavour, by levying arms, to compel the King *and Parliament* to make such laws as seem best to them, to deny the *power, authority*, and *privileges of Parliament*, to cast aspersions upon the same and its *proceedings*, thereby inducing the King to think ill of the same, and to be incensed against the same, to procure *the untimely breaking up and dissolution of a Parliament, before all things be settled by the same, for the safety and tranquillity both of King and State,*

these are apparent signs of a treacherous and disloyal subject against his King and country. I humbly desire my actions may be compared with either; and both as a subject, a Protestant, as a native of this my country, and as I am a member of this present and happy Parliament, that I be esteemed, as I shall be found guilty upon these articles exhibited against myself and the other gentlemen, to be a bad or a good *subject to my Sovereign and native country;* and to receive such sentence upon the same, as by this honourable House shall be conceived to agree with law and justice.'

This passage is so completely opposed to the doctrine of passive obedience, it so skilfully and so graphically defines the authority to which a member of Parliament alone should submit his judgment, that to accuse Hampden of entertaining the tenets of passive obedience, and at the same time give this passage for perusal to the reader, would have been merely equivalent to such an arrangement as placing a bane and its antidote side by side. Now what does the reader think that Mr. Southey resolved upon under these circumstances? Why, he urged the disreputable accusation, and suppressed the passage which expressly repudiated the doctrine. 'One of us,' says Lord Nugent, speaking of himself and Mr. Southey, 'one of us has, doubtless, been guilty of a fraud. Either I, for the purpose of unjustly procuring an acquittal for Hampden's memory, or he, for that of procuring an unjust condemnation of it.'

In reading attentively the critical paper in the *Quarterly Review*, of which Lord Nugent has so much just reason to complain, it is impossible to doubt that the writer of it is animated by the strongest hostility to the character of Hampden, and is led to make assertions and suggest inculpations to the prejudice of his fair reputation, such as have no other foundation, save in the perverted imagination of the accuser. It is truly said, indeed, by his opponent, that the article, so far as Hampden is concerned, is no less than a bill of indictment for criminality of one sort or another, for the interval of his life which lay between the years 1625 and 1643. If every man's actions, during eighteen years of his life, were registered, and subsequently compared with one another, how would most of us come off? how would Mr. Southey himself stand, in the matter of consistency?

'Mr. Southey,' continues Lord Nugent, 'may think it just to impute craft and dissimulation to Hampden: he cannot accuse him of faithlessness or inconstancy. If, indeed, John Hampden had ever spoken to the people of England after this fashion—

> "These are the truths and mighty ones:
> Ye are all equal—Nature made you so—
> Equality is your brth-right. When I gaze
> On the proud palace, and behold one man
> In the blood-purpled robes of royalty,
> Feasting at ease, and lording over millions,
> Then turn me to the hut of poverty,

And see the wretched labourer, worn with toil,
Divide his scanty morsel with his infants,
I sicken, and, indignant at the sight,
Blush for the patience of humanity!"*

Or thus, to his Sovereign,—

"King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak,
The Sovereign people ought to demand justice!"†

Or thus, again, to the people,—

"The service of the State demands more money!
Just Heaven! of what service is the State?"‡

'If, I repeat, John Hampden had ever said this, or any thing like this, and then, pleading his youth as the excuse of his forepast excess, had been seen at five-and-forty, on the pension list, and in a place at court, beginning to denounce as rebels the founders and champions of England's grave and manly freedom, I say, the truth of history might have recorded that John Hampden, at the former period, went far beyond the doctrines of those whom at the latter he could not view even with charity or toleration; and that, at the latter period, he went far beyond the doctrines of those whom at the former he had thought not deserving to hold station, and scarcely to hold life, in a free commonwealth.'

Independently of the great injustice which is committed in the article of the *Quarterly Review*, so frequently referred to, against both Hampden and Lord Nugent, its style and temper are altogether unworthy of the respectable publication in which it has been suffered to appear. We never expected to see one of the great props of our literature condescending to the imitation of the lowest and most unprincipled of the publications which disgrace the press, by the employment of such phrases as "mac-radicalized whig," "lamentably be-whigged," &c. The commentary of Lord Nugent upon these violations of good taste, and of that moderation of language, which usually controls the intercourse of gentlemen, is altogether worthy of his character. He playfully observes,

'Now, my dear Murray, nicknames are full as bad evidence of good reasoning as of good manners. And, as for mere thundering invective, *that* is a weapon which every man may find ready to his hand for the mere pains of stooping for it. For instance; it would be easy for me to say this:—there are imputations more injurious and more lasting than that of radicalism or whiggery. Mr. Southey may, if it please him, think me a radical; at all events he will not

* Mr. Southey's 'Wat Tyler.' † *Id.* ‡ *Id.*

accuse me of being a renegado. He may accuse me of having been lamentably misled into whiggism: he will not accuse me of having been shamefully pensioned into toryism. He may accuse me of being the 'bigoted worshipper of John Hampden:' he will not accuse me of being the apostate apologist of Wat Tyler—

"Nay, an' he mouth it,
I can rant as well as he."

'And who *is* Mr. Southey? and what right has he to lecture me thus? "It may assist Lord Nugent," says he, "to call to mind the observation of Danton,—the Ajax of the French Revolution, as he was called by his admirers,—for *he*, too, had his admirers!" Oh, yes, that bloody monster *had* his admirers! I do not charge Mr. Southey with having been among them, though he would insinuate that I am the admirer of one whom he thinks it fit to represent as his parallel. But this I *do* know, that the youthful Mr. Southey was among the self-recorded admirers of that revolutionary system in which Danton and Robespierre were leading lights, while the scaffolds of Paris were yet streaming with carnage, and that it was not till the perpetrators of it had been for many years in their graves that the matured Mr. Southey grasped his anti-revolutionary pen and contemporaneous pension. Do I venture to rebuke Mr. Southey for having ceased to be the encomiast of a system which led to such execrable wickedness? Do I rebuke him for having rushed into the opposite extreme,—for having quitted, not wrong for right, but one wrong for its opposite wrong,—and for being consistent in this at least, the having been in both extremes equally the antagonist of the principles of good government and of the English constitution?—Not I. But I adopt Mr. Southey's own words. "He who fraternizes with them for any half-way purpose of his own, knowing at what they aim, which he cannot choose but know, because it is loudly and insolently proclaimed by them, will, one day, (whatever may have been his own intentions,) have cause, like Danton, in bitterness of soul, to ask forgiveness of God and man." And if I now saw Mr. Southey in penitential sadness and shame asking forgiveness of God and man for the rank errors of his youth, I might applaud the effort at humble atonement. But when I see *him* assuming the posture and tone of a political censor, impeaching the honesty and reviling the conduct of those who never adopted in *their* politics a course which, in their minds, required to be changed or repented, I would venture to suggest that to abstain from judging, to the end that he might not be judged of men, would be, in itself, commendable, and an advantageous compromise for Mr. Southey. There is an old adage concerning the throwing of stones by one whose windows are made of a frail material.—Windows of glass? Why, Mr. Southey's whole house is made of nothing else!'

No one, we are sure, will regret that an admonition so much

called for should be administered to Mr. Southey, and if we have not formed an erroneous opinion of the character of the latter, we are sure that he has philosophy enough to take advice from an enemy, for even among the Pagans the maxim prevailed,—Fas est ab hoste doceri.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Chambers' Scottish Biography, in 4 vols. Vol. 1.* Glasgow, Blackie and Son: London, Simpkin and Marshall. 1832.

THIS is the first of a series of four volumes, which are to be devoted exclusively to the commemoration of such natives of Scotland as have attained eminence in the literary, scientific, religious, or political world. We consider it of vast importance that a plan of this nature should have been carried into practical effect, and particularly in the admirable way in which it is done; a plan by which a due degree of justice will be measured out by history to those illustrious men, who, under the existing system of writing biography, are, in our opinion, most unjustly dealt with. A general register of the lives of eminent men, that shall give to each of the persons included in the catalogue the extent of space which his merits require, would be a work difficult of execution, and certainly inaccessible, on the score of its price, to most persons. By confining the work, therefore, to the single division of the British empire, Scotland, the great advantage is obtained of exhibiting an unique procession, as it were, of illustrious men, whose lives mutually reflect some light on each other. The biographical materials which Scotland can supply do not yield in interest and importance to those of any country in the world. Her warriors, her kings, her confessors and martyrs, her men of science, her poets and miscellaneous imaginative prose writers, present in their personal history a treasure of instruction and a source of permanent curiosity, which we should look for in vain in almost any other country in Europe.

ART. XIV.—*Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall.* By E. J. CARLOS. London: J. B. Nichols and Son. 1832.

THAT rare and magnificent specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, situated in the city of London, and well known by the name of Crosby Hall, is, we are gratified to be able to say, likely to be preserved from threatened destruction. A committee of spirited gentlemen in the city has been appointed for the purpose of raising subscriptions to restore the fabric with the view of its being applied, when completely repaired, to such public object as the committee may think expedient. The sensation produced by the proceedings of this body has given rise to much curiosity concerning the building itself; and the work now before us, which bears the marks of an experienced and erudite mind, is intended to gratify that curiosity. The following brief summary of its contents will not be unacceptable, we hope, to the reader:

The hall, which has been dese-

crated to the ignoble purposes of a packer's warehouse, was built by Sir John Crosby, or Crosbie, on land leased to him in 1466, by the adjoining priory of St. Helens, being part of a magnificent pile called Crosby-place. Sir John was Alderman of London, Sheriff, and one of the representatives of the city. He was employed in a political capacity by Edward IV., and appears to have been a merchant of great wealth, and as munificent as he was opulent. He died in 1475. The next possessor of Crosby-place was the notorious Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; and every reader of Shakspeare is familiar with the passage in which the subtle traitor beguiles Lady Anne to "repair to Crosby-place," though a tyro in history would detect the poet's anachronism, for the death of Henry VI. occurred five years before that of Sir John Crosby, and consequently before Richard occupied Crosby-place. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1538, the freehold of Crosby-place was surrendered to the Crown, with the other possessions of St. Helen's Priory; and in 1542, the reversion in fee of the place was conveyed by Henry VIII. to Antonio Bonvice, an Italian merchant, who was at that time its tenant. It was then occupied successively by Germain Cioll, a foreign merchant, Alderman Bond and Alderman Sir John Spencer (a branch of the noble family of Northampton), who kept his Mayoralty there in 1594. After his death, 1609, the mansion, which had been the occasional residence of foreign Ambassadors and personages of rank, was probably sold, and became, in 1642, the property of Alderman Sir John Langham, during whose occupancy a great part of Crosby-place was destroyed by fire; from which period it ceased to be used as a dwelling. In 1672, the hall was converted into a dissenting meeting-house, which it continued to be till about the year 1778; after which it was occupied by Messrs. Holmes and Hall, packers, upon the expiration of whose lease, last year, it has been untenanted. Its present proprietor is W. Peere Williams Freeman, Esq.

ART. XV.—*The Family Library, No. 35.—Peter the Great.* London: J. Murray. 1832.

THE compiler of this life very candidly apprizes us that the work contains no novelty respecting the personal history of Peter. It would be superfluous, therefore, in us to enter into the details of a biography so well known as that of the illustrious Czar. There is, however, a specification of references to all the sources which should be consulted by those who are anxious about the career of this great man, and it will not be a useless addition to the catalogues of works on particular subjects, with which we know some private libraries abound, if we draw up one from the present compilation, on the life of Peter the Great.

'*Journal de Pierre le Grand, depuis l'année* 1698, *jusqu'à la Conclusion de la Paix de Neustadt. Ecrit par Lui-même.* — This remarkable work was intended to have been published, after the death of Peter, by his surviving spouse the Empress Catharine, but it is supposed her short reign put a stop to it. Her namesake, Catharine II., however, caused it to be published at Petersburg in the year 1770, and it was translated and published at Berlin in 1773. It contains a journal of all his military movements, battles, sieges, distribution of his forces, tri-

umphs, promotions, and, in short, all the principal transactions in which he was engaged during the period mentioned in the title page.'

'*The History of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia.* By Alexander Gordon, of Achintoul, several years a Major-general in the Tzar's service.—General Gordon was personally acquainted with many of the exploits of the Tzar Peter, narrated in his history.'

'*Travels from St. Petersburgh in Russia to various parts of Asia.* By John Bell, of Antermony.—Honest John Bell is almost proverbially known as the most faithful of travellers. In the year 1719 he was attached, in a medical capacity, to an embassy sent by Peter the Great to Kang-hee, Emperor of China, and published a very interesting account of the journey, and the transactions of the mission in Pekin.'

'*Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, Esq. a military officer in the services of Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain; containing an Account of his Travels, &c.; as also several very interesting private anecdotes of the Tzar Peter I. of Russia.* — Mr. Bruce tells us his Journal was originally written in German, his native language,* and that in the year 1755, on his retirement, he translated it into English. In 1782 it was published for the benefit of his widow. Captain Bruce had many opportunities of seeing and knowing a great deal of the Tzar and his family.'

'*Mémoires du Regne de Pierre le Grand, Empereur de Russie, Père de la Patrie, &c.* Par le Boyar Iwan Nestesuranoi. 4 vols. Amsterdam, 1726.—Though this work bears a fictitious name, it is, notwithstanding, perfectly genuine and authentic; and being published in the year after the death of Peter the Great, and while Catharine and Menzikoff were still living, it may be considered the very first History of Peter the Great, with the exception of some brief notices by Webber. Nestesuranoi is meant as the anagram of Jean Rousset, his real name.'

'*The History of the Life of Peter I. Emperor of Russia.* By John Mottley, Esq.—John Mottley was the son of Colonel Mottley, who followed the fortunes of King James II. into France: and who, from writing miscellaneous and dramatic pieces for his amusement, was, in consequence of his father's misfortunes, compelled to use his pen for a maintenance; and his productions met with the patronage of Queen Caroline and the court.'

'*History of the Russian Empire under Peter the Great.* By M. de Voltaire.—This celebrated writer would appear to have been unjustly censured with regard to this history: it has been called a romance, a tissue of idle stories and anecdotes not founded in fact, and a systematic suppression of the truth.'

'*Rusland en de Nederlanden Beschoud in derselver Wederkeerige Betrekkingen door Mr. Jacobus Scheltema.* 4 vols.—These volumes contain chiefly an historical account of the commercial intercourse between Holland and Russia, from its commencement to the death of Peter the Great. This work is chiefly interesting from the details given of the conduct and proceedings of this extraordinary man during his residence in Holland, taken from authentic documents, and particularly from *Noomen's Diary of the Residence of the Tzar Peter at Zaandam.*'

'*Original Anecdotes of Peter the Great, collected from the Conversation of several Persons of Distinction at Petersburgh and Moscow.* By M.

'* His father was in the service of Prussia, where he was born.'

Stæhlin, Member of the Imperial Academy at Petersburgh. — About ten years after the death of Peter the Great, that is, in the year 1735, M. Stæhlin was invited to fill a seat in the Academy of Sciences at Petersburgh. He lived at the house of the Count of Lynar, envoy-extraordinary from King Augustus of Poland to the court of Russia, where he tells us he became acquainted with many persons of distinction, as well foreigners as Russians, several of whom had not only served in the fleet and army, or held civil employments under Peter the Great, but had also been much about his person.'

'In addition to these, were consulted, *the Travels of Mr. Coxe; the History of Russia by Tooke; La Biographie Universelle;* the works of *Le Général Compte de Segur, La Combe, Fontenelle, Levesque,* &c.'

ART. XVI.—*Abbatt's Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.* London: John Richardson. 1832.

THIS is an elementary treatise, adapted altogether to younger minds, but composed on a plan which has the advantage of inducing the student to look more to his own resources for assistance than he is usually called upon to do. The author commences by a very clear explanation of the principles of the science which he teaches. The second section contains the principal theorems usually called the Arithmetic Lines. In the next we find a full explanation of the nature of subsidiary angles, and illustrations of their use in the computation of numerical values of formulæ not immediately suited to logarithmic calculation. The fourth, fifth and sixth sections are devoted to the solution of plane and spherical triangles, and formulæ for every case are given. Those which are most convenient are specified, and the examples are highly calculated to enable the student to undertake, with ease, every practical operation. The next three sections are dedicated to what is usually called the higher geometry, one of them giving a view, rather a limited one we must say, of the higher trigonometrical analysis: the next supplies some useful information regarding the circle, as also of the methods of determining the roots of quadratic and cubic equations. In the ninth and last section we perceive the author to be principally occupied on the construction of trigonometrical tables. We entertain a very high opinion of the value of this neat work to mathematical students.

ART. XVII.—*Poems, chiefly Occasional.* By SAMUEL FREDERICK GREEN. 12mo. London: published for the Author. 1832.

MR. GREEN tells us, that one of his principal objects in this publication is to ascertain from the readers of poetry, if they think that his productions are distinguished by the "high attribute of affording the mind any genuine satisfaction by innocent diversion, *unreproved sentiment*(!)or *appropriate imagery*."(!!) This is rather an indifferent commencement for Mr. Green, and before we go a step farther we must take the liberty of saying, that if this gentleman shine as brilliantly in verse as he has done in his brief preface of prose, we are fearful that we must be soon under the necessity of dropping his acquaintance altogether. To see, however, how far we can concede to Mr. Green's poetry the "high attri-

bute of affording the mind any genuine satisfaction," let us quote a specimen.

'THE TEAR OF JOY.

I.

'There's a joy, that awakens a tear,
When a cherish'd companion of yore,
Far banish'd for many a year,
Brings back his loved presence once more.

II.

'While proving his pleasure again,
We feel what we lost in a friend,
Sink a tear o'er those feelings of pain,
When heighten'd by such a sweet end.

III.

'The joy, that his presence imparts,
Is blended with silent regret
For the gloom, that has hung o'er our hearts
Since his sun of society set.

IV.

'So fall the big drops of some cloud,
While the sunshine of summer prevails:
Nought is seen the sun's glory to shroud;
Nought the summer's serenity fails.'—pp. 46—47.

If there be "a joy," or any other authority in this sphere of ours that can rouse a tear from its sleep, it is more than we ever heard of before. That tears have fountains—that they are pearly and so forth in maidens' eyes, is all very true; but that they are prone to the humiliating weakness of going to sleep, is a discovery which is altogether new to the philosophy of this world. But the somnolescent drop here recorded is nothing to the "cherished companion of yore," who having been banished for many a year, poor fellow, "brings back his loved presence"! Well, we have heard indeed of St. Dunstan carrying his cranium in his hand, but we doubt much if even that gifted man would find it so easy to "bring back his presence," like poet Green's cherished friend. We request of the reader to peruse the next stanza, in the hope that he may find a clue to the contents, for we confess that it is to us quite inexplicable. To prove his pleasure again, adverts, no doubt, to some mathematical problem; but as to sinking the tear o'er feelings of pain, when they are heightened by such a sweet end, we protest that we are lost in the attempt to fathom the meaning of the profound author. What an exceedingly peculiar child of nature this cherished friend of the bard must be, for we find, according to the terms of the third verse, that he is accompanied in his mortal career by a "sun of society"! What on earth does that mean?

But we must have done with this trash: the truth is that we notice the book for a purpose altogether unconnected with Mr. Green's poetical merits. It is dedicated by him to no less a personage than Sir Charles Wetherell, "with the sentiments," says the author, "of the *highest homage*, for his constitutional political principles or patriotism," &c. Here, then, is a worshipper of the true Tory creed; a real representative of the feeble, the infirm, the doting faction, whose hour of exhaustion has at last come upon it. We absolutely pity Sir Charles Wetherell—we pity the well meaning men of his party, who can at this time of their lives command an influence only over such minds as Mr. Green's.

ART. XVIII.—*Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus, (Nautilus Pompilius,* Linn.) *with Illustrations of its External Form and internal Structure.* Drawn up by RICHARD OWEN, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and Assistant Conservator of the Museum of the College. Published by Direction of the Council. 4to. London: Wood. 1832.

IT is with no small degree of satisfaction that we witness the publication of this work, as it must be regarded as a very auspicious token of the progress which the all-important science of living nature is now making in this country. The French naturalists have, for a long time, been goading the learned men of England into an imitation of their researches, but it is only lately that we have been roused to a sense of the inferior place which we stand in with respect to them, and consequently we hail with pleasure the successive evidences as they arise, of the spirit that seems no longer to be patient of the humble rank, as a scientific nation, which at present is assigned to us in the scale of Europe.

Mr. Owen's work presents us with an account of a shell-fish, the pearly nautilus, which, for several reasons, has long been an object of unusual interest. The size and formation of the shell, but particularly the very brief and uncertain descriptions which are handed down to us of the animal, are the chief circumstances that have stimulated the curiosity of naturalists respecting the nautilus. Aristotle undoubtedly knew it, and his account of it is copied by Pliny. Belon, an early writer on natural history, after the revival of literature, has described and figured the shell. These, however, and the succeeding writers, who have taken up the subject, left little more than vague impressions as to the structure of the soft parts and of the shell, and it was, therefore, with great delight that the fortunate accident, which secured the possession of a true inhabitant of the shell to the scientific bodies of this country, was hailed. This event is owing altogether to the zeal and activity of G. Bennett, Esq. F.L.S. member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who, during a recent protracted voyage amongst the Polynesian islands, was indefatigable in collecting materials of every kind for the advancement of natural science. The circumstances under which the interesting capture was made are thus related:—

'"Island of Erromanga, New Hebrides, August 24th, 1829.—Monday: fine weather during the day. Thermometer at noon 79°. In the evening a Pearly Nautilus (*Nautilus Pompilius* of Linnæus) was seen in Mareldini Bay, on the south-west side of the island, floating on the surface of the water, not far distant from the ship, and resembling, as the sailors expressed it, a dead tortoiseshell-cat in the water. It was captured, but not before the upper part of the shell had been broken by the boat-hook in the eagerness to take it, as the animal was sinking when caught. On its being brought on board, my attention was directed to possessing the inhabitant, which I succeeded in procuring. I immediately detached the animal from the fractured portions of the shell (to which it is attached by two oval muscular attachments, one on each side), and placed it in spirits, after making a pen-and-ink sketch of its external form. The animal when I examined it after it was brought on board, kept the tentacula closely contracted, and the only evidence of vitality

remaining in the animal was in a slight contractile motion of the body. On laying carefully open that portion of the shell which contains the chambers, it was found to contain water, which, of course, immediately escaped. The colour is stated in *Shaw's Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 166, (which I had on board at the time,) as being of a pale reddish-purple colour, with deeper spots and variegations: the figures given in the same work are very incorrect.* The colour of the anterior part of the body, when the animal was recently taken out of the water, was of a dark red colour, inclining to brown (in fact resembling the colour produced by the *Koka* on the stained cloth of a Tongatabu,) intermingled with white. The mantle and remainder of the body were of a light blueish tinge." '—*Journal*, Part 10th.†

'On the arrival of Mr. Bennett in this country, he presented (July, 1831,) this specimen (together with other valuable objects of natural history,) to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, where it is now preserved.'

The description of the animal, and the delineations by which its structure is illustrated, reflect the highest credit on the talents, and scientific attainments of Mr. Owen.

'* There are copies of the figures given by Denys de Montfort, in the work above quoted.'

'† See also Mr. Bennett's account published in the *Medical Gazette*, vol. viii. p. 729, with a figure of the animal as it appeared when first taken out of the shell.'

ART. XIX.—*A Letter to Lord John Russell on Lord Brougham's most extraordinary Conduct: and another to Sir J. Herschel on the application of Kepler's Third Law to the Periods of the Satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.* By CAPTAIN FORMAN, R.N. Shepton-Mallett, Wason and Foxwell: London, Longman, Rees, &c. 1832.

IT is really a subject of great regret, that a man of Captain Forman's tastes and pursuits should allow himself so very extravagant a measure of indulgence in the development of his personal hostilities. Men engaged in the study of the sciences—those whose minds are supposed to be capable of efforts which are above the reach of most others, should be the last to give currency to the belief that the advantages derivable from the influence of large acquirements in knowledge over our moral nature, are not quite so certain or so numerous as people in general believe. We sincerely hope that he will consider this well-meant admonition.

ART. XX.—*Dictionary of Practical Medicine, comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders incidental to Climates, to the Sex, and to the different Epochs of Life. With numerous Prescriptions for the Medicines recommended, a Classification of Diseases according to Pathological Principles, a copious Bibliography, with references, and an Appendix of approved Formulæ; the whole forming a Library of Pathology and Practical Medicine, and a Digest of Medical Literature.* By JAMES COPELAND, M.D. consulting physician to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, &c. 8vo. Part 1. London: Longman, Rees, and Co. 1832.

THE testimony which this publica-

tion at once carries with it of the introduction into our medical literature of that spirit of economy which has breathed over every other department of letters and of science, is well worthy of the congratulation at least of the profession; for not only is it an example which must very favourably influence the future succession of medical books, but it is an example of the best kind; so that we may conclude that if it yield any fruit at all, the product must necessarily participate in the good qualities of its parent.

The plan which Dr. Copeland has laid down as that by which this extensive work should be conducted, is, we believe, a novelty in medical literature. Mr. Samuel Cooper's justly popular dictionary is, perhaps, the nearest approach to the form and arrangement of the present which our medical libraries contain. But, with all its vast information, Cooper's dictionary is a confused mass of very disproportioned treatises on the various surgical diseases, and has not one of the advantages which is to be derived from a lucid arrangement. Exactly the contrary character belongs to Dr. Copeland's work; the order in which the various and often complicated details succeed one another is quite admirable, and secures to the student or the professional man that great desideratum in all works of reference, a speedy and certain access to the particular subject of his inquiry. Nor is the substantive portion of the volume deficient in harmony with the plan. The extensive learning of Dr. Copeland is well known; and from the stores collected by him during a long course of acquaintance with the best medical works in the various languages of Europe, it is not surprising that his writings should be fraught with a multitude of proofs of his great application.

Here then, the student will find, in a comprehensive yet limited form, an account of the opinions entertained, and of the system of practice adopted by the best and most experienced physicians both at home and abroad. He will, however, in the perusal of the work, be neither perplexed with conflicting sentiments, nor confounded by the difficulties of making a choice between two authorities equalling each other in value, for Dr. Copeland has, with great propriety, blended the experience of other physicians, with the results of his own practice, and thus has given a necessary degree of unity to the canons of practice, by which the professional reader will find it his account to abide. To use the doctor's own words, (the import of which we are prepared, after a perusal of this portion of the work, to confirm) the experienced practitioner will find in the work a diversified range of opinions, methods of cure, and authorities, which his matured judgment will enable him to apply in an appropriate manner to particular cases. It also comprises the complications and modified states of disease, which are even more frequently met with in practice, than those specific forms too often described by nosologists as constant and unvarying types, to which morbid actions, occurring under a great variety of circumstances, can never closely adhere. When discussing the methods of cure, the author has attended to the various stages, states, and associations of disease, to the regimen of the patient, and to the management of convalescence. He has given prescriptions for the medicines recommended, in the most efficient states of combination. He has also added, in an Appendix, and arranged in alphabetical order, upwards of a thousand Formulæ, selected from those most approved

contained in the Pharmacopœias of various hospitals and foreign countries, and the writings of eminent practical physicians, and from the notes of his own practice. The work, moreover, contains a full exposition of the general principles of Pathology; a minute description of the numerous organic lesions of the human body; and a detailed account of those states of disorder incident to the sex, the different periods of life, and to particular climates, with the peculiarities resulting from temperament and habit of body. It is prefaced by a classification of diseases according to pathological principles, and in natural order, commencing with the simplest and most limited states of functional disorder, advancing through the more extended and complicated diseases to those affecting the whole frame, and concluding with such as consist chiefly of morbid structure — the classification thus being a key to the systematic study of practical medicine, as well as an arranged contents of the work. In order to facilitate reference, as well as to avoid repetition, each article is methodically divided and headed, and the paragraphs numbered; and to each a copious bibliography, with references, is added.

ART. XXI.—*Les Antiquités Inédites de L'Attique Ouvrage traduit de l'Anglais, augmenté de notes et de dessins, par* J. J. HITTORFF, *Architecte, auteur de l'architecture antique et moderne de la Sicile, et des recherches sur l'architecture polychrôme chez les Grecs.* Paris: chez Firman Didot. 1832.

THIS is a French translation of a magnificent work published by the Dilettanti Society of London, in 1818, the version being excellently well completed by M. Hittorff. We find the English text scrupulously adhered to by the translator, as well as the notes which were appended to it; and, on the whole, this work is regarded by the savants as a most valuable supplement to the French version of Stuart's splendid Illustrations of Athens. M. Hittorff has given his attention to the study of the Grecian antiquities for the last nine years. He has subjoined to his work a curious statement of the number of ancient monuments which have been restored by the French, from 1793 to 1830, the designs of, and reports respecting which, are deposited in the archives of the Academy of the Fine Arts.

ART. XXII.—*Address to Electors, Manufacturers, Traders, and others, on the Importance of Preserving the Colonies; a brochure.* Printed by A. J. Valpy.

WE profess ourselves to be, in the strictest sense of the emancipators, amongst the parties who take an interest in West India matters. But we are not quite so determined to carry our point as to wish to silence the voice of truth; we are not so heartily wedded to one side as to endeavour to crush all attempt at remonstrance on the other; we, therefore, are quite ready to give every fair opportunity of being heard to those who have been called upon frequently, and we must admit, clamourously, to justify the existing condition of the West Indian Colonies. Without going into the arguments adduced by the writer of the present pamphlet, to exhibit the importance of the Colonies, we may perhaps do better by giving those arguments in a concentrated form. We shall, therefore,

present to the reader a table of the value of the exports from the United Kingdom to the Colonies in the last year:

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Quantities and declared Value of the principal Articles of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported to the British West Indies in the year ending 5th January, 1831.

	Declared Value. £
Apparel, Slops, and Haberdashery	206,387
Arms and Ammunition	11,435
Bacon and Hams	21,721
Beef and Pork	91,013
Beer and Ale	52,799
Books—Printed	10,404
Brass and Copper Manufactures	61,538
Butter and Cheese	68,884
Coals, Culm, and Cinders	33,266
Cordage	20,147
Cotton Manufactures, entered by the yard	608,099
Hosiery, Lace, and Small Wares	37,669
Cotton Twist and Yarn	698
Earthenware of all sorts	22,355
Fish—Herrings	85,498
Glass, entered by weight	45,122
Glass, at value	1,560
Hardwares and Cutlery	78,363
Hats—beaver and felt	49,503
Iron and Steel—wrought and unwrought	130,689
Lead and Shot	7,688
Leather—wrought and unwrought	97,702
Saddlery and Harness	22,262
Linen Manufactures, entered by the yard	322,837
Thread, Tapes, and Small Wares	2,786
Machinery and Mill-work	50,744
Painters' Colours	18,464
Plate—Plated Ware, Jewellery, and Watches	33,059
Salt	3,269
Silk Manufactures	28,729
Soap and Candles	114,305
Stationery of all sorts	25,566
Sugar Refined	10,209
Tin—unwrought	1,129
Tin and Pewter Wares, and Tin Plates	9,222
Wool—Sheep's and Lamb's	46
Woollen Manufactures, entered by the piece	79,493
Woollen Manufactures, entered by the yard	14,970
Hosiery and Small Wares	5,425
Other Articles	353,443

ART. XXIII.—*Address delivered at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London, October 1st*, 1832. By J. ELLIOTSON, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. &c. &c. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

WE expected, we own, from such an eminent cultivator of the science of medicine as Dr. Elliotson, an address of a more general and interesting nature than that with which he has favoured the world. Instead of descanting upon the general state of the medical sciences, instead of displaying to the pupils the course of conduct which they might find it advantageous to pursue, the Doctor wastes his own time, and that of others, and sacrifices a good opportunity for administering wise counsel, by a ridiculous panegyric upon the institution to which he belongs, by offensive insinuations against the men who are related to him as colleagues, and finally upon the comparative value of a dispensary as compared with an hospital. The chairs of science should have nothing to do with the financial concerns of the institution where they are founded, and the best way to bring, not

merely the persons occupying those chairs, but the very subject which is taught by them, into contempt, is to continue the practice, of which Dr. Elliotson has set the example.

ART. XXIV.—*The Botanical Miscellany, containing Figures and Descriptions of such Plants as recommend themselves by their novelty, rarity, or history, or by the uses to which they are applied, in the Arts, in Medicine, and in Domestic Economy, together with occasional Notices and Information.* By WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, LL.D. F.R.A. and L.S. Part VIII. London: J. Murray. 1832.

THIS is the eighth number of Dr. Hooker's most able and useful work now so universally known. A considerable portion of the pages of this part is devoted to a description of some contributions towards a Flora of South America and the Islands of the Pacific, which have been supplied from various sources. The concluding part of the number is occupied by a sketch of the province of Emerina, in Madagascar, which was written by a German, after a year's residence.

'The province of Emerina, which may be regarded as the centre of Madagascar, but whose geographical situation is not correctly known, is divided into several sub-provinces or dependencies. It is the most elevated district of the whole of this vast island, and, for the same reason, also the healthiest, being the only part where the life of an European is not in hazard. All the face of the country is covered with mountains, which are generally sterile, and on which are great masses of rock: from this circumstance, there is none of the dangerous fever that prevails near the coast, and periodical maladies are unknown. Fertility of soil cannot, however, be enumerated among the advantages of this district; it is more barren than the maritime provinces, particularly those lying towards the west. The soil that is reddish, and full of stones, produces but little; the want of good culture, and the disadvantages of climate, contributing to increase its natural sterility. Five months only of the year can be employed in agriculture, as a distressing drought prevails in the remainder, especially from the end of April to September. At this season, also, it is very cold in the mornings, owing to a dry wind which blows from the east, and only ceases at the end of September, when the thermometer often drops to 7°×°. All vegetation is parched and dried up, not a drop of rain falls, though this is partly compensated by a heavy fog, which nightly envelopes the mountains, and is precipitated to the earth on the rising of the sun. But from October to the end of March, the heat increases, and becomes sometimes excessive; rain falls daily, beginning in the afternoon and lasting all night, often so violently as to tear up the soil and carry away the trees, hills, and even the rocks. This is also the season of storms, and often accompanied with dreadful hurricanes, of which it is difficult to imagine the violence, and impossible to withstand the fury. Destruction and tumult mark their progress; earthquakes occasionally take place, though not of a violent description; and hailstones, of enormous size, fall, which are much dreaded by the inhabitants on account of their rice, that is generally above ground at that period.

'Agriculture is very carelessly performed at Emerina, as in the

other parts of Madagascar. The natives are too indolent, and they leave almost every thing to nature. Contented with stirring up the ground with a spade, and scattering a few seeds, they are sure of reaping a harvest which will supply all their wants during the year; and though the inhabitants of Emerina are compelled, by the nature of the soil, to take rather more pains, yet there we may see, with regret, large tracts of land lying fallow, which might produce enormous crops, and where now the careless inhabitants only plant a few plots of rice. Here, as elsewhere, it seems reserved to European industry to transform these deserts into habitable tracts; for, with proper care, they would produce six times the food requisite for the present number of inhabitants.

'*Rice*, the great object of Madagascar culture, and the principal article of their food, is well known to prefer the marshy spots; consequently, the low lying grounds, where the water does not run off, or the sides of the river, where inundation is easy, are preferred for this purpose. After having divided the plot into little squares with the spade, called fangadi, the rice is thrown in, which soon germinates, and, after transplantation, yields a hundred fold. The manner of planting rice is different among the Béhtanihména. These people do not sow their seed, in order to transplant it afterwards, but put in the rice as we should do kidney-beans. They select the gloomiest spots, even the centre of a wood, and, having cleared a space of ground, they dibble holes with a sharp pointed stick, and drop in the grain. This is done twice a year; and from this district the finest and whitest rice in Madagascar is obtained. The ground is frequently changed, and another spot cleared: but after two or three years the natives return to the original place, and cultivate it anew; and wherever they sow their seed, there they are sure of an abundant return, independent of the state of the weather.

'Sometimes they select a half dried marsh, and sending in their oxen they drive them backwards and forwards till the ground is become like wet mud, when they put in their seed. Every fortnight, or at longest monthly, the soil is carefully cleared of weeds, until the rice begins to flower, after which it remains undisturbed. The Béhtanihména have also a different mode of cutting rice from the inhabitants of Emerina; that is, they only take off the ear, and leave the stalk; and instead of beating out the grain, they rub it with the hand over an outspread mat. The standing straw is used for manure, instead of being burned, as at Emerina; the oxen are littered with it, and it is laid over the soil. Women and children only are employed in the culture of rice, the men assisting to clear the ground. Thus it may be observed that the inhabitants of Madagascar could hardly maintain themselves without the existence of those extensive marshes, which constantly exhale pestilential miasmata, and to which the insalubrity of the climate may justly be attributed.'

The plates are, as usual, numerous, and executed in the very best style of art.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Spoils acquired by Russia.—The following has been communicated to us by an old correspondent. From the conquest which it made from Sweden, and ceded by the treaty of Nydstadt, in 1721, down to our own times, it has constantly been drawing countries within its clutches. From Sweden it seized Livonia, with a population of 580,000; Esthonia, with a population of 220,000; Carelia, Wiborg, Kexholm, with a population of 210,000; Ingria, with a population of 607,810, by the treaty of Nydstadt in 1721, and Abo in 1743; Swedish Finland, with a population of 897,966, by the treaty of Frederickshamn, 17th September, 1809. From Poland it took, on the first partition in 1772, a population of 1,300,000; on the second partition, in 1790, a population of 3,011,688; on the third partition, in 1795, a population of 1,176,590. By the Act of Submission, 28th March, 1795, the Duchies of Courland and Semegalia, with a population of 407,000. From Prussia it wrested, by the treaty of Tilsit, a part of what Prussia had stolen, the Circle of Byalistock, with a population of 439,780. From Austria it wrung, by the treaty of Vienna, 14th October, 1809, districts of Old Galicia, with a population of 400,000. From Turkey it took, by the treaty of Kaynardgi, in 1774, Azoff, and on 28th June, 1783, the Crimea, &c. with a population of 250,000; in 1792, the Plain of Oczakow, &c. with a population of 150,000; and in 1785, 1800, and 1810 and 1811, Mingrelia, &c. with a population of 600,000. It subjugated the Cossacks of the Don and the Black Sea, in number about 260,000. From Persia in took, in 1787, and in 1810 and 1811, various provinces, with a population of 260,000. We are unable to state the particulars of the extensive acquisitions since made from Persia and Turkey in Asia.

Precariousness of Marriage.—The increase and decrease of marriages in a country are naturally influenced by great events, such as peace and war, public prosperity and public calamities, famine and disease; but, political *feelings* exercise an influence: thus, in Prussia, the number of marriages was greatly increased after the expulsion of the French. During the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, when the political prospects of that country were in their zenith, 1 person was married in 98; in the subsequent years the numbers again fell to 1 in 108, 1 in 111, and 1 in 118.

Mortality at Manchester.—The following calculation is founded on a very recent parliamentary document. The greatest number of deaths each year is found of those under one year, and this has varied from 371, the number in 1821, to 240, the lowest number in 1826; the last year of the return, 1830, gives 368. There are some of what would be called remarkable coincidences: thus, for instance, in 1825 and 1826, the number of deaths between 1 and 2 years, is in each 137; in 1824, 1825, and 1826, exactly 24 died in their 5th year; in 1823-4-5, the number of deaths in their 8th year was 7 each. The smallest average on the 10 years of death is at the age of 13, being 54 for the whole 10 years, not an average of 5½ each. In 1822, of this age only 2 died; and in 1830, only 1; the highest number was in 1824, 10. The next most healthy age, judging from these tables, is 12, the whole for the 10 years of that age being 57: and 11, whole number 59: the number of deaths at 39 is, for 10 years, 69, not quite 7 annually.

The same average, 7 and 2-10ths (72 for the 10 years) is afforded by the ages of 8, 41, and 51. It is not until the age of 86 that any blank occurs in the number, and that is in the year 1822; of 90 there died in the 10 years 19; of 91, 3; of 92, 7; of 93, 9; of 94, only 2, both in 1827; of 95, 2; of 96, 2; of 97, 4; of 98, not one; of 99, 2, one in 1822, the other in 1830; of 100, 2, in 1828 and 1829; of 101, also 2, in 1821 and 1830; of 102, 1, in 1822; of 103, 1, in 1821. The register of Dissenters' burials does not give their ages; the number varies from 1726 in 1821, to 4313, in 1830. If we are to judge from this increase in the number of burials, of that of the Dissenters themselves, they must have increased in the ten years about 154 per cent. The whole number of deaths has varied from 3287, in 1821, to 5937, in 1830; and the number in the 10 years has been, of all ages, 48,138; an average of 4813 and 4-5ths.

Ingenuity and Art.—At the silver mine of Kongsberg, a wonderful gallery has been pierced through the side of the mountain, at the depth of 600 feet, through which the ore is now transported, instead of being hoisted to the top. Its length is 6000 feet, and it occupied twenty-three years in its completion. The process was most tedious, being entirely by calcination and hammering, which brought the rock off in flakes. Only two men could work at a time. It was commenced both internally and externally; and it is much to their credit, that, upon meeting, there were only two or three feet difference in the level, and none in the direction. It is from six to seven feet wide, and from ten to fifteen high.

A Human Sacrifice at Kalee Ghat. A Hindoo had been accustomed to make an annual sacrifice of living goats to Kalee. This year, having determined to make an extraordinary sacrifice, he sent for a Mahomedan barber to shave him. After this was performed, he desired the barber to hold the legs of the goat while the act of decapitation was performed, to which he agreed. The usual ceremonies commenced, Kalee was invoked, flowers and incense scattered, and the barber stooped down to the ground and firmly held the head of the victim, while the Hindoo prepared for the sacrifice with an enormous knife, but instead of striking the goat, struck off the head of the barber with one blow; the head rolled on the floor, which was soon bathed in a stream of blood. The fanatic, nothing astonished at this event, deliberately lifted the head by the hair, and carrying it to the altar, performed the accustomed pooja, as if it were a matter of indifference whether the sacrifice was completed with a human head or that of an animal. The spectators now assembled round, and the police apprehended the offender, who was tried for his life, and sentenced to die.

John Clare the Poet.—The following melancholy address is from the pen of John Clare, announcing the publication of his "Cottage Poems:"

"The proposals for publishing these fugitives, being addressed to friends, no further apology is necessary than the statement of facts. The truth is, that difficulty has grown up like a tree of the forest, and being no longer able to conceal it, I meet it in the best way possible, by attempting to publish these for my own benefit, and that of a large family.

"It were false delicacy to make an idle parade of independence in

my situation; and it would be unmanly to make a troublesome appeal to persons, public or private, like a public petitioner.

"Friends neither expect this from me, or wish me to do it to others, though it is partly owing to such advice, that I have been induced to come forward with these proposals, and if they are successful, they will render me a benefit, and if not, they will not cancel any obligations that I may have received from friends, public and private, to whom my best wishes are due: and having said thus much in furtherance of my intentions, I will conclude by explaining them.

"The book will be printed on fine paper, and published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are procured, to defray the expences of publishing.

"The price will not exceed seven shillings and sixpence; and it may not be so much, as the number of pages and the expense of the book, will be regulated by the publisher."

New way of increasing the Population.—Sir Charles Babbage calculates that above half a million of persons travel annually by the Manchester rail-road; and supposing each person to save only one hour in the time of transit, between Manchester and Liverpool, a saving of five hundred thousand hours, or of fifty thousand working days, of ten hours each, is effected. Now this is equivalent to an addition to the actual power of the country of one hundred and sixty-seven men, without increasing the quantity of food consumed; and it should also be remarked, that the time of the class of men thus supplied, is far more valuable than that of mere labourers.

British and Foreign Bible Society. During the last year, 130 new branches have been added to the society; 242,187 copies of the Bible have been distributed, making a total, since the institution of the society, of 1,326,628, and of copies of the Scriptures, 7,608,615. The income of the past year has been 81,735*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* and the expenditure 98,409*l.* During the year, the parent society has distributed, by way of loan, 19,537 copies of the New Testament bound up with the Psalter.

Society of German Naturalists.—On the 16th September, the first public sitting of the great annual meeting of this society, took place in the large theatre of the University at Vienna, when between six and seven hundred members attended. After an address from Baron Von Jacquin, the president for the present year, and the reading of the statutes of the society by Professor Littrow, M. Burdach, of Königsberg, read a memoir on the pulsation and throbbing of the heart; Professor Wawruch, of this University, gave a detailed account of such traces of the cholera as are preserved in the Old Testament; and Professor Göppert, of Breslau, descanted on the origin and maintenance of warmth in living plants.

Sir Walter Scott's Works.—A French journal observes, we do not recollect that there has ever been published, either in France or England, a complete list of the works of Sir Walter Scott. The list forms a curious picture of that life always so occupied:—

1799.—Goetz de Berlichingen, a tragedy, translated from Goëthe, 1 vol.

1802.—Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 3 vols. 8vo.

1804.—Sir Tristrem, 1 vol. 8vo.

1805.—The Lay of the last Minstrel, 1 vol. 8vo.

1806.—Ballads and Lyrical Poetry, 1 vol. 8vo.

1808.—Marmion, 1 vol. 8vo.—The Works of Dryden, 18 vols. 8vo.

1809.—Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, 2 vols. 8vo.—Collection of Papers of Lord Somers, 13 vols. 4to.

1810.—The Poetical Works of Miss Seward, 3 vols. 8vo.—The Lady of the Lake, 1 vol. 8vo.

1811.—The Vision of Don Roderick, 1 vol. 8vo.

1813.—Rokeby, 1 vol. 8vo.

1814.—The Works of Swift, 19 vols. 8vo.—The Lord of the Isles, 1 vol. 8vo.—The Bridal of Triermaine, 1 vol. 8vo.—Monumental Antiquities on the Frontiers of England and Scotland, 2 vols. 4to.—Waverley, 3 vols. 12mo.

1815.—Letters of Paul, 1 vol. 8vo.—The Battle of Waterloo, 8vo.—Guy Mannering, 3 vols, 12mo.

1816.—The Antiquary, 3 vols. 12mo.—Tales of my Landlord, First Series, the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, 4 vols. 12mo.

1817.—Rob Roy, 3 vols. 12mo.

1818.—Tales of my Landlord, Second Series, The Heart of Mid Lothian, 4 vols. 8vo.

1819.—Tales of my Landlord, Third Series, the Bride of Lammermuir, and the Legend of Montrose, 4 vols.—Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Views of Scotland, 4 vols. 4to.—Poems, &c. of P. Cary, 1 vol. 8vo.

1820.—Ivanhoe, 3 vols. 12mo.—The Monastery, 3 vols. 12mo.—The Abbot, 3 vols. 12mo.

1821.—Kenilworth, 3 vols. 12mo.

1822.—The Pirate, 3 vols. 12mo.—The Fortunes of Nigel, 3 vols. 12mo.—Halidown Hill, 1 vol. 8vo.

1823.—Peveril of the Peak, 4 vols. 12mo.—Quentin Durward, 3 vols. 12mo.

1824.—Saint Ronan's Well, 3 vols. 12mo.—Redgauntlet, 3 vols. 12mo.

1825.—Tales of the Crusaders; the Betrothed, and the Talisman, 4 vols. 12mo.

1826.—Woodstock, 3 vols. 12mo.

1827.—Chronicles of the Canongate, First Series, 2 vols. 12mo.—Life of Napoleon, 9 vols. 8vo.

1828.—Anne of Geirstein, Third Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate; translated under the title of Charles the Bold, 3 vols. 12mo.—Memoirs of Madame la Rochejaquelin, 1 vol. 8vo.—Letters from Malichi Malegrowther on the Public Funds, 1 vol. 8vo.—Tales of a Grandfather, on the History of Scotland, First Series, 3 vols. 18mo.

1829.—Tales of a Grandfather, on the History of Scotland, Second Series, 3 vols. 18mo.—Sermons by a Layman, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

1830.—The Ayrshire Tragedy, 1 vol. 8vo.—Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series, 3 vols. 8vo.

1831.—Tales of a Grandfather, Fourth Series, 3 vols. 8vo.—Letters on Demonology, 1 vol. 8vo.—Last Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate, 4 vols. 8vo.

To these may be added about 4 volumes in prose, comprising biographical notices, essays, &c. inserted originally in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. The articles furnished also by Sir Walter to the different Reviews, &c. would make up not less than 4 vols. 8vo.; and during the last four years he has in a revision of his works, added to the amount of 6 vols. 8vo. in notes and prefaces.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1832.

ART. I.—*Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature; with the Minutes of Evidence.* Ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, 1832.

A SELECT committee of either House of Parliament, considered with reference to the extent of its powers, may be regarded as one of the most singular tribunals that can be found in any country; it is altogether anomalous, the principles on which it is founded, so far as those principles are developed in practice, being in several instances at variance with the whole spirit of our constitution. The latitude to which the members of a select committee are empowered to push their inquiries, cannot be paralleled at any era of our history, nor is it until we open the records of the inquisition itself, that we are able to find a precedent affording any thing like an adequate resemblance to it. Courts of justice, tribunals of inquiry, every branch of the civil administration, is obliged to observe a common system of restriction on the admission of evidence which is offered before them; the written law and the traditions of the courts have considerably circumscribed the right of interrogation in the case of witnesses in all trials, whether of a civil or criminal nature. But a parliamentary select committee appears to enjoy a complete exemption from all disabilities of the kind; it is the chartered libertine of the state, and trespasses with impunity on those boundaries and distinctions which, in all other eyes, appear to be inviolable. In fact, the range of inquisitorial jurisdiction to which a select committee may lay claim, is measured, on most occasions, only by the capricious curiosity of the members who compose it.

Tremendous as is the machine placed at the disposal of the select committees, it has been employed with mercy. We hear no complaints of abuse, and tempting as are the facilities to indulge a spirit of prying curiosity on the part of the individuals constituting the committees, we do not find that they have yielded to the seduction, but that, on the contrary, a great deal of practical benefit has arisen from their exertions. We do not wish to speculate on the

probable consequences of maintaining a tribunal such as that we have described; but, so far as experiment goes, we are fully warranted in saying, that the advantages of which it has been productive, are quite sufficient to induce us to be indifferent to the possible evils which may arise from it. These committees have been the means of gathering together, from sources to which no access by ordinary channels could be obtained, a quantity of materials, from time to time, which compose some of the most remarkable records to be met with in any country. This is owing not so much to the unlimited power of each committee to make inquiries upon a given subject, but to the constitution of the committee; for it is usually composed of men of various shades of opinion, a considerable portion being friendly to one view of the case, another set absolutely opposing the former, whilst the remainder form the representatives of an intermediate series of opinions between both. The interest which each party feels in supporting his peculiar speculation, stimulates all to the minutest inquiries; and this, in the end, insures a thorough examination of every possible aspect of a given question. The reports and minutes of evidence drawn up by select committees in Parliament, are therefore amongst the most precious and interesting of our records.

No document of this nature has been put forth for some years which more strikingly places under our consideration the peculiarities which characterize the proceedings of a select committee. The state of that great branch of our literature, the drama, to say nothing of its importance in other points of view, had long attracted the attention of the public. In every civilized country theatrical amusements are of sufficient consequence to be worthy of the national care; and it is only natural that they should be so, since the primary object of contriving them is to please the public in general. But though the drama may be said to form a proper subject of every man's interference, still its immediate management is so circumstanced, as to give it the character, in some respect, of a private property, and thus it is that our theatrical establishments are conducted precisely on the principle of an ordinary commercial concern, the transactions of which do not properly constitute subjects on which the public may animadvert. Here then is a perplexity: the right of influencing in a direct manner the source of their amusements belongs to every people as a sort of natural privilege; *they* are the parties most interested, and it seems to be but natural that they should have the fullest opportunity of modifying those amusements to their own views of what is innocent, and what may be looked at without danger. But then they have to guard against an infringement of the well understood jurisdiction of proprietors over that which the law declares to be their possession. Theatres are private property, and it is perfectly impossible to mark out the line where public interference should begin, and where personal right should cease, to possess its privi-

lege of privacy. In complicated matters of this nature, the public will be always neutral, and hence it is that we have been so long without knowing any thing of what may be called the domestic history of the stage. The law could not interfere; the ordinary authorities felt that they had no jurisdiction in such matters; and it was reserved for the anomalous tribunal of a select committee to undertake an investigation at once so delicate and important, as the sequel will testify. On the 31st of May, 1832, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature. Having sat at intervals during the succeeding six weeks, and having in that interval examined a host of managers and players—having sifted every character in every rank of the dramatis personæ, from Richard the Third to the man that imitates the cock-crow behind the scenes; having listened with admirable patience to the expressions of mortified pride from the patrons of the majors, and heard the triumphant tone of well-earned prosperity from the mouths of the lovers of the minors; having further withstood the metrical remonstrances of disappointed poets, and the tedious prose of unrequited authors; the committee, we say, came to a series of conclusions, which are, through the medium of the large volume before us, submitted to the consideration of the public. The principal points connected with the present state of dramatic literature, which the committee thought it of importance to endeavour to illustrate, may be enumerated as follows:—The licensing of theatres, the licensing of plays, the exclusive privileges claimed by the two metropolitan theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and, lastly, the very peculiar hardships to which dramatic authorship is exposed. These various points may be illustrated in the order in which they succeed each other.

The master of the revels, in ancient times, was the manager of the King's amusements; and we find, that the first of these officers who examined plays and allowed theatres, lived in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign. Before that period the licenses for theatres were granted not only by the crown directly, but by all noblemen above the dignity of baron. But, in point of fact, the chief controul of all stage exhibitions, was in the hands of the Privy Council or the Star Chamber; for it seems, that in those olden times, players and play-wrights were particular objects of vigilance with the political sentinels of the period. By degrees this jurisdiction was transferred to the Lord Chamberlain, in whose hands it has remained ever since. The power of licensing theatres, with which this officer is invested, appears on examination to be placed on a strangely ludicrous footing, and we should dwell upon it as a curiosity, were we not induced by its still greater interest to pass to another branch of his Lordship's jurisdiction, namely, the power of licensing plays. It is well known, that the Lord Chamberlain usually devolves the duty of examining plays on an officer of his own appointment, and

that the present incumbent is no other than Mr. George Colman, renowned chiefly for his ingenuity in reconciling an extraordinary freedom of speech in himself as a play-wright, with an exceedingly intolerant jealousy of the exercise of a similar liberty on the part of others. The manner in which Mr. Colman has executed the duties of his important trust, has not failed to develope the extreme inconvenience, to say nothing of the folly, of applying a system which involves the continuance of such a functionary to so enlightened an era as the present. Indeed, there is scarcely a period in theatrical history, since the institution of the office of licenser, in which the influence exercised over that officer, by the peculiar nature of his power, did not lead to acts worthy of eternal ridicule. It would be impossible for us, by any description, to communicate a notion of the real official functionary at all approaching in fidelity to that which Mr. Colman himself supplies. His examination was long, but it will repay perusal by its very amusing variety.

It was in February, 1824, that the Lord Chamberlain of England had to congratulate himself on the auspicious event of the accession of Mr. George Colman to his office, in the character of examiner of plays. An old offender, thought his Lordship, would make an excellent turnkey, and, as Mr. Colman had a very extensive experience of the *road*, he very cunningly appointed him to watch the marauders. The charge imposed on Mr. Colman on accepting office, is contained in the oath required of him on entering it; and all that it appears to bind the party to, is to be a true and faithful servant to the King—to hinder as far as he can whatever may in any wise be hurtful or prejudicial to his Majesty's royal person, state, crown, or dignity, and not only hinder it, but also reveal it to the Chamberlain, or some member of the Privy Council. The only part of the oath which has the least reference to the office itself, consists of a single brief sentence, in which the examiner pledges himself to serve the King truly and faithfully in the place and quality of examiner of all plays, tragedies, comedies, operas, interludes, or any other entertainment of the stage, of what denomination soever, and lastly, that he shall be obedient to the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Colman being asked in his examination in what sense he understood the obligation to serve his Majesty faithfully as to the examination of plays, replied, that he considered it as requiring him to take care that nothing should be introduced into plays which was profane or indecent, or morally or politically improper for the stage. He wished it to be known, however, that he was not the person who licensed—he merely examined the plays, and stated his opinion of each performance to the Chamberlain, who acted on this report as his Lordship thought fit. Mr. Colman declared to the committee, that he no further interfered directly than by recommending the omission of any palpably exceptionable passage, such as all oaths, together with religious expressions and allusions too sacred for the stage; and what he consi-

dered to be palpably exceptionable, consisted, according to his own explanation, of personal and political allusions, downright grossness and indecency, any thing that would be profane, or which any candid man must say was improper. This is Mr. Colman's theory, and now for his practice. We select the following amusing dialogue between this gentleman and some very facetious, but very unmerciful member of the select committee, as affording a striking demonstration of the agreement between what Mr. Colman *says*, and what Mr. Colman *does*:

'The committee have heard of your cutting out of a play the epithet "angel," as applied to a woman?—Yes, because it is a woman, I grant, but it is a celestial woman. It is an allusion to the scriptural angels, which are celestial bodies. Every man who has read his Bible understands what they are, or if he has not, I will refer him to Milton.

'Do you recollect the passage in which that was struck out?—No, I cannot charge my memory with it. I do not recollect that I struck out an angel or two, but most probably I have at some time or other.

'Milton's angels are not ladies?—No, but some scriptural angels are ladies, I believe. If you will look at Johnson's Dictionary, he will tell you they are celestial persons, commanded by God to interfere in terrestrial business.

'Supposing you were to leave the word "angel" in a play or farce, will you state your opinion as to what effect it would have on the public mind?—It is impossible for me to say what effect it would have; I am not able to enter into the breasts of every body who might be in gallery, pit, or boxes.

'But you must have some reason for erasing it?—Yes, because it alludes to a scriptural personage.

'Must an allusion to Scripture have an immoral effect?—I conceive all Scripture is much too sacred for the stage, except in very solemn scenes indeed, and that to bring things so sacred upon the stage becomes profane.

'What would be the result of using ordinary oaths, such as *Damme*, or any thing of that sort?—I think it is immoral and improper, to say nothing of the vulgarity of it in assemblies where high characters and females congregate; I certainly think it is improper, and beyond that, I believe you will find there are Acts of Parliament where swearing is restrained under a penalty.

'Do you speak from your experience as to the immoral effect, or is it your opinion merely?—It is my opinion of the practice in general. I have seen a great deal of the stage undoubtedly, and so far I can speak from experience. I think nobody has gone away from a theatre the better for hearing a great deal of cursing and swearing.

'How do you reconcile the opinion you have just given with your making use of those terms, such as *Damme*, or any of those small oaths which you say are immoral and improper, to say nothing of their vulgarity, in some of your own compositions which have met with great success on the stage?—If I had been the examiner I should have scratched them out, and would do so now; I was in a different position at that time, I was a careless immoral author, I am now the examiner of plays. I did my business as an author at that time, and I do my business as an examiner now.

'Do you suppose that those plays of yours (which were so pleasing to the public, and are acted still with great success, from which you have not the power of erasing those small oaths) have done much mischief to the morals of the town?—They have certainly done no good, and I am sorry I inserted the oaths. As a moral man, one gets a little wiser as one goes on, and I should be very happy to relieve my mind from the recollection of having written those oaths.

'Do you mean to say you regret being the author of "John Bull?"—No, that is a different thing; I might not be sorry to have made a good pudding, but if there are any bad plums in it, I should be glad to have them out.

'But do you not think that what you call the bad plums contributed to the success of the piece?—No, certainly not; it is from habit; the actors think it hammers the thing stronger if they use a "damme," for which they are liable to forty shillings penalty. I will give you an instance in one of my own plays. Habit has made it forcible and strong to say "damme," but if "hang me" were generally adopted, it would be as strong: that is perfectly harmless to me, though not to the person hanged, and it would be quite as forcible to the audience. Sir Simon Rochdale, in John Bull, says, "Damn me, if it isn't the brazier!" Now, putting a gentleman in that position is wrong; in the first instance, morally so; if he happened to make a mistake, and it was not the brazier, he would be damned. Now, if he said "Hang me if it isn't the brazier!" would not that do as well?

'In that play also you talk of Eve, there is a very good joke about Eve; one of the characters has no more idea of something, than Eve had of pin-money. Do you call that improper?—Yes, that had better be omitted.

'But the audience are always struck with that?—Yes; but I think all allusions to the Scripture had better be avoided; and recollect, I only recommend to the managers to leave it out; if they do not choose to leave it out I say nothing further about it. My directions to them, if directions they can be called, begin, "Please to omit the following underlined passages," and they do omit them or not as they please.'—pp. 59, 60.

Mr. Colman's repentance comes to maturity under very unlucky circumstances. As a popular play-wright, he cared not a farthing about the effect of a "*damme*" on the audience: he was an "immoral author," he tells us himself, and did his business as an author; but now he is an examiner of plays, he "does his business," he declares, "as an examiner;"—aye, Mr. Colman, and you take about four hundred pounds a year to boot, as the reward of your tardy loyalty to virtue. What strange figures does the current of some men's lives describe in their course! This represents a straight line, another is obliquely directed; but the career of such persons as Mr. Colman resembles, for all the world, the well known form of an acute angle, one-half of the life one way, the other in a totally different direction, each decussating with and tending to the extreme point of opposition from its fellow.

It appears, from Mr. Colman's evidence, that the licensing of theatres, and the licensing of plays, are in this day the merest

forms, the most unsubstantial shadows that ever yet imposed on the credulity of mankind. The Chamberlain, and the Chamberlain's esquire, the Don Quixote and the redoubted Sancho of the stage, buckle on the armour of Queen Elizabeth's day, and sallying forth, brandish their rust-eaten spears, to the infinite amusement of even his Majesty's gravest subjects. Players and managers literally laugh at my Lord Chamberlain, and his jurisdiction, and are just as easily intimidated by his menaces, as the Bishop of London would be frightened by an anathema from Rome. Even Mr. Colman acknowledges as much, so that it requires but a little combination and energy, to enable all whom it may concern, to cast down the glove of defiance before the Chamberlain, and the learned Panza at his heels, and then we shall see if one of the most babarous institutions which disgraced ancient times, be now capable of sustaining itself amongst an enlightened people. Even as it is, the Lord Chamberlain, or his examiner of plays, seems to be utterly destitute of the power of enforcing the authority of one of the claims of the other. Mr. Colman admits, that in one encounter at least he was worsted by the firmness of an opponent. This gentleman, in the wantonness of authority, deemed himself justified in placing oratorios in the same schedule as all dramatic performances, with respect to his fees; that is to say, he demanded his fee of two guineas for a license to authorize the performance of an oratorio. The name of this piece was Joseph and his Brethren; Mr. Hawes, the proprietor of it, obtained his licence, but when called on to pay Mr. Colman two guineas, he laughed at the examiner. "He played it," says the latter, in reply to a question by one of the committee, "he played it, and chuckled at his triumph, and sung and roared away. His oratorio went on; he had his licence, and I had *not* my two guineas." Thus it appears, that dramatic performances do take place without paying the fees; and whilst Mr. Colman cannot deny that this is the case, he comes off by the ingenious assertion, that if unlicensed performances take place, so do highway robberies, but that the one was as much contrary to law as the other. The committee seems to have been satisfied with this answer, and, of course, never directed Mr. Colman's attention to the important difference between the two cases in this respect, namely, that whilst highway robbers are regularly prosecuted and punished according to law, performers of unlicensed plays are neither prosecuted nor punished at all. With respect to the power of the Lord Chamberlain in theatrical matters, the committee propose certain modifications, which it is not improbable we shall ultimately find carried into effect. They recommend that the authority to license theatres throughout the metropolis, and in places of royal residence, should be exclusively in the Lord Chamberlain, and that his jurisdiction should be extended twenty miles round London; and that his Lordship should be empowered to grant liberty to all licensed

theatres to perform the legitimate drama, or any other species of dramatic entertainment, not excepted to by the censor. But as it is very properly conceded by the committee, that the number of theatres should, in some measure, be under the controul of the public, they have proposed the following important regulation:

'And your committee would therefore respectfully submit to the House, that if a requisition, signed by a majority of the resident householders in any large and populous parish or district, be presented to the Chamberlain, praying for his licence to a new theatre in the said parish or district, the Chamberlain should be bound to comply with the public wish. Your committee are of opinion, that all abuse in the exercise of the licence thus granted, would be effectually prevented, by leaving to the Chamberlain the power of applying to the Home Department for the summary suppression of any theatre which may notoriously have outraged the conditions of its license, or the rules of public decorum.'—p. 4.

The committee next recommend an alteration in the present regulations respecting the licensing of plays. The strange principle on which Mr. Colman exacts his emoluments, will be duly appreciated, when it is known that he makes the same charge for a song that he does for a five act tragedy. This is an improvement, no doubt, but it leaves the examiner of plays in the very same condition of imbecility as before. It is universally allowed, that the corrections of the censor have no influence whatever on the actors who perform at the minor theatres. If the censor strikes out a "damme," or a profane expression, the actor in whose part the obnoxious phrase occurs, will very seldom submit to the dictation of the examiner, or if he choose to exclude the actual language of the author in such instances, it is only that he may substitute what is infinitely more coarse and mischievous in its place. Thus it appears, that the power of the Chamberlain is effective only so far as the convenience of those to whom it applies will allow. His authority may be disobeyed, his ordinances may be despised; he has no certain means of vindicating the one, or of enforcing the other.

Thus much, by way of introduction, we thought it necessary to lay before the reader, in order to prepare him for the consideration of the subject, which forms, in our estimation, the most important of all those taken into consideration by the committee, we mean the subject of dramatic literature. A great deal of curious and authentic information under this head, is collected in the evidence before us, and it sets in the clearest light the gross and intolerable grievances to which dramatic authors are at this moment liable. Several of these gentlemen who have written the most popular of the recent productions for the stage, have been examined in reference to this subject, which has been likewise illustrated by the answers to occasional questions addressed to witnesses not immediately connected with the literary branch of the drama.

Captain Forbes, a principal proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, states, that his establishment, and that of Drury Lane, pay between them, to authors, a sum of 3,000*l.* a year. Last year, the proprietors of Covent Garden paid a sum of 1,750*l.* in which was included the remuneration to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, for the Hunchback. The maximum sum given for literary assistance at the two great theatres, is 900*l.*, and that sum was actually paid for Oberon, the music included. The practice in those matters at Covent Garden, is to pay from 200*l.* to 400*l.* for a three act piece, or to let the author take his chance of the produce of the nights. Sometimes there is a bargain for so much for each night's exhibition, up to nine times, and then so much if the play holds out for twenty successive performances. Captain Forbes is extremely anxious to impress on the committee, that the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, are peculiarly disposed to act with generosity to authors. He wishes the committee, and the world, to believe, that he himself is a very Mecænas of dramatic poets, and that his theatre is expressly carried on for the purpose of fostering literary talent. All this, however, turns out to be a mere flourish of the fancy, for the bold Captain is obliged to confess, that Mr. Kenney has been so indifferently protected in the embraces of the Covent Garden patrons of genius, that he has not been able to obtain the whole of the sum which is due to him for his late successful production, called the Irish Ambassador. With respect to the judgment which is formed of a piece, handed in for the purpose of being acted, Captain Forbes gives us the following curious particulars:

'Who is the person that decides upon the merits of plays at Covent Garden theatre?—Sometimes one and sometimes another. On one occasion, I will take the liberty of stating, there was a play of a man we wished to please, and I put it into Mr. Fawcett's hands. I had not read it, but I was obliged to decide myself whether the play should be produced or not, as we were anxious it should, and after Mr. Fawcett had read it, he came to me and said, "Bring this out? Why, it is no more like a play than it is like a leg of mutton!"

'As you have the monopoly of performing the legitimate drama, will you give a list of the tragedies and comedies, or legitimate dramas, you have produced at your theatre?—For one season, or for a number of years?

'For the last ten years?—That can be done, but I am not in possession of such a list at present.

'Was not Clari first brought out at your theatre?—Yes.

'What did you give for that?—100*l.*

'Has any new piece of yours you produced run so long as that?—No, I believe not.

'When you have bought a copyright of new plays, do you not sometimes make a bargain with the other theatres to allow them to perform them occasionally?—No, I believe very rarely; I do not know an instance.

'Does not the production of a new play depend very much on its being agreeable to particular actors?—I am very glad that suggestion has come from the committee, because I will state some particulars as to that. The greatest pains are taken in every possible way to obtain the best plays: they are read attentively, and the party will not trust his own judgment; but unless it is exceedingly good, he submits it to a second, and sometimes a third party; and the play is then read in the green-room.

'That is when it is accepted?—Yes.

'But before the play is accepted, must it not, generally speaking, go through the ordeal of the approbation of the leading actor or actors of the theatres?—No. Sometimes we find, on reading the play over, that they will not act their parts; but in reply to that question, I beg to state, that after a play has been read in the green-room, I have seen the performers delighted with their parts, and I have seen that go on until the day of the night of representation; and then I was more nervous than when every one of them hated it, because three times out of four when they are delighted with their parts, the play does not succeed; and I have seen when they were of a contrary opinion, it has succeeded. You see this is what the theatres are subject to. We cannot bring out a piece under 200*l.* generally, and some pieces cost us 2,000*l.* You see what risks we run, and often our sole hopes are blasted in an instant.

'How do you account for the performers being so deceived?—You cannot account for it; it is the most capricious thing in the universe.

'You stated a new play is immediately read; is that the fact?—It is sometimes immediately read.

'Do you not know that Tobin's Honey Moon remained sixteen years without being read?—I do not know the fact; it was before my time; we frequently have only the first act of plays, and we are anxiously waiting for the second and third.'—p. 113.

Mr. Thomas Serle, an author as well as actor, states, that the writers for the drama in general, consider themselves sufficiently well paid, but that what they chiefly complain of is, that they lose time in getting their pieces read and decided on, and thus they are unable to pursue dramatic writing in a permanent manner, as they would any ordinary art. Miss Mitford's Rienzi was "on the shelf" in Covent Garden Theatre for four years. Foscari shared the same fate.

Mr. Beazley, the eminent architect, has also been examined in respect of his experience as a dramatic author. In one year alone he received 840*l.* from Covent Garden. But he had the good sense to adhere to what he calls the "old plan," that is, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for each of the first nine nights, and then 100*l.* the twentieth night. So far then, as he is concerned, sufficient encouragement has been afforded to literary talent by the theatres. Upon the same interesting subject, the opinion of Mr. Macready was taken. He has acknowledged, that in consequence of the diffusion of intelligence and of literature throughout the country of late years, individuals in their own homes and in their libraries, have the advantage of those resources which they formerly looked for at the theatres. The novels and romances of modern times are quite adequate, in this

gentleman's opinion, to procure the same excitement and amusement at his fire-side for every person who hitherto was under the necessity of having recourse to the theatre. This is doubtless one cause of the low ebb to which dramatic literature has degenerated, at least amongst the reading public. A bookseller now pays no more than 30*l.* in a case where formerly he could afford at least 100*l.* Dramatic authors, according to Mr. Macready, obtain nothing from the booksellers, their only hope of reward being altogether limited to the success of their productions on the stage. With respect to the rights of authors over their productions, Mr. Macready gives the following very creditable opinion:

'You have performed in the country a great number of tragedies which have been first produced in London, and you receive for those performances in the country a part of the profits resulting from those performances?—Yes.

'But the author received nothing?—Nothing.

'Do you conceive it would be a benefit to dramatic literature that such an arrangement should be made as would insure to the author any portion of the profits of his play from the performances in the country?—Most undoubtedly, I do; I think it would be only justice to him and a benefit to dramatic literature; at the same time, it should be done very carefully, inasmuch as sometimes the receipts of the provincial theatres may be very small; you may prevent the play from being acted altogether; and therefore, if it had a reference to the second or third night upon which it was performed, it would be hard, because a play which succeeded in London might fail in the country.

'Would you think it right to prevent a manager in the country from acting any play in the country without the author's sanction, and to leave the author to make his own agreement with the country manager?—Undoubtedly; and that was the law, excepting in the case of publication. Macklin, for a considerable time, held the pieces he wrote in his own power, and threatened to prosecute country managers that performed his plays; I believe it is the author's property till it is published; but I think it is very hard that the author should not derive benefit from the acting of it even after it is published.

'You would think it right to give the author a species of copyright in the acting of his play?—Yes.

'Could not a country manager evade it by altering a few passages?—That was done in the School for Scandal.

'Might not he do it by altering the title?—That would not answer, because it would not attract unless he gave the same title.'—pp. 136.]

Mr. Thomas Morton, another witness, complains, with great reason, that the theatres act plays without the authority of the authors of these plays, and this too without any respect being paid to either manuscript or printed copy. The average remuneration obtained for a successful tragedy or comedy, within this gentleman's experience, has varied considerably, and is now much less than it formerly was: this result he attributes to the falling off

of the attendance of the public at theatres, and the consequent diminution of the funds available for the purchase of meritorious productions. The same circumstance is offered by this witness as a cause for the present deteriorated state of the drama, and with this he would conjoin, as another principal source of that degeneracy, the exclusive devotion of the fine talents of the country to periodical literature and novel writing. Mr. Morton is a sufferer in common with all his cotemporaries, from the illegal, yet unpunishable, invasion of his property by provincial managers.

Mr. D. E. Morris, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, differs in a great variety of particulars from the last witness. He is completely at issue with Mr. Morton respecting the comparative rate of payment to dramatic authors now and in former times, and says that the differences are considerably in favour of the writers of the present day. This assertion he endeavours to support by a reference to the old books of the Haymarket Theatre from the days of Foote to his own era. From these authorities he has been able to show that the sums given to some of the most successful authors who flourished twenty and thirty years ago for their productions, are less, and that too, in some remarkable instances, by one-third, than those which modern dramatic writers of still inferior merit receive. Mr. Morris quotes, as an example, the case of O'Keefe, the details of which are interesting:

'The farce of the Son-in-Law, written by O'Keefe, the sum paid for that was forty guineas; it was produced in 1779, and the sum paid was forty guineas; it is a manuscript, now belonging to the Haymarket theatre.

'I believe that piece had a very great run?—Immense at the time.

'And was nothing paid further than that?—Nothing was paid further than that. Another piece, a play called the Summer Amusement, written by Mr. Andrews; this was a regular full play; and in the year 1780 he received 64*l.* 10*s.* for it.

'I believe that play was not acted many nights?—Yes, it was acted for several seasons; the sum paid for that was 64*l.* 10*s.* Then in 1781, the following year, another successful farce of Mr. O'Keefe's was played, called Dead Alive, in which Edwin, the celebrated Mr. Edwin, was particularly eminent; and the sum for that was forty guineas; then in the following year comes the still more celebrated and successful piece, called the Agreeable Surprise, which is still a Haymarket manuscript: the sum paid for that was forty guineas; so that here are three farces of O'Keefe's, which were all most successful, and they all appear to be remunerated at the same rate.

'These sums were paid by agreement, not according to the receipts of the house?—I cannot tell precisely; but these were the sums absolutely paid for them. I conceive at the period these sums were paid, the authors had no certainty of receiving anything at all, but they went upon their chance of the profit on the sixth night of representation. At this period (I am now speaking of the farce), the remuneration to an author, or rather his chance of remuneration, was whether there was a profit on the sixth night; for that night was called the author's night of the farce.

'Not the third night?—No, it was on the sixth night; he had no profit till it had been played six nights; if it run six nights, then he received whatever sum there was, after deducting the expenses of the house; the receipts of the house at that period were 60*l.* At that time, the highest salary given to the most eminent performer was 10*l.* or 12*l.* a week. I remember John Kemble when he came out, at a much later period than I am now instancing, when he came out in Octavian, in Colman's play of the Mountaineers, his salary was 12*l.* a week, and no more.

'What were the prices then?—The prices were the same as they are at present; we have never varied them since the days of Foote.

'Was the theatre much smaller than it is now?—The difference was somewhere about 40*l.*; the old theatre held 280*l.*, and we have had 320*l.* in this.

'Has not Mr. Colman received a large sum for some of his plays; has he not received 1,000*l.*?—I believe something very near that for the Africans; but the Covent Garden people have set the example of giving Mr. Colman an unprecedented sum, which he never received before, which was 1,000*l.* for John Bull; but then it must be added, that no play ever succeeded to the extent that John Bull did; I understood that they cleared 16,000*l.* the season Mr. Colman brought out John Bull.

'Was that 1,000*l.* paid in consequence of an agreement made before it or not?—It was in consequence of the success, I believe; in consequence of the great success.

'Do you know how many nights it was played?—I do not; I made no memorandum.

'Had Mr. O'Keefe any permanent engagement for the Haymarket theatre?—None whatever; I have some memorandums of other pieces, if you wish me to state them.

'If you please.—Now we come to a regular comedy written by O'Keefe, the Young Quaker, which is a five-act regular comedy, a full play, and he received for that 102*l.* 12*s.* Then I conceive that for this regular play he must have stood on the then understanding, that for a five-act comedy he should have the profits of three nights, the third, the sixth, and the ninth. I see by the sum running up to an odd sum, 100*l.* and a fraction, that must have been the amount of his profits for three nights; and the understanding at that time was, that he was to have the surplus of the profits for three nights, after deducting the expenses of the house.

"Have you any other memorandums?—Then came another piece of O'Keefe's, Peeping Tom, for which I see 50*l.* was paid; then here is another piece by the same author, in which Edwin was very successful, a piece called the Beggar on Horseback, he only received thirty guineas for that; it was not so successful as the rest, and he only received thirty guineas for it.

'When was that?—That was in 1785. Then here is the Children in the Wood; I believe that came out in 1794, and the sum standing in the Haymarket books that he received was 61*l.* 8*s.*'—pp. 150, 151.

If we refer to the amount of the remuneration which is given, on the average, to modern caterers for the drama, we shall find that the latter might well be objects of envy to the former. Paul Pry, for instance, was purchased before it was performed: the manager took it for better for worse, and paid a round sum, equal

almost to the amount paid to O'Keefe for two of his copyrights in his most popular days. This sum thus paid for Paul Pry was augmented by voluntary payments subsequently, and Mr. Poole, the author, ultimately received a total of 400*l.*

The case of hardship which Mr. Douglas Jerrold, another dramatic author, states, still more strikingly developes the injustice of the present state of the law. This gentleman is the writer of the very popular piece called, Black Eyed Susan. This drama was written expressly for the Surrey Theatre, and the author received for it no more than the sum of 60*l.* It was played 150 nights at the Surrey, but after its publication the proprietors of other theatres took it up, and had it performed at their establishments in defiance of all the laws of equity as well as morality. Black Eyed Susan was played 400 nights in the course of the first year after its production, and yet the author received for it (copyright and all) no more than 60*l.* On Mr. Jerrold making this statement, a member of the committee proceeded to ask the following questions:

'Sixty pounds?—Yes.

'That was from the first theatre?—Yes.

'Do you suppose if the other theatres had had to remunerate you, they would have acted it?—Certainly. It would have amounted to a great sum to me if it had been paid even on the humble terms of five shillings a night throughout the country.

'Was it published?—It was.

'Then the Surrey theatre has lost all control over it?—Yes, but I could have had no control over it, if it had not been published.

'Did you receive any thing from the publisher?—I received 10*l.* for the copyright, which, with 50*l.* I received from the theatre, make the 60*l.* I only received 60*l.* altogether. If it had not been published I should not have received more money, as in the instance of the Rent-day. That piece was played in the country a fortnight after it was produced at Drury Lane, and I have a letter in my pocket in which the manager said he would very willingly have given me 5*l.* for a copy of the piece, had he not before paid 2*l.* for it to some stranger.

'Some stranger?—Yes, I have no doubt where he got it from. There is an agency office where they are obtained.

'What agency office?—Mr. Kenneth, at the corner of Bow-street, will supply any gentleman with any manuscript on the lowest terms.

'How does he procure them; is it by a short-hand writer in the theatre?—He steals them somehow; he has no right to them.

'This is previous to publication?—Previous to publication.

'It must be done by a short-hand writer?—I do not know how it is done. I offered to sell correct copies of the Rent-day for 5*l.* because an author receives a double injury: in the first place, they are not paid for their pieces, and, in the next place, they are represented by the skeletons of their dramas; so that, as it was emphatically said by a sufferer, the author was not only robbed but murdered.

'You could have procured an injunction?—If I had gone into Chancery.

'You consulted no lawyer?—No; I understood generally that was the only means of obtaining redress.

'Do you consider the remuneration to dramatic authors is not sufficient to attract first-rate talent to that branch of composition?—Certainly not, when periodical writing and novels are so highly paid for. A gentleman will get 1,000*l.* for a novel, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles only got 400*l.* for the Hunchback.

'Did you apply to Covent Garden for additional remuneration for Black Eyed Susan?—I did; and I received a letter from Mr. Bartley, the manager, in which he expressed something more than surprise at the request, and said the representation of that piece at Covent Garden theatre had done me a great deal of good. I have not yet discovered that.

'In point of reputation, he meant?—The reputation I acquired did not give me sufficient influence to get a piece brought out the next season at Covent Garden.

'But certainly the reputation of being the author of a piece which had been played so many nights would do you good?—Not at Covent Garden. It was played thirty nights there, and Mr. Cooke left Covent Garden to play at the Surrey.

'On what stage did it appear to the most advantage?—On the Surrey, certainly; in fact, it was infinitely better played at the Surrey than Covent Garden.

'What did you receive for the Rent-day at Drury Lane?—150*l.*

'How many nights has it been acted?—I am not certain, for I was out of town towards the close: I believe either forty-three or forty-four.

'Did you receive the 150*l.* at the close?—On the twenty-fifth night.

'Have you considered at all what legislative provision could be made which would benefit authors in that respect?—I think a very heavy penalty upon any manager who should represent a piece without the author's consent.'—pp. 156—157.

The examination of Mr. Mathews drew from that well-known actor a great deal of curious information, curiously told. He seems to have treated the committee as a small audience who had actually paid him for a day's amusement. He is as facetious as if he were dining in the Mansion-house, and quotes Shakspeare, and mimics the actors with as much indifference as he is wont to do on the stage. Mr. Mathews's account of the decline of the drama in this country, supplies quite a melancholy picture. He meets young gentlemen, he says, who

'Formerly used to think it almost a crime not to go to the theatre; but they now ask, "Whereabouts is Covent Garden theatre?" although the same people would faint away if you thought they had not been to the Italian Opera. If they are asked whether they have seen Kean or not lately, they will say, "Kean? Kean? No; where does he act? I have not been there these three years." Formerly it was the fashion to go to the theatre, but now a lady cannot show her face at table next day, and say she has been at the theatre. If they are asked whether they have been at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, they say, "Oh dear, no! I never go there, it is too low!"

'When was it not the fashion to go to the theatre?—I think it has

increased very much. I think I can remember when it was not the fashion to the extent it is now. I remember the time when it was no shame to go to see the legitimate drama; but it is now.

'Do you not think that may be the result of the acting not being sufficiently good?—I want to know when the actors have not been sufficiently good for them. There is no demand for a time, and then it becomes the fashion again. It was the fashion to go and see Miss O'Neil for a season, and Mr. Kean for a season; if they were real and sincere admirers of those actors, they would follow them, but we find theatres at which they act drop down from 600*l.* to 100*l.*

'Have you ever seen any indifference on the part of people of fashion to go to Covent Garden or Drury Lane, when the performances were good, such as the Hunchback?—No; I have been contending for that. I made use of the expression, "it is scotched, but not killed." I do not believe the taste is at all extinct. I believe it is to be revived; but it would have a much better chance if it were not thrown open, in my opinion.'—p. 173.

One of the most fruitful of modern dramatic authors is Mr. W. T. Moncrieff, who at the period of his examination before the select committee, could boast of a number of literary offspring amounting to no less than two hundred. He, too, complains of the predatory system which has so long been observed as the law of relation between one theatre and another in this metropolis. According to Mr. Moncrieff's testimony, the habit of lawless plunder of poor authors finds as constant patrons in the proprietors of the large as in those of the minor theatrical establishments of London. He himself has suffered materially by the present imperfect state of the law on this subject, and he feelingly observes, that had this country only imitated France in her regulations respecting the rights of dramatic authors, he himself would then be one of the richest instead of being one of the poorest of men.

From the evidence of Mr. Bartley, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, we extract a passage which clears up an accusation highly calculated to injure the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre. It has been frequently stated in the public journals, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles's excellent play called the Hunchback, was presented to Drury Lane and deliberately rejected, and an inference is naturally attempted to be drawn from this fact against the soundness of the judgment which presides over the administration of Old Drury. Mr. Bartley places the facts in their true light, and, in accordance with the rules of justice, we shall afford them the best opportunity of being widely circulated:

'Are you aware that this Hunchback, which you so deservedly praise, was refused at one theatre, and that it could not be acted till it was taken from that theatre and subjected to another?—I do not believe that it was positively refused at either theatre.

'Was it not refused?—No; I heard Mr. Knowles read a part of it before it was finished, and that was in the latter part of last spring, and he read in my presence at Mr. Kemble's house detached scenes only of the

Hunchback, objecting to read any part of the minor plot of the drama. He merely read a few of the principal serious scenes, and he then asked Mr. Kemble to give him then and there 500*l.* for the play as it stood. Mr. Kemble said it was impossible for the proprietors of Covent Garden to give him any such sum for an unfinished play; that Mr. Knowles read the play exceedingly well, and before he implicated his brother proprietors, he wished to be allowed to read the play himself, and Mr. Knowles refused, put it into his pocket and left the house, and said, "You will hear no more of this." Then he went with it to Drury Lane (but it was not two years ago, for I am speaking now to what happened, as well as my memory serves me, fifteen months ago). The play was completed, and taken to Drury Lane; and all I know is, that Mr. Knowles returned to Covent Garden, and said he wished to act in it himself, and that it should be acted at Covent Garden. He said he found they were mad after opera at Drury Lane, and therefore, he said, he should take the play from them. I happened to be in the room at the time, and I said, "Are you still resolved to have 500*l.* for it, for the treasury of Covent Garden is not in a situation to pay you 500*l.* for a play that may not succeed?" He knew we all thought highly of it; for, after his reading it, I never saw him in the street or met him anywhere, but I asked him what had become of the Hunchback?

'Was it refused solely upon account of his demanding 500*l.* for it?—Yes, and it was not then finished, and he demanded that sum for an unfinished play; that was at the latter end of last season, about fourteen or fifteen months ago. After that time it must have been finished, and he took it to Drury Lane, from whence he brought it in a little anger, and said to us, "When will you bring it out?" (Miss Fanny Kemble's play was then in rehearsal) and we said, "It shall be the next play acted, unless any indisposition on the part of the performers should render it impossible." With that he was very well satisfied.'—p. 186.

It would be useless to accumulate testimonies in confirmation of the truth that dramatic authors are now exposed to a most injurious system of oppression; neither is it necessary for us to dilate on the propriety, or rather necessity, of taking the speediest means of extinguishing that system. It is idle to expect that men of competent ability will cultivate the drama, when the fruits of all their labours may be extorted from them in a moment, and turned to the uses of others. There is no reason why the author of a published tragedy or comedy should not be entitled to the same protection from the law which is given to the writer of a work in any other department of literature. The performance of a play in a theatre, to which the world may have indiscriminate access, cannot surely be a cause why the author of that play should have a less perfect possession over the copyright, than the novelist has over that of the tale which amuses thousands by their firesides. We sincerely hope, therefore, that the time is not distant, when the rights of dramatic authors will receive the full protection of the law, and, when the name of England will be no longer degraded by cherishing in her bosom a system which

enables fools and knaves to reap the profitable harvest that has been sown by genius and industry.

With respect to the controversy between the major and the minor theatres, we are quite sure that it will never be settled by legislative interference. The public will soon decide how little are the claims which a barbarous monopoly possesses to the support of an enlightened people.

ART. II.—*Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the Use of Emigrants.* By A BACKWOODSMAN. pp. 120. London: John Murray. 1832.

WE shall not enter at present into any disquisition as to the causes which have produced, and are now producing, the pauperism so universally prevalent throughout the country. To whatever it may be ascribed, whether to an excess of population beyond the means of support, or to the interruption of useful and profitable industry consequent to the political changes that have recently taken place, it is certain that the number of persons soliciting employment, compared with the demand for their labour and the means of remunerating it, is so great, that very many are altogether unemployed, and that wages are reduced to the lowest sum that can purchase the smallest supply of the cheapest food, by which mere animal existence can be sustained.

Various plans of relief, by means of emigration, have been suggested from time to time, both in and out of Parliament, which have undergone discussion in this and other public journals. The generality of the plans were too extravagant to be reduced to practice; for instance, Mr. Wilmot Thornton's proposal of transporting whole colonies of our fellow subjects, annually, across the seas, to our distant settlements, at an expense which would necessarily be enormous, and which, had it been acted upon for any length of time, would have thrown the whole operative portion of the community into a state of discontent, and, would in other ways, sooner or later, have produced a disastrous change in the social state of this country.

Other persons have gone to the opposite extreme, and deprecated the slightest interference of Government, either in the conveyance or location of emigrants to our immense fertile and unpeopled settlements in Southern Africa, Australia, and North America.

We propose a middle course, that is, that Government should offer facilities for the gratuitous conveyance of emigrants to any British settlement they may desire to go, leaving it, in most instances, to the emigrants themselves, to choose the manner and mode of employment they think they are most useful in.

If an emigrant asked our opinion as to which among the numerous and distant settlements of the British empire, we should recommend him to emigrate to, we say, the British dominions in North America. They comprise the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with their dependencies. The situation and boundaries of these provinces, can be more easily learned from the inspection of a map, than they could be by any description. The shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are washed by the Atlantic ocean; and the river St. Lawrence, by its communication with the great American lakes, gives to Canada all the benefits of the most extensive inland navigation, and forms a natural outlet for her surplus produce, as well as for the surplus produce of that part of the United States which is washed by the lakes. There is every variety in the soil and climate of these vast regions. In Lower Canada the winter is very severe, the surface of the country being covered with snow for nearly half a year. From the beginning of December to the middle of April, the St. Lawrence is frozen over, and affords a smooth and uninterrupted passage for the sledges, with which it is then covered. But though severe, the climate is far from being either unhealthy or disagreeable. The weather is generally clear and bracing, and the labour of artizans at their out-door employments is rarely suspended for many days in succession. On the breaking up of the ice in the latter end of April or beginning of May the powers of vegetation almost immediately resume their extraordinary activity, and bring on the fine season with a rapidity that is astonishing to a stranger. The highest summer temperature in Lower Canada varies from 96° to 104° Farenheit; but the purity of the atmosphere abates the oppressive heat that is felt in many countries when the mercury ranges so high, and the weather is, on the whole, decidedly pleasant. It has been ascertained that the province of Lower Canada contained, a twelvemonth since, about 560,000 inhabitants, a majority of which reside near the banks of the St. Lawrence.

It is impossible to form any estimate with respect to the number of emigrants that might advantageously establish themselves in Lower Canada. At first sight, we might say that it could support, in ease and comfort, six millions, but there are certain disadvantages incident to extensive districts from want of markets, and the injudicious mode in which the lots already occupied have been laid; there can at all events be no doubt that, were it necessary, from 300,000 to 400,000 emigrants might be advantageously located in the province.

That part of the province of Upper Canada which stretches from Lake Limcoe, and the rivers Trent and Severn, westward to Lake Huron and the St. Clair river, and southward to Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, has a soil of extraordinary fertility, capable of producing the most luxuriant crops of wheat, and every other sort of grain. 'The climate,' says Mr. Bouschette, in his topographi-

cal description of Canada, 'is so particularly salubrious, that epidemic diseases, either among men or cattle, are almost entirely unknown. Its influence upon the fertility of the soil is more generally perceptible than it is in Lower Canada, and is supposed to be congenial to vegetation in a much superior degree. The winters are shorter, and not always marked with such rigour as in the latter. The duration of the frost is always accompanied with a fine clear sky, and a dry atmosphere. The spring opens, and the resumption of agricultural labour takes place from six weeks to two months earlier than in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The summer heats rarely prevail to excess, and the autumns are usually very friendly to the harvest, and favourable for securing all the late crops. The country on the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, as far west as the St. Clair Lake, is laid out in townships, and partly settled; but the population is so very thin, averaging not more than twenty persons to a square mile in the settled townships, while the fertility of the soil is such that 120 persons to a square mile would not be a dense population. To the north of the river Thames, along the banks of the river St. Clair, and the shore of Lake Huron, afford the finest situations for settlements. The soil is generally of the greatest fertility, the river and lake teem with fish, and every variety of the best timber is found in the greatest profusion. In 1782 the settlers in Upper Canada were estimated at only 10,000. In 1820 they amounted, according to Mr. Gourlay, to upwards of 134,000, and may now probably amount to 300,000, a miserably small population for a country that could easily support *many millions* of inhabitants in a state of the greatest comfort and abundance.

The winters in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are more severe than in Upper Canada, and they are much infested with fogs and mists; but their greater proximity to England, and their favourable situation for the fishing trade, give them considerable advantages.

This brief and imperfect notice of the British possessions in North America, is sufficient to show that they possess the most ample means of providing for any number of emigrants that could possibly wish to go there. We now come to the expense of and preparations necessary to be made by an emigrant, upon which subject let our author speak:

'When a man has determined to quit home, and settle himself in a foreign land, and he should not do so on slight grounds, much trouble and vexation may be saved by his taking a little good advice, and that we are about to give in this chapter, in so far as emigration to Canada is concerned.

'It cannot be too strongly impressed upon emigrants the inexpediency of carrying to the woods of Upper Canada heavy lumbering articles of wooden furniture. All these can be procured here for far less than the cost of transport from Quebec and Montreal. The only exception to this

rule is, when a person has valuable furniture for which he cannot get any thing like a reasonable price at home; and in that case, it may be cheaper to carry it to Canada than to sacrifice it in England. But, as a general rule, mahogany furniture is not in keeping with the rest of a Canadian establishment; and our own black walnut makes, in my opinion, more handsome furniture than mahogany, and possesses this great advantage over its more costly and exotic neighbour, that it does not so easily stain,—a property which saves much scrubbing and not a little scolding in families. Clothes, more particularly coarse clothing, such as slops and shooting jackets, bedding, shirts, (made, for making is expensive here,) cooking utensils, a clock or time-piece, books packed in barrels, hosiery, and, above all, boots and shoes, (for what they call leather in this continent is much more closely allied to *hide* than leather, and one pair of English shoes will easily outlast three such as we have here,) are among the articles that will be found most useful. As a general rule also, every thing that is made of metal, (for ironmongery is very dear,) as well as gardening and the *iron* parts of farming tools, and a few of the most common carpenter's tools, can never come amiss; for, though a man may not be artist enough to make money as a carpenter for other people, he may save a great deal himself by having the means within his reach of driving a nail or putting in a pane of glass. A few medicines ought to be taken for the voyage, and those chiefly of the purgative kind, as ships are very frequently but indifferently furnished with a medicine chest. Among these I would recommeud Anderson's, or any other of the aloetic and colocynth pills, Epsom salts, magnesia and emetics, made up in doses. If you take Seidlitz powders, or soda powders, or any of that tribe of acids and alkalies, let them be made up in phials, well stopped, not, as usual, in papers, for in that case they will get melted, or (as the learned express it) deliquate before the passage is half over. With these phials will of course be required measures, to take out the proper proportions of each powder. Fishing and shooting tackle ought also to be taken; but of these I shall come to speak more at large when I treat, as I mean to do in a separate chapter, of the field-sports of Upper Canada.

'In the choice of a ship, steerage passengers should look out for one high, roomy, and airy between decks; and there can be no great difficulty in finding one of that description, as a very great number of the timber ships are so constructed. A fast sailer also should be preferred; for the difference of a fortnight or three weeks in arriving at your destination may make the difference of nearly a year's subsistence to the emigrant. If he arrive in time to put in a small crop of potatoes, turnips, oats, Indian corn, and a little garden stuff, it will go a great way towards the maintenance of a family for the first year, as it will enable them to feed pigs and keep a cow, which they could not otherwise accomplish. For a similar reason, it will be to the obvious advantage of all setlers to come out in the earliest ships that sail.

'To all passengers, but more especially to those of the cabin, a civil, good-tempered captain ought to be a very great inducement to sail in his ship,—as much of the comfort or discomfort of a voyage depends upon him. There are many of the regular traders between Montreal and Greenock and Liverpool who answer this description, as well as on the London and Liverpool lines to New York. And to any person who goes by the latter route, I would strongly recommend my worthy, though

diminutive friend, Captain Holridge, of the Silas Richards. Above all, passengers of every description should ascertain, that the captain with whom they sail is a sober man; for the most fatal accidents may occur, and have occurred, from drunkenness on the part of the officers of the ship. I prefer coming to Canada *via* Montreal, as it saves money, time, and transhipment of baggage.

'It is a question often asked, how should money be taken to Canada? I reply, in any way except in goods. Not that I have not often known that mode of bringing it prove highly profitable; but it is a risk; few who come out being good judges of the price of goods at home, and none of them knowing what kind of goods will suit the Canada markets. British silver or gold make a very good investment; as the former is bought up by merchants and tradesmen, and used to purchase bills on the Treasury through the Commissariat, and the latter is remitted by the same classes to meet their engagements in England. A sovereign generally fetches 23*s.* or 24*s.* currency, that is 5*s.* to the dollar;—1*s.* shilling sterling passes for 1*s.* 2*d.* currency;—so that either description of bullion gives a good remittance. One great objection, however, to bringing out money, is the liability there is of losing or being robbed of it; so that, upon the whole, the better way perhaps may be, to lodge it with T. Wilson and Co. of Austin Friars, Agents for the Bank of Upper Canada, or at the Canada Company's Office in St. Helen's Place, taking an acknowledgment; and then you can draw upon the fund from Canada, receiving the premium of the day on the exchange.'—pp. 13—17.

After having arrived at Quebec, or some other town in the Canadas, our author advises the emigrants to set about instantly the object that brought them there; for, as he justly says, that by dawdling about Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, or York, an emigrant will spend more money and lose more time than, if properly employed, might have lodged and fed himself and family during the first and worst years of his residence in the New World. After discussing the qualities of the various tracts of land to be disposed of, our author treats of the field sports of Canada, where, if he is to be believed, poachers would be a useful class of men.

'If any one doubted the doctrine of original sin and the innate perverseness of mankind, the conduct of the English emigrants arriving in this country would go a good way to convert him to a more orthodox way of thinking. There have arrived in the province within these three last years perhaps 15,000 English agricultural labourers; and it is no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose that every twentieth man of them, when at home, was a poacher, or at least had some practical knowledge of the use of a fowling piece, and had in his days infringed on the laws of the land in defiance of the wrath and displeasure of the squire, the denunciations of the parson, the terrors of the gaol, the treadmill, the hulks and Botany Bay, and the disgrace which attaches to one whose life is an habitual war with the laws. Yet, when these fellows have been a few months in Canada, they no more think of shooting than if they were cockneys. And why? Because here it would be not only a harmless amusement, but an honest, respectable and useful mode of making the two ends of the year meet, while there it was fraught with danger to both

life and character. Accordingly we find, that York, on the banks of a lake, and surrounded by a forest, is not to say indifferently supplied, but positively without anything like a regular supply of fish or game; and when you do by accident stumble on a brace of partridges, or a couple of wild ducks, you pay more for them than you would in almost any part of Great Britain, London excepted. In fact, unless a man is himself a sportsman, or has friends who are so, and who send him game, he may live seven years in York, and, with the exception of an occasional haunch or saddle of venison, may never see game on his table. I wonder, would a total repeal of the game laws produce anything of a similar effect at home?

'Few people, then, in this country, except such whose sporting propensities have still stuck by them, and some officers at the different garrisons, who want something to kill the time, engage in a regular day's shooting; but when a man goes into the woods, at any rate he takes his gun with him, in case he should fall in with a deer that might replenish his stock of provisions, or a bear whose skin he may wish to borrow against next winter.

'Many gentlemen coming out to Canada think, that as the country is rough, nothing but the spaniel or setter will do. There cannot be a greater mistake. A setter is useless when he is not under your eye, and that he never can be for any very long time in Canada: he is naturally rash and self-willed, and no error that he commits can with safety be passed over without a most unmerciful castigation, if you mean that he shall ever stand the least in awe of you; but when he finds that only one fault out of ten which he commits can be detected, he will take his beating for that, in the hope that he will escape the next time, (for with animals, as with man, it is much more the certainty than the quantum of punishment that renders it efficacious,) and you will soon find that he will scamper into the midst of a covey, and follow them full cry under your very nose. Therefore, before you sail for Canada, make a present of your setter Carlo to your cousin, who is going to the north next August for the grouse season: there his strength and travel will render him invaluable, his rough feet never be injured by the heather, and above all, the openness of the moor will enable his master to observe his every motion at a mile's distance; and bring to this country your smooth-haired pointers, Juno and Ponto, whose more gentle, docile, and timid dispositions will render them more amenable to your voice and whistle when out of your sight, and whom, if they do offend, one sound drubbing will overawe for four-and-twenty hours at least.

'In pheasant shooting the cocker would be useful; for pheasants are found in swamps and close cover where it is very difficult to go, and when once sprung, the barking of the dog makes them sooner take to a tree again, where the continuation of the uproar at once makes them sit, and warns you where they are to be found.

'Of dogs that follow by scent, I should prefer the stag-hound, and if he has a cross of the blood-hound, so much the better. Study his voice as sedulously as you would that of Mr. Braham, or Madame Pasta; for on his musical powers much of his usefulness as a member of society depends. His business is to hunt the deer into the water; and as you must attack in a canoe, and may be at a great distance at the time, it is necessary that he should possess a sufficiently powerful bravura to let you know where you are wanted though three miles off.

'Greyhounds have been calumniated in this country. It is said first, that they won't live; and second, that they would be of no use if they did. —I deny both the one assertion and the other; for I have seen many live greyhounds in this country; and though a small, thin-skinned, silky-haired, drawing-room pet of a Surrey hound cannot be expected to dash through thick cover that would endanger the safety of its slender limbs, yet, could a wolf-hound, or failing that, a strong, rough, wire-haired monster, such as is used in the hilly districts of Scotland, be introduced, I think he might prove effective in the woods with fox, deer, or wolf, and at all events would breed lurchers,—a highly valuable dog in this country, where we are apt to apply to the taking of game, the rule that Napoleon applied to the taking of nations, viz. that the end justifies the means. In fact, Transatlantic sporting is a very *non quo sed quomodo* kind of proceeding. Wherever there are vermin, terriers are invaluable. In Canada there are plenty of the former, therefore let the latter be brought hither. The Scotch wire-haired, black-muzzled, or the English snow-ball, is the best.

'If you have a rifle, you may just as well bring it, or, if you have plenty of money, you may buy one from Nock, who is the best maker in London; but if you have a good town-made double-barrel, a rifle is unnecessary, as a little ball-practice will enable you to put a ball into a playing card at thirty-five or forty paces, and that is as far out as, during the greater part of the year, you will ever see deer; and by loading one barrel with shot, and the other with ball or buck-shot, you are *in utrumque paratus*. In India, the deer and tiger hunters have long exchanged the rifle for the Manton, which from practice they use with equal precision, and much greater quickness. There were, in the year 1818, three officers in one cantonment, any one of whom would have taken a bet of three to one, that he would hit a cricket-ball bowled away, with a single bullet. If, however, you prefer the rifle, you can get them in this country, coarsely finished to be sure, but perfectly true and cheap, at from 5*l.* to 15*l.* currency.

'In Canadian sporting, it is often necessary to fire at night, or in the imperfect light of the evening or morning. In that case you will find it a very great assistance, to mark the barrel with a chalk line from the breech to the sight. This hint may be useful in coming home at night in England, when you often walk up a covey too tired with their day's exertion to be wild.

'At the head of our quadruped game is the deer. He is larger than the fallow deer of England; and his horns, we would say, are twined the wrong way, and are differently shaped from those of the deer of Europe. They are found in great abundance in every part of the province. Deer stalking is much practised; but to practise it with success, you must be acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood, and know the salt licks and other haunts. Another way is, to let a canoe or raft float down a stream in the midsummer night with a bright light upon it. This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, who is fond of standing in the water when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manœuvre be skilfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him; so near indeed will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances known of his having been killed with a fish spear. The most certain and deadly mode of proceeding, however, is to send your dogs into

the woods some miles from the banks of a lake or great river, and 'hark down' on the scent, when he will be sure to run for the water, where you can knock him on the head from a boat or canoe. But even in this defenceless position you must not approach him rashly, for he gives an ugly wound with his horns; and with the sharp hoofs of his fore feet, he has been known to deal such a blow, as has separated the muscle from the bone of a man's leg. You must, therefore, either shoot him, knock him on the head, drown him by holding down his head with an oar, or seize hold of him by the seat, and make him tow the boat until he is exhausted, and can be mastered.

'In deer stalking, and, indeed, all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out, that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him the woods, punk, that is, German tinder, a fungous excrescence of the maple, and a flint. With this and the back of his knife, a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead, nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather tight. And in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow up on the walls so as to exclude the wind.'—pp. 32—39.

The following remarks on the staple trade of the country is useful and interesting:

'The lumber trade, as an extensive and increasing branch of commerce in this country, is well worthy the serious consideration of all who take an interest in the welfare of the colony; and in considering it in all its bearings, many erroneous and partial views of the subject require to be got rid of, and many prejudices to be overcome.

'There are two sets of opinions entertained on this subject, by two very different sorts of persons,—those who are interested in the trade, and those who are not. The first of these, looking at the hands and shipping it employs, consider it the great staple trade of the country, and in this they are backed by the mercantile interest at Montreal and by the shipping interest at home. The others, who are land-holders and cultivators, consider it a trade which diverts so much capital and industry from the agricultural improvement of the colony, which they look upon as the only legitimate pursuit in so large and improvable a country, and do not hesitate to brand it as a speculative and ruinous business to all connected with it,—demoralizing the people, and creating in all who follow it a distaste for regular labour and habits, which unfits them for ever for the duties of useful and respectable members of society.

'To enable us to judge between such conflicting opinions, it will be necessary to consider the effects of the trade, as it is and has been,—and what, in the common course of affairs, by the increase of the amount of business done, and increase of capital introduced, and a proper division of the business into separate departments, it may be expected to become in the course of time.

'The lumber trade has been carried on pretty much after the following manner:—

'A person, possessed of little or no capital, and inflated with the spirit of speculation, hires a number of hands, and purchases a quantity of provisions (on credit), and betakes himself to the woods. His terms with his men are to feed them, supply them with what necessaries they may require, and pay them when he sells his raft. This mode of proceeding is one which has a manifest tendency to render a business unprofitable. No capital being required, of course any number of competitors may come into the trade; and the provisions, goods, and wages, being not only bought on a long credit, but their ultimate payment depending on a contingency, a very large profit must be laid on to cover the risk incurred by such an arrangement. Besides, by the want of ready money, the master is put in the power of his men, whom, if idle or dissipated, he cannot pay off; and, though fewer hands would be sufficient to conduct the raft to Quebec, still all hands must stick to it, not only till it arrives at its destination, but until it be sold, at the same expense all the while to their master as if they were engaged in productive labour,—because, if they quit the property over which they have a lien, they abandon the only security they have for their wages.

'But the worst feature in this system is, that it has a tendency to perpetuate itself; for, should a person with capital come into the trade, almost the only advantage he would possess over his poorer rival would be in getting his provisions and store-goods at something nearer their marketable value, (it being probable that, from the tendency of mankind to hope the best, were he to pay his men every Saturday night, they would still take but very little less than if paid at the end of the season,) and the power of paying off his men, when he no longer required them.

'Another pernicious effect produced by the trade is, that it draws farmers from their legitimate occupations, and makes them neglect the certainty of earning a competence by a steady perseverance in their agricultural pursuits, for a vision of wealth never to be realized. In fact, the only proper or profitable way in which a farmer can interfere with lumber, is by employing himself, his servants, and his cattle, in bringing out timber during the winter months, and selling it on the spot when the navigation opens;—thus employing to profit a season that would otherwise be lost to him, and converting his produce, which may not be saleable, into a commodity which is marketable.

'On the other hand, it must be remembered that the evils here ascribed to the lumber trade are not necessarily inseparable from it. One great disadvantage would be done away with, were there a division of labour and trade. It is an axiom in commerce, that a manufacturer seldom succeeds who is his own exporter, because the two businesses require two capitals. What then are we to say of the prospects of a man, who carries on two businesses with no capital at all? In fact, to make this anything like a steady trade, we must have a set of middle-men, who will purchase the timber on the river, and allow the hewers of wood to return to the forest, and get out more, while the purchaser, with a set of men who will act as pilots and raftsmen, sends it to his agent at Quebec, who, as soon as it is safely moored in the cove, pays off the men and awaits his market.

'It has also been said, that this pursuit induces dissipated habits. This is true, but not to the extent supposed. We see the lumber-man, after he

has returned from the woods, where he has been confined to hard labour and as hard fare for nine or ten months, and when, like a sailor returned to port, he is making up to himself for past privations, by indulging in excesses which it is easier to account for by the propensities of human nature than to defend on principles of strict morality. Again, the business he is employed in ought only to receive the fair share of the blame that attaches to his tergiversations. It ought to be remembered, that it is not the sober, the industrious, the persevering lovers of order and comfort, that engage in such employments—it is those restless and adventurous spirits who despise regular industry, and wish to make money during one period that they may dissipate it at another,—or, as the sailors say, to earn like horses and spend like asses. In Norway and Sweden, lumbering has been an occupation time out of mind; but we have never heard it complained of, that those employed in it were more vicious than their brethren, who pursued the vocations of commerce, manufactures, or agriculture.'—pp. 86—90.

Let us warn the emigrant, that whithersoever he directs his steps, he must be prepared at the commencement of his career to meet with many obstacles which are likely to dishearten him, and many privations, which, until he perfectly understands, and accommodates his habits to the new exigencies of his life, will almost drive him to despair; his first year will, even under the most favourable circumstances, be a year of misery. At a great distance from his native country, from his kindred and friends, from those conveniences and arts of matured society, from which he had been accustomed to derive assistance, he finds himself in the gloom of an interminable forest, or exposed unsheltered on a boundless wilderness, which his own hands alone must render habitable and productive. He now feels, in all its force, the necessity of labouring in earnest; but if he apply to his task with diligence and perseverance, determined to meet and overcome all the difficulties of his position, by degrees he will perceive his prospects brightening; his harvests succeed each other in regular order; he sees that nature is willing to help him, and to smile upon his labours; one comfort after another appears within his reach; children come to gladden his heart, and so on to lessen his toils by sharing in them; and at length he feels, in all their sweetness, the true rewards of industry.

ART. III.—*Translation of several Principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Veds, and of some Controversial Works on Brahmunical Theology.* By RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY. 8vo. 2d edit. London: Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1832.

FOR some time past the religious portion of the community of this metropolis has had its attention attracted to a foreigner, who appeared before them under new and very engaging circumstances.

This was the Rajah Rammohun Roy, a native of the East Indies. He appears to be about the middle age, is evidently, from the style of his living and the splendour of his equipage, in the enjoyment of opulence, and according to every witness who has had the opportunity of seeing him in society, his manners and conversation bespeak not merely the cultivated man, but also the accomplished gentleman.

That, however, which surrounded the Rajah with all those qualities that rendered him so interesting, was the spirit of religion which appeared to be predominant in his mind. Professing, as he did, the doctrines of the Brahmins, or, as he calls it, of the true Brahmunical Theology, he was looked upon as an idolater in common with the great majority of his countrymen. People began to wonder that one so intelligent and so endowed would allow his judgment to slumber in the servitude of senseless idols, for he had visited Europe, and especially England, under an impulse to travel for his improvement; but Rammohun very speedily dissipated the regrets of his British friends; he showed that he had devoted his best energies, as he ought to have done, to the all important subject of religion, and exhibited proofs, not merely that he was active and laborious in the inquiry, but that he was rational in his conclusions; he was able to demonstrate that he had made out the true tenets of Brahminism; that the natural creed of the Hindoos was absolutely abhorrent of idolatry, and that the sacred archives, held infallible by that community, enjoin a system of worship which, of necessity, involves the exclusive belief of the unity of God. By the time that Rammohun Roy had arrived as a visitor in this country, he was well known in his own as a reformer of religion; he did not fail, by example and admonition, to induce all those who were capable of the exertion, to investigate the great question for themselves; and when we state that he became an object of hatred and persecution to the privileged retainers of the old system of idolatry, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he must have been, to some extent, a successful apostle.

Rammohun Roy employed those resources for the vindication of truth, which the press, even in the uncongenial climate of India, afforded him. He sent forth elaborate commentaries on the import of the sacred volumes which contain the written laws of the Hindoo worship; he illustrated his views by irresistible reasoning, and called upon his countrymen to appeal to the same fountain of knowledge as himself. He had to sustain the opposition of some of the most cunning of the Hindoo priests; he had to meet them on their own ground, where they were surrounded with the greatest advantages; yet, by the vigour of his judgment, by the extent of his erudition, but above all by a degree of moderation which was the surest token of his exalted purposes, he succeeded in triumphing over all opposition, and thus has laid the foundation of a moral

revolution in Hindoostan, which civilized Europe should be proud to contemplate. The merit of such an excellent work as Rammohun had executed for the improvement of his countrymen, could not but give him claims to consideration in England; and having been importuned many times respecting the details of his admirable labours, he consented to the publication of such a collection of his productions as would exhibit the principal arguments on which he raised his important system of reform. This intention will be found realized in the volume before us, and to its varied contents we now invite the attention of the reader.

The Hindoos of the present day, and particularly the Brahmin sect, are stated by this author to be idolaters, that is to say, they worship shapes and figures, to which they give the denomination as well as the attributes of gods and goddesses. To these visionary personages they likewise ascribe locality of habitation, together with modes of life analogous to those which they themselves pursue. 'Thus,' observes the author, 'the devotees of Siva, misconceiving the real spirit of the Scriptures, not only place an implicit credence in the separate existence of Siva, but even regard him as an omnipotent being, the greatest of all the divinities, who, as they say, inhabit the northern mountain of Cailas; and that he is accompanied by two wives and several children, and surrounded with numerous attendants. In like manner the followers of Vishnu, mistaking the allegorical representations of the Sastras for relations of real facts, believe him to be chief over all other gods, and that he resides with his wife and attendants on the summit of heaven. Similar opinions are also held by the worshippers of Cali, in respect to that goddess. And, in fact, the same observations are equally applicable to every class of Hindoo devotees in regard to their respective gods and goddesses; and so tenacious are those devotees in respect to the honour due to their chosen divinities, that when they meet in such holy places as Haridwar, Pryag, Siva-Canchi, or Vishnu-Canchi in the Dekhin, the adjustment of the point of precedence not only occasions the warmest verbal altercations, but sometimes even blows and violence. Neither do they regard the images of those gods merely in the light of instruments for elevating the mind to the conception of those supposed beings; they are simply in themselves made objects of worship. For whatever Hindoo purchases an idol in the market, or constructs one with his own hands, or has one made up under his own superintendence, it is his invariable practice to perform certain ceremonies, called Pran Pratisht'ha, or the endowment of animation; by which he believes that its nature is changed from that of the mere materials of which it is formed, and that it acquires not only life but supernatural powers. Shortly afterwards, if the idol be of the masculine gender, he marries it to a feminine one, with no less pomp and magnificence than he celebrates the nuptials of his own children. The mysterious process is now complete, and the

god and goddess are esteemed the arbiters of his destiny, and continually receive his most ardent adoration.'

The Hindoo does not, however, stop here; he attributes to this divine being so much of the frailty which distinguishes poor human nature, as to think it necessary to board as well as clothe and lodge the idol. In summer he fans the senseless piece of wood, and places it during winter in a warm bed at night. But the worship of the Hindoos is not alone ridiculous; it is highly injurious; it is calculated to corrupt and degrade the mind, and to extinguish even the instincts which lead to the practice of the domestic virtues. As the assertions of the Rajah to this effect have been disputed, it may be as well to allow him to cite examples of undeniable authenticity, which fully bear out even the most degrading of his accusations:

'I begin with Krishna as the most adored of all the incarnations, the number of whose devotees is exceedingly great. His worship is made to consist in the institution of his image or picture, accompanied by one or more females, and in the contemplation of his history and behaviour, such as his perpetration of a murder upon a female of the name of Pootna; his compelling great numbers of married and unmarried women to stand before him denuded; his debauching them and several others, to the mortal affliction of their husbands and relations; his annoying them, by violating the laws of cleanliness, and other facts of the same nature. The grossness of his worship does not find a limit here. His devotees very often personify (in the same manner as European actors upon stages do) him and his female companions, dancing with indecent gestures, and singing songs relative to his love and debaucheries. It is impossible to explain in language fit to meet the public eye, the mode in which Mahadeva, or the destroying attribute, is worshipped by the generality of the Hindoos: suffice it to say, that it is altogether congenial with the indecent nature of the image, under whose form he is most commonly adored.

'The stories respecting him, which are read by his devotees in the Tuntras, are of a nature that, if told of any man, would be offensive to the ears of the most abandoned of either sex. In the worship of Cali, human sacrifices, the use of wine, criminal intercourse, and licentious songs, are included: the first of these practices has become generally extinct; but it is believed that there are parts of the country where human victims are still offered.

'Debauchery, however, universally forms the principal part of the worship of her followers. Nigam and other Tuntras may satisfy every reader of the horrible tenets of the worshipers of the two latter deities. The modes of worship of almost all the inferior deities are pretty much the same. Having so far explained the nature of worship adopted by Hindoos in general, for the propitiation of the allegorical attributes, in direct opposition to the mode of pure divine worship inculated by the Védas, I cannot but entertain a strong hope that the learned gentleman, who ranks even monotheistical songs among carnal pleasures, and consequently rejects their admittance in worship, will no longer stand forward as an advocate for the worship of separate and independent attributes and incarnations.'—pp. 149—151.

So opposed to common sense is the practice of idolatry amongst the Hindoos, that the Shastras, a considerable tribe in India, have utterly rejected it. They cannot see without horror a benighted fellow creature constructing, for his own worship, a couple of male and female idols; contemplating them, and repeating day after day their history, which consists of no more than an uninterrupted succession of acts of debauchery, falsehood, treachery, and crime in all its variety of forms. Who can expect that a human being will be able to estimate even the nature of moral conduct, when he spends his life in obedience to a system which teaches him that by merely repeating the name of one of his deities, or offering a trifling present to his image, he can purge his soul of the foulest violations of the laws of nature. He who pronounces "Doorga," the name of a goddess, though he constantly practices adultery, and commits robbery and other heinous offences, is released, according to the Hindoo superstition, from all his sins. Again, the same sweeping indemnity for the foulest crimes is obtained by any person who shall pronounce in a loud manner, "reverence to Huri," even though he does so involuntarily, or in the act of falling down, slipping, or whilst labouring under any illness, or even when sneezing. But a pardon for the worst of sins may be procured even upon less inconvenient terms than these, since the most outrageous offender may thoroughly blanch his conscience simply by contemplating the Ganges, either whilst he walks, sleeps, eats, or talks. It requires no extraordinary acuteness of vision to see at once that a system of pretended religion so constructed as that of the Hindoos, must lead to the very worst deformities of which the human mind is susceptible. Not only is the Hindoo urged to crime by the facility of committing it without evil consequences to himself, but in the conduct of the deities whose actions he is recommended to venerate, he finds the strongest temptation to the practice of vice. We have seen upon what authority the wretched Hindoo is encouraged to debauchery. Falsehood and treachery are not less strongly inculcated on his mind from the same quarter, according to the following description of the author:

'As to falsehood, their favourite diety Krishna is more conspicuous than the rest. Jurra-Sundh, a powerful prince of Behar, having heard of the melancholy murder of his son-in-law perpetrated by Krishna, harrassed, and at last drove him out of the place of his nativity (Muthoora) by frequent military expeditions. Krishna, in revenge, resolved to deprive that prince of his life by fraud, and in a most unjustifiable manner. To accomplish his object, he and his two cousins, Bheema and Urjoona, declared themselves to be Brahmuns, and in that disguise entered his palace; where finding him weakened by a religious fast, and surrounded only by his family and priests, they challenged him to fight a duel. He accordingly fought Bheema, the strongest of the three; who conquered and put him to death.—*Vide Subha Purba or second Book of the Maha-Bharuth.* Krishna again persuaded Joodhisthir, his cousin, to give false evidence

in order to accomplish the murder of Dron, their spiritual father.—*Vide Dron Purba, or seventh Book of the Maha-Bharuth.*

'Vishnu and others combined in a conspiracy against Buli, a mighty emperor; but finding his power irresistible, that deity was determined to ruin him by stratagem, and for that purpose appeared to him in the shape of a dwarf, begging alms. Notwithstanding Buli was warned of the intention of Vishnu, yet, impressed with a high sense of generosity, he could not refuse a boon to a beggar; that grateful deity in return not only deprived him of his whole empire, which he put himself in possession of by virtue of the boon of Buli, but also inflicted on him the disgrace of bondage and confinement in Patal.—*Vide latter part of the Hurri Bungs, or last book of the Maha-Bharuth.*

'When the battle of Coorookshetru was decided by the fatal destruction of Doorjodhun, the remaining part of the army of his rival Yooddhisthir, returned to the camp to rest during the night, under the personal care and protection of Mahadeva. That deity having, however, been cajoled by the flattery offered him by Uswathama, one of the friends of the unfortunate Doorjodhun, not only allowed him to destroy the whole army that was asleep under the confidence of his protection, but even assisted him with his sword to accomplish his bloody purpose.—*Vide Sousuptik Purb, or eleventh book of the Maha-Bharuth.*

'When the Ussoors, at the churning of the ocean, gave the pitcher of *the water of immortality* in charge to Vishnu, he betrayed his trust by delivering it to their step-brothers and enemies, the celestial gods.—*Vide first book, or ádi Purb of the Maha-Braruth.*'—pp. 188, 189.

It appears, that much of the practical duties imposed by the Hindoo worship on its followers, consists in the adoption of a peculiar mode of diet. A Hindoo of caste can only eat once between sunrise and sunset; he must not partake of dressed victuals in a boat or ship; he cannot eat clothed, or in a tavern, or consume any food which has been touched by one of a different caste, and if interrupted during a meal he cannot resume it. In fact, in consequence of the false interpretation of the import of their sacred books, the Hindoos are excluded from the ordinary comforts of society. The violation of the laws just mentioned, in any part, is visited by the severest of all penalties, namely, the loss of caste. On the contrary, he who rigidly observes the forms laid down by the ministers of the Hindoo creed, seems almost incapable of incurring any sort of guilt; and even when murder, theft, and perjury are brought home to one who has steadily adhered to the religion, he still maintains his caste, and is distinguished by no mark of disgrace, and he has only to bestow a small present on the Brahmin, in order to induce that powerful intercessor with the gods to free the delinquent from the temporal as well as eternal consequences of his crimes. But it is not alone in producing the absence of comforts that the Hindoo superstition operates mischievously in the East Indies; it leads to actual crime; it authorizes and enjoins the most dreadful acts of self torture, and the immolation of the lives of friends and relations. Witness the

voluntary sacrifices made under the wheels of the car of Juggernauth—witness the practice of the Hindoos of Bengal in carrying out their sick, whose lives are in a doubtful state, to die on the banks of the Ganges.

The great object of the present work is to show that the theories and practices of the Hindoos are inconsistent with the acknowledgement of one Supreme Being, must be considered as erroneous, and not warranted by the just interpretation of their sacred writings. The whole body of the Hindoo theology, law and literature, is contained in the Veds or Scriptures of the Hindoos. Their writings are affirmed to be coeval with the creation, and being composed altogether in the figurative style of those early days, they became the source of much perplexity to those who wished to collect their meaning. About 2,000 years ago an illustrious Indian theologist, named Byas, collected and divided the Veds into certain books, forming a complete and compendious abstract of the whole of their contents. This work is named "The Vedant," from two Sanscrit words, signifying the *resolution of all the Veds*, and has continued to the present time to be received with all due honour, and to be received as equal in authenticity and sacredness to the original Veds.

It would be useless to follow the Rajah through the details of the proofs which he draws from the books composing the Vedant, to justify his own conduct, and the advice given by him to his countrymen. The result to which he arrives is, that the Hindoo religion, as set forth in the sacred Vedant, encourages the belief in the existence of an all-wise uncreated Being, the founder, supporter, and ruler of the boundless universe; it excludes idolatry, and all those practices of the Hindoos which proceed from its influence. This portion of the work will be read with great interest by those who have the religious destiny of the inhabitants of Hindostan at heart, for it shows that these writings inculcate the rational worship of one God, accompanied by the recommendation of the purest principles of morality. It affords us the highest satisfaction to find that the horrible rite of burning widows alive is not only not encouraged, but is strongly discountenanced by the authentic Hindoo Scriptures. It appears that this strange sacrifice owes its origin to the precepts of Unggira and other saints; but it is found that Munhoo, the paramount authority on such subjects, has declared that the best thing for a widow to do is to pass her whole life, after the death of her husband, as an ascetic. His words are,

' " Let her emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruits, but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man."

' " Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the

incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one only husband."—pp. 203, 204.

But the Ved expressly declares, respecting the widow, that by 'living in the practice of regular and occasional duties, the mind may be purified. Thereafter by hearing, reflecting, and constantly meditating on the Supreme Being, absorption in Bruhmu may be attained. Therefore from a desire during life of future fruition, life ought not to be destroyed.'

The right interpretation, however, seems rather a difficult task, and even Rammohun himself admits that the question as to the obligation of widows to destroy themselves is one that allows of much controversy. He has, however, very impartially stated the arguments for and against the practice. The first point in the inquiry is, whether or not this act of sacrifice is imperatively enjoined on widows. The answer is, that no advocate for the custom can find such an obligation expressed, but that the best of the authorities imposes it as a duty on the widow to 'continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing austere duties, and practising constantly the rules of the noblest virtue.' In fact, the great majority of Hindoo widows have done this, so that to say that all these excellent persons had violated the commands of the sacred books, would be too bold an assertion for any respectable Hindoo to venture upon.

The second point to be determined is this: supposing it proved that the widow had an option as to whether she should burn herself on the pile or enter on the practice of an ascetic life, which of the two courses would be esteemed the most meritorious? The principal grounds for believing that burning would be the most advantageous practice in a religious point of view, are derived from the Veds, in which the advocates of the sacrifice find the following passage:

'"O fire, let these women, with bodies annointed with clarified butter, eyes coloured with collyrium and void of tears, enter thee, the parent of water,* that they may not be separated from their husbands, themselves sinless, and jewels amongst women."'—p. 61.

Upon this sentence the Rajah has delivered the following commentary:

'This passage (if genuine) does not, in the first place, enjoin widows to offer themselves as sacrifices. Secondly, no allusion whatever is made in it to voluntary death by a widow *with the corpse of her husband*. Thirdly, the phrase "these women" in the passage, literally implies women then present. Fourthly, some commentators consider the passage as conveying an allegorical allusion to the constellations of the moon's path, which are invariably spoken of in Sungskrit in the feminine gender:—butter imply-

'* In Sungskrit writings, water is represented as originating in fire.'

ing the milky path; collyrium meaning unoccupied space between one star and another; husbands signifying the more splendid of the heavenly bodies; and entering the fire, or, properly speaking, ascending it, indicating the rise of the constellations through the south-east horizon, considered as the abode of fire. Whatever may be the real purport of this passage, no one ever ventured to give it an interpretation as *commanding* widows to burn themselves on the pile and with the corpse of their husbands.—pp. 261, 262.

The result, then, seems to be, that though offering herself on the pile to be burned alive with the remains of her husband is meritorious in a widow, it is still the least virtuous of the acts which she can perform, and that by choosing a course of rigid virtue, she would be earning a more enduring and a higher degree of happiness with her husband in the next world.

The last point on which there is a difference of opinion is, whether or not the mode of accomplishing the sacrifice, as prescribed by the received regulation, is duly observed. This law requires that the widow should voluntarily ascend and enter the flames to destroy her existence, but if in the attempt she be so frightened as to be obliged to retire, then she is allowed to do so, and any offence which she may have committed by her unseasonable timidity, may be easily wiped off by making one of the Brahmins a present of the value of the cow. If then it be necessary to the due execution of the rite, that the widow should *voluntarily* ascend and enter the flames, it follows that when she does not voluntarily ascend, the advantages to be derived from the sacrifice are lost. Hence in all such cases the ceremony becomes an act of suicide, in which the parties concerned are accessaries.

Having given the reader an impartial view of the principal contents of this remarkable work, we have no hesitation in recommending it as well worthy of his attention, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the subject, and the still more singular character of the author.

ART. IV.—*Observations on the Nature, Extent, and Effects of Pauperism, and the means of reducing it. Second Edition.* By THOS. WALKER, M. A. Barrister at Law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the Metropolis. pp. 90. London: James Ridgway. 1832.

THE origin of poor laws, is by some ascribed to the distress consequent upon the dissolution of monasteries. But although it cannot be denied that the suppression of the religious houses in question, did, at least for a time, aggravate the evils which these laws sought to remedy, still it is manifestly wrong to ascribe their

introduction to this cause; for, from the fifteenth down to the seventeenth century, complaints seem to have been general throughout this country, and in most part of Europe, particularly in the Low Countries and in Spain, of the outrages and depredations committed by vagrants. In this country and in Scotland, several severe laws were made to repress these disorders, the cruelty of which, at the present time, seems almost incredible. Of these, innumerable instances might be quoted, but one will be sufficient. In the sixth parliament of King James the Sixth of Scotland, it was enacted, that a person convicted a second time of wandering abroad without employment, should suffer death, unless some person would give him work for a year. But all this extreme cruelty—all the measures that could be devised, seem to have left things in a state very similar to what at present exists in Ireland, until in the reign of James the Sixth in Scotland, and towards the close of that of Queen Elizabeth in England, a provision was made for supporting poor, aged, blind and infirm persons, and for procuring employment for others.

The important alterations in the system of managing landed property, which seems to have been in full activity in the reign of Henry the Seventh, by rapidly enlarging the dimension of farms, effected an entire revolution in the internal frame of society in this country. To this rapid enlargement of farms, as their primary cause, we ascribe the origin of poor laws; but although the dissolution of monasteries was not, as it is sometimes supposed, the immediate occasion which gave birth to these laws, yet it must be acknowledged, that the event in question spread over a wider surface the evils which they were introduced to remedy. Before the suppression of monastic institutions, a considerable portion of the landed property of the country was in religious hands. These ecclesiastical proprietors, naturally averse to all innovations on established usages, made no attempt to alter the system upon which their property had been managed on their estates, therefore the division and subdivision of land went on silently increasing, without check or interruption, long after the practice had been discouraged on the estates of laymen. But when this property fell into other hands, the system which the laymen had already commenced on their patrimonial estates, was introduced in their new acquisitions. Towards the middle of Elizabeth's reign, the leases under which the tenants of the monasteries held their land expired, and then began the second act of depopulation, which had hitherto been directed against the tenantry who held under lay proprietors, but began now to wreak its fury on their defenceless heads also; thence about the close of the sixteenth century, the crowd of ejected peasantry received a further augmentation.

We need hardly state, that it was quite impossible to carry into effect the change we have above described in the management of landed property without the intervention of some legal provision

for the peasantry, who became its innocent victims. If the public good required that they should be dispossessed of their scanty holdings, honesty, as well as policy, required that the public should alleviate, as much as possible, the blow which it inflicted.

From 1388 to 1533, the impotent poor were by law allowed the privilege of begging in the districts or hundreds where they were born, or had last dwelt for the space of three years. In 1535 an act was passed, imposing upon parishes and hamlets the burden of supporting every aged and impotent person who had been born or had dwelt three years within their limits. It is no doubt true, that the money required for the support of the impotent poor, was not raised by an equal assessment upon all the inhabitants of each parish. This fund was composed of the voluntary and charitable alms, which every parishioner of his devotion gave to the common fund which was collected in every parish, and dispensed to the impotent poor, at the discretion of the minister and churchwardens. The sacramental money now collected in some of our churches at the present time, is a relic of the ancient mode in which a large portion of the funds required for the maintenance of the poor was raised in this country, before the introduction of a legal rate. This system of relieving the impotent poor, leaving it to the liberality of each individual to determine how much he would contribute, continued until the year 1562, when it was enacted, that 'if any parishioner shall obstinately refuse to pay reasonably towards the relief of the said poor, or shall discourage others, then the justice of the peace at the quarter sessions may tax him a reasonable weekly sum, which, if he refuse to pay, they may commit him to prison.' It is evident that, from the date of this act, the maintenance of the poor ceased to be voluntary. The discretion of the individual was taken away, and a legal obligation was imposed upon him of contributing according to his means. This is exactly the principle on which all assessments for the support of the poor have since been levied. It is not probable that this change in the mode of raising the funds, either made any difference in the whole amount expended on the impotent poor within the limits of each parish, or increased the number, or altered the description, of those persons who received parochial relief, it merely varied the proportions in which the poor fund was raised. For, before the passing of this act, the man of small means sometimes contributed more than his richer but less benevolent neighbour. The principal object and effect of this law was to remedy this evil. It did not augment, in any considerable degree, the whole cost of maintaining the poor, it merely went to equalize the pressure of the burden, making ability, and not willingness alone, the rule which regulated the amount of contributions.

From this summary view of the poor laws before the reign of Elizabeth, it will appear that the forty-third of that queen, was not founded upon any new principle, it simply provided a more

convenient, just, and efficient mode for carrying into practice a principle already recognized. The power of making assessments was taken away from the justices of the peace at the sessions, and placed in the hands of overseers, selected from among the respectable inhabitants of each parish, and consequently better acquainted with the circumstances of their neighbours, and their ability respectively to contribute towards the relief of the poor.

The 43d of Elizabeth, cap. 11, is intituled, 'an act for the relief of the poor,' and the most essential part of it is the following:—After appointing overseers, &c. it enacts that 'they, or the greater part of them, shall take order from time to time, by and with the consent of two or more such justices of the peace, as is aforesaid, for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not, by the said churchwardens and overseers, or the greater part of them, be thought able to keep and maintain their children; and also for setting to work all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life; and also to raise weekly, or otherwise, (by a taxation of every inhabitant, parson, vicar, and every occupier of land, houses, tithes, impropriate, propriations of tithes, coal mines, or saleable underwoods in the said parish, in such competent sum and sums of money as they shall think fit), a convenient stock of flax, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff to set the poor to work; and also competent sums of money for and towards the relief of the lame, blind, impotent, old, and such other among them, being poor and not able to work; and also for putting out such children to be apprentices.'

By this act it is evident that overseers, &c. are not authorized to distribute any money, except to those who are lame, impotent, old, blind, or poor and not able to work; any further relief is to be given in work alone, and that is limited to the children of such as shall not be deemed able to keep and maintain their children, and to persons who have no means to maintain themselves, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life. Under this description of persons will not certainly be found that of able-bodied labourers, working at agriculture or any other trade of life. It is unnecessary to point out here how wide the custom of a great part of England has deviated from the law, and that deviation is becoming every day more universal. Such a state of things as has been proved to exist in the southern counties is now finding its way into Scotland, and into all the manufacturing and agricultural districts of the north of England. It is quite evident, that if some remedy be not applied without delay, the evil will have spread over the entire country, and then perhaps it may be found too late to arrest its progress, or to legislate with effect upon it. It is clearly to be perceived, that the framers of the 43d of Queen Elizabeth, cap. 11, which contains the principal provision of our poor laws, never had it in contemplation, by the words 'setting to work such persons

having no means to maintain them, and using no ordinary and daily trade of life,' to give a right to able-bodied labourers to demand employment, or in place of employment to be supported by contributions in money. Such an interpretation seems to have been reserved for very recent times.

That a legal provision for the poor is not necessarily attended with all the evils which are now experienced, may be fully made out to appear from the varying degrees of rapidity at which the abuses of the present poor laws have proceeded in different parts of the country. If the evils be inherent in the laws themselves, and not in a disregard of them, and in the substitution of an erroneous and mischievous practice in the place of those laws, (and for the effects of which the laws bear all the discredit) how can it be explained that at this present time, when in many of the southern counties an excessive and redundant unemployed population is consuming nearly half the value of the land, and the poor rates in some places have even exceeded in amount the rental, that a few of the northern counties are yet exempt from such an excess of burdens, and that many parishes can be pointed out where the poor rates do not exceed one shilling, or even sixpence in the pound. Certain it is, that even there this more fortunate state of things is now rapidly disappearing; that the pernicious example of their southern neighbours is making quick strides amongst them; that the sturdy beggar and able-bodied labourer are learning a lesson too easily taught, that in idleness or in industry, that in wasteful excess or living with care and economy, they are all equally entitled to maintenance out of that land on which they were born, or on which they have obtained a settlement by a year's labour, for which at the time they received ample wages and an adequate return. Unless it be considered that the custom of a short course of years, even in opposition to, and in the very face of the statute law, is binding upon the people of England, and upon the courts of justice, there seems very little doubt that the millions of money annually expended in the support of able-bodied labourers, have been illegally exacted. It would be difficult to find decisions of the courts of Westminster recognizing such customs.

The claims which these laws gave the poor upon the funds of their respective parishes, and the connexion which was in consequence established between them and the land on which they were born, rendered the consolidation of farms and the dispeopling of estates more gradual and less oppressive than these measures could have been, without some such check upon their progress. The land-owners were obliged to watch for the most convenient opportunities of carrying the plans into effect; and the opportunities which would prove most profitable to themselves, were necessarily those which would be found least oppressive to their tenants. Hence for the last three centuries, the abolition of small holdings, and the enlargement of farms, have been regularly, and at the same

time, gradually going on in this country. One respectable dwelling for the farmer, with a few comfortable cottages for his labourers, will now be found in a track of land which, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, or perhaps much later, was divided among a score of little occupiers, living in huts and cabins. Under the restraint of the poor laws, the proprietors of land have secured all the advantages derivable from the new system, by degrees which have been almost imperceptible, and without exposing the rejected occupiers to those dreadful sufferings which unavoidably accompany all violent and sudden changes in the internal structure of society.

It may perhaps be argued, that the same objects were effected in Scotland without the intervention of poor laws; and that we consequently ascribe an effect to a cause with which it has no connexion. In answer to this objection we would remark, that although a legal assessment for the support of the poor is unknown in some districts of that country, yet a fund is raised for their support in every parish by voluntary contributions; nor should we forget the vast assistance which Scotland has derived from this country in effecting her internal changes. These changes did not commence before the union with England, which opened to the peasantry of Scotland a way into the towns and manufactories of this country, and, above all, to the English colonies. England first held out an example of the advantages springing from the new system, and then offered incalculable facilities to the people of Scotland, while pursuing the same plan. Scotchmen do not emigrate from a roving or unsettled disposition; on the contrary, they are remarkable for attachment to home and kindred: but they are compelled to leave their native land in consequence of the new arrangements which the lords of the soil have, for the last century, been gradually introducing into their country.

An inseparable connexion subsists between the state of the labouring population of England and Scotland, and the amount of parish rates levied for their support, and the condition of the people in Ireland: the never-ceasing influx of Irish labourers, is causing the ruin and misery of those of Scotland, as well as in the north and south of England. The rates of the parishes of London are swelled to an enormous amount from the same cause. Scarcely a season passes over our heads that a new Vagrant Act, or an amendment of an old one, does not make a feeble attempt to arrest the progress of this calamity, and the repeated enactments for passing vagrants to Ireland prove only the inefficacy of those which have preceded. It becomes, then, a question of the first importance to the welfare of these realms, in what manner this subject ought to be treated. It is obvious that the plan of vagrant laws has failed, and failure must inevitably attend any further attempts of a similar kind. The Irish whom we are at the expense of sending back, take accounts of the superior comforts of England over their own hapless country; they can say that the labourers of England are better

fed, have better houses, have higher wages, and an ample supply of money from the poor rates when those wages fail. The natural consequence of which is, that a fresh horde set out to this land of promise, and find that the channel that intervenes, instead of being an obstacle, as formerly, by the invention of steam packets affords an easy voyage of a few hours, at the cost of a few pence.

The only plan which can now be adopted, the only one which can be attended with any good effect, is to raise materially the character of the Irish labourer; to improve his situation; to give him equal comforts in his own country to those that he can find in this; to teach him to live at home, and not to make Ireland a great nursery for breeding paupers for the parishes of England; to teach him that until he has saved some property, and earned by persevering industry, prudence, and sobriety, a remission from daily toil, he cannot indulge in schemes of improving his station by roaming in other countries, and attempting to seek elsewhere for a portion of the world more fruitful and more productive of the sources of comfort and human enjoyment, than that spot to which all his knowledge is limited, than the land of his birth and of his forefathers.

One measure which we conceive to be necessary towards accomplishing this object, is opposed to the opinions of many of the members of the House of Commons, and to a majority, we believe, of the landed proprietors of Ireland. That measure is, a strictly limited legal provision in Ireland for the aged and infirm poor. If it be contended, as it has by several individuals of weight and influence, that the state of England holds out a warning against such a measure, it may be answered, that England affords an important lesson upon the subject; that she presents a landmark of the dangers to be avoided; teaches to what objects a poor rate must be strictly limited; and proves, that laws must be enacted which are not liable to be so differently construed, and that courts of law must enforce them. Before Ireland can show fair ground of exemption from such a measure, it must be proved that her labourers are happy; that their numbers do not exceed the demand for them; that they have reason to be contented with their lot; that the aged and worn-out do not die of famine; that the heart-rending picture which has been drawn of her wretchedness is an unfounded representation, the work only of imagination and falsehood.

That a legal provision for the aged and infirm poor is not necessarily attended with such an excess of evil, as is experienced in some parts of England, nor an exemption from it, with all the blessings that have been represented, may be proved from the example of other countries.

At Hamburgh it is stated, in a Report of the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor, that the creation of a provision for the poor, and the establishment of a house of industry, had been attended with the best effects. 'That in 1788, when the

town contained 100,000 inhabitants, there were 7,000 distressed persons, besides an average of 2,500 in the hospitals; but that in the year 1795 there was scarcely a beggar to be seen, and the mortality which was stated to have been one in ten annually, had been reduced to one in twenty.' Such being the account given of the early effects of a provision for the poor, which had its origin about forty years since, we have been anxious to find some account, upon which reliance could be placed, of the present state of that town, and the condition of its labouring population. According to the authority, principles, and opinions of many of our best writers on political economy, of Adam Smith, of Malthus, Ricardo, and M'Culloch, the evil effects of a forced provision for the poor, should, after an experience of nearly half a century, be now at least rendered apparent by the augmentation of the numbers of the lower ranks, beyond the demand for labour, in multiplied poverty and wretchedness, and in burdens exhausting the resources of those who pay contributions. The following quotation from a traveller in the north of Germany will appear decisive upon this point:—*

'When the French were in possession of Hamburgh, they suspended the establishment which formerly provided for the relief of the poor: when it was in activity not a beggar was to be seen, and before it was established they were so numerous that it was impossible to walk the streets without being very much annoyed by them. During the time its operation was suspended the evil again grew intolerable; they are now resumed, and during my stay at Hamburgh I saw only three at the moment I was about to depart. It is forbidden by the law to give alms, under a penalty of five R. Thalers. The establishment dates from the year 1788, and was supported by all the power of government. The superior part of it consisted of five senators, two elders of the parishes, and twenty citizens; a small committee, consisting of twelve, directed those persons who claimed assistance to be employed, rewarded, or punished, according as they were in distress, were industrious, or were negligent. To promote the aim of the establishment the town was divided into twelve quarters. Each district had two overseers, and the respectable citizens in each quarter, in conjunction with the overseers, and under their guidance, looked after the poor in their quarter, and collected what funds they could for their support; care was taken that the children were all sent to school. It was, in fact, a most extensive police of citizens, and perhaps as efficient a one as could be established.' In another place he says, 'The establishments for education in Hamburgh are very good, every parish, of which there are five, has its own school, where the poor are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and

* Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present State of the Social and Political Institutions, &c. By T. Hodgskin, Esq.

religion, free of expense. Exclusive of these there is a school destined for the children of paupers, Die Industrue and Arbeit Schule, in which they are taught the above useful arts, and also how to perform various sorts of work.' The result of all this care, regulation, and arrangement, in establishing a provision for the poor, seems there, at least, not to have as yet produced excess of numbers, and consequent reduced means of subsistence. 'Apparent comfort, (he says) cleanliness, and affluence, struck me as distinguishing the people of Hamburgh.'—'The servants and work-people were all neatly and well dressed, and I saw nothing like poverty and wretchedness.'

The progress of civilization requires that laws should alleviate the wretchedness of our fellow creatures, and not to be made only to punish their crimes; and every feeling mind must allow, that it is better to suffer a little imposition, to pay a little too much, than that scenes of misery should be for ever presented to the sight, that the dying and the diseased should find no place of refuge, no bed to rest on but the high road or the street. The example of Scotland has been held up to admiration, but that example has failed, and she is now mixed in the common lot.

The example of Scotland, when set in its true light, has not alone failed as a proof of the benefits of an exemption from a compulsory provision for the poor, but has established a very strong case in support of the opinion that it is not the necessary consequence of such laws to produce evil, but, on the contrary, that it is from the abuse of them that such evils have arisen in England; that it is from the laws being unwisely administered. The example of Scotland proves, that a law still more defective than the existing law of England, more extensive in its provision, and still more compulsory, for raising a tax upon all the inhabitants of a parish for the maintenance of all poor, without any limitation, may exist in a country for two hundred and fifty years, and at the end of that long period, the people of the country may represent that they have never felt the law as a hardship; that it has produced no evils amongst them; that they are still exempted from an expensive pauperism, at least in agricultural districts, as may be shown is still the case in many such districts in the northern counties of England.

Before it be finally determined that nothing shall be done by legal provision to raise the condition and soften the distresses of the Irish peasant, justice demands that we should strictly and carefully investigate his real situation, that we should compare it with that of the labourer in any other country under any circumstances to which the varied condition of men has given rise throughout the world. Not only does no poor law of human origin notice the Irish peasant, not only has he no proper hold on that divine and almost universal law of nature which governs in other countries, the relation of rich and poor, but self-interest, that

best friend to other men, is often directly and strongly opposed to him; for that labour which is his only property, his only marketable commodity, if not wanted, becomes a drug and burden to the community. Besides this, it is to be considered that in all other countries where laws have made no provision for the poor, the church, the established religion, or religious institutions, have afforded to them some protection, comfort, and assistance in the day of affliction and distress; but the religion of the great majority of the Irish peasants is a religion of poverty, which has been plundered and despoiled of its possessions, of its tithes, and even of its churches; and doubly are they called upon, in whose favour that property has been confiscated, amongst whom the possessions of religious establishments have been distributed, to watch over and afford protection to that poor in their affliction, for whom those tithes were in part originally instituted, and to whom those religious institutions would have afforded an occasional assistance and support. The poor of no nation were ever left in so destitute, so pitiable, and forlorn a condition as those of Ireland. Never were the dreams of philosophy so thoroughly realized in a people being left to the unaided assistance of casual and individual charity; it is no less the duty than it is the interest of those who possess property and influence in Ireland, as well as of the landed proprietors of England and Scotland, to watch over the Irish labourer, and to improve his condition; yet no exertions are made. Mr. M'Culloch says, that he believes the condition of the Irish peasant to be worse than that of any other peasantry in Europe, and that it is hardly possible for human beings to live and be in a worse condition than they are; and to this he added, that he had very serious apprehensions of the injurious operation upon the state of British labourers, of the competition of the great number of Irish labourers who come over to England and Scotland to look for employment, and settle themselves.

The cause of the miserable state of the Irish labouring population is undoubtedly to be found in their numbers having increased beyond the riches of the country and the means of employment. Ireland is still a poor country; that poverty, the result of her connexion with England, or rather of that unhappy war of opinion which has been carried on for centuries, and of confiscation of two-thirds of her territory within that period. But Ireland is fast emerging from her inferiority; her riches are rapidly increasing, but her population increases still faster.

If there were a modified system of poor rates established in every parish in Ireland, something in principle to those of England, much good would undoubtedly be effected. It is said, that something has already been effected by an alteration of the law between landlord and tenant, for the prevention of sub-letting, and consequent subdivision of farms. But much more requires to be accomplished; it is essential that the lower classes be raised in their

own estimation; that they should not witness the aged, the infirm, the diseased, and the crippled, who chance to have no kindred able to support them, left to die from want, or to precarious charity, for which they may not have strength to ask; that seeing that their country regards them, they may learn to regard themselves. Above all this, it is essential for the advantage of England and Scotland, that when an Irish labourer is broken down during his residence here, without having gained a settlement, and no longer able to labour for his subsistence, that it shall be possible to send him back to the place of his birth, where, if he have no relations to maintain him, he may not be left destitute.

They who so anxiously contend for leaving the support of the poor to the operation of private charity, are surely called upon and bound to establish that such charity is always, is indeed ever wisely directed; that it does not, in short, in most cases, do more mischief than good. Private charity is known, and exists most extensively in Ireland. It has been contended, even by those who are most adverse to a legal provision for the poor, that the best means of diminishing their numbers is to give to all the labouring classes a taste for the conveniences and comforts of life; but how is this to be accomplished? The state of the Irish peasant is wretched in the extreme; with wages reduced to the lowest scale, he is compelled to subsist upon the worst species of food that will support existence. Placed in this situation, he is absolutely cut off from every resource. You may take from an Englishman but cannot take from an Irishman. The latter is already so low that he cannot fall any lower; his wages being regulated by the price of potatoes, will not buy him wheat, barley, or oats; and whenever, therefore, the supply of potatoes fails, it is next to impossible he can escape falling a sacrifice to famine.

Let us not lose sight of this important fact, that whatever inconvenience be now experienced from an absence of the poor laws in England and in Scotland, the superiority here so well and so strongly exhibited, has grown up and matured under a system of poor laws which has existed for more than two centuries, and that the wretchedness and misery of the Irish labourers, which forms the contrast, is the result of the poor being neglected, being unprotected, and unassisted by any laws, and being left to the effect of chance, as is now recommended should be the case in England and in Scotland, by a certain class of writers, who with confidence boast of this as a great discovery, and will admit of no appeal from their decision.

A prospect of support by legal provision in old age, in case of accident, or those infirmities to which all are liable, even when restricted within such limits, must be considered as an advantage of great value by the labouring classes; much more then must the general arrangements for employment and support, which are now taking place in many parts of England, be considered, particularly

by the uneducated, who are unable to look to future consequences, as inestimable advantages enjoyed by the English over the Irish peasant. The greatest possible bounty, then, is continually held up to the Irish labourer to transport himself into England and Scotland, and to attempt to obtain a settlement there. The inconveniences now experienced are only the necessary consequences of that contrast which is created between the relative situations of the labourers in these different parts of the kingdom. These inconveniences are not of a temporary kind; it is probable, on the contrary, that the full extent of them is only beginning to be experienced; and no check can be given them until something be done effectually to assimilate the situation and character of the Irish and British peasant. To effect such assimilation, either the poor laws of England and Scotland must be repealed, or some arrangement and provision must be made for the comfort and subsistence of the Irish labourer, when broken down or in sickness; in a word, the poor laws of England, under necessary regulations and limitation, must be extended to Ireland.

In conclusion we must observe, that the comparatively satisfactory state of the labouring classes, in many parts of the north of England and of Scotland, affords no very rational grounds for any hope of confidence in the continuance of such a state of things, unless a great and beneficial change takes place in the character and condition of the peasantry of Ireland.

ART. V.

1. *Geraldine Hamilton; or Self-Guidance.* A Tale. 2 vols. Bentley. 1832.
2. *The Siege of Maynooth; or Romance in Ireland.* 2 vols. James Ridgway.
3. *Knights of the Round Table; or Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends.* Second Series. pp. 341. Oliver and Boyd.

HISTORY has been appropriately called, by a great philosopher and historian, 'the mistress of wisdom;' and fiction, we mean those genuine sterling productions which deserve the name, may with equal propriety be styled her handmaid. The former lays before the reader not only the rise and fall of empires and states, but points out the causes of wars and revolution, by tracing them to their true source, the passions and faults of the human mind, and reads a lesson by which every one may profit, whether she paints the crimes of a Nero, the virtues of a Vespasian, or the wreckless and selfish ambition of a Napoleon. Though a lesson to all, it is however more peculiarly adapted to persons placed in similar circumstances; and as this haughty and dignified teacher seldom con-

descends to bestow her attention on inferior characters, the great body of mankind must necessarily go to some other school for instruction. Biography, an inferior sort of history, gives instruction to a much more numerous class, enters more minutely into the details of private life, and describes more fully the faults, the crimes, the virtues, and the ruling passions of men who have at all raised themselves above the level of their neighbours. This circle, too, is necessarily circumscribed; for looking at the countless millions who are daily crowding along the bridge of human life, and incessantly dropping into the ocean of eternity, how very small is the proportion of those who by their writings, or inventions, or achievements of any description, can merit the notice not of future ages, but even of the age in which they live? How much of that notice must be given to their peculiar history, and to the genius and acquirements which rendered them conspicuous, and necessarily separated them from the great bulk of mankind. If the subject of the memoir is a warrior, a great part of the history of his life must be devoted to the description of sieges, and battles, and intrigues; if a philosopher, the biographer necessarily enters into details of his writings, and sets apart but a small space for the development of character, or those alternations of hope and fear, and countless workings of the human mind, most likely to produce moral effect. Independent of this, how very few biographers have materials for writing any thing like a correct and full account of the youth, education, and habits of remarkable characters? Of Homer's life we absolutely know nothing for certain, except that he was blind. Smyrna, Chios, Rhodes, Athens, and some three other places, disputed the right of having given birth to the greatest of poets. Some say he kept a school at Chios; others, that he was a wandering minstrel, reciting, not to 'lords and ladies gay,' but to the mixed rabble of the streets, those divine verses which have rendered his name immortal. Little more can be said of Shakspeare; and of Newton, the greatest man of which this island can boast, though he created a great sensation in his lifetime, so little is known, that the only work professing to be a history of his life is filled up chiefly with an account of his works and angry discussions about the period of his supposed alienation of mind. Indeed we can hardly be said to have a good life of any great character. We have their great deeds recorded, but we have to guess at their early studies, their early associations, the feelings and impulses which guided them to particular pursuits or lines of conduct, and with the exception of an occasional remark, dropped by accident, as it were, from the individual in question, to some comrade or schoolfellow, we have hardly any *data* for ascertaining their motives, or the springs of their actions. The most perfect work of the kind is "The Confessions" of Rosseau; for, even taking into account the favourable colouring which self-love and vanity would necessarily give to his motives and conduct,

there remains still a fund of information respecting his early habits, feelings, education, propensities, treatment, and many other accidental circumstances, which we search for in vain in common biographical works. His passion for music he attributes entirely to vivid impressions made in early youth—to the airs and songs of his 'dear aunt,' the very recollection of which often made him weep like a child at the age of fifty. His hatred of tyranny, and the decided part which he took in the cause of liberty, owed their rise probably from the severe and unjust punishment inflicted on him by his uncle Bernard.

'I feel,' said he, 'my blood rise even now, when I reflect on the event, and the impression will remain as vivid were I to live a thousand years; that first feeling of violence and injustice remains so deeply engraved on my mind, that every thing at all relating to it excites my early emotion, and this sentiment, which had its origin in personal feelings, has now acquired such force and character, that my heart burns at the sight or the recital of every unjust action, whoever may be the object of it, or in whatever part of the world it may be committed. When I read the cruelties of a fierce tyrant, or the deceitful tricks of an unprincipled priest, I would willingly take their lives, were I to die for the deed a hundred times. I have often put myself into a heat in chasing with stones a cock, a cow, a dog—any animal which I saw tormenting another, solely because it felt itself the stronger party. This feeling may be natural, and I believe it is, but the recollection of that first injustice which I suffered has been so long and so intimately connected with it as to increase greatly its original force.'

And it is equally probable that the success which finally crowned his long and often disappointed attempts to form the aqueduct to his little willow tree, contributed to strengthen those habits of perseverance for which he was so remarkable.

These memoirs, however, and two or three works of a similar description, are only exceptions to the general rule, that biographies are necessarily imperfect, owing to want of facts, and that the great body of mankind cannot profit by them, inasmuch as they describe only a few of the striking features of isolated individuals. Another species of writing, therefore, was wanting—one which not only could give us the history of kings and warriors, and philosophers and poets, but also the history of the humble citizen, the peasant—every member, in fact, of the great community of mankind, with the true delineation of their characters, their motives of action, and all those early impressions arising from accident or education, which could affect their future life. This, to be well done, requires no ordinary powers, for whilst it must not overstep the probability—the modesty of nature, it must, at the same time, place the individual, whether he be prince, poet, or peasant, in a situation which will naturally excite the interest and sympathy of the reader, and paint the workings of his mind—his

passions, whether of love, or rage, or hatred, or envy, or jealousy, in such a strong and true light, that the impartial spectator, 'the man within the breast,' can at once enter into his feelings, and recognize not an imaginary, but a real being—a friend or acquaintance, or some fellow creature that he has somewhere or other met with in his walks through life. It is this quality which, above all others, gives such charms to the descriptions of the blind bard of Greece. When we read the stories of old Nestor, his tales about the comrades of his youth, and the exploits they performed, far surpassing those of the young men around him, who does not forget Nestor, and recognize at once an old acquaintance, and who, on hearing a noble and learned lord descant in his place in the House on the superiority of 'the olden time,' when he began to walk Westminster Hall, is not reminded of the admirable picture drawn by the poet of the aged and prating warrior? The picture of Hector's interview with Andromache and her child, and of old Priam kneeling before Achilles, and entreating him by the *gray hairs* of his father to take pity on him and restore the body of his son, are of the same description, and will be read with delight in every age and country, so long as paternal and filial affection influences the human heart. One great advantage that fictitious writing has over history and biography is, the vast latitude which the writer is allowed, and the liberties he can take with the characters in the drama. He can mould a character of almost any description, place him in any situation, and attribute to him exploits, limited in their grandeur and excellence only by the bounds of probability. We say limited by probability, for without that no work of the kind can be read by a refined people. During the dark ages, tales were published, founded on romance, of knight-errantry, and carrying that mania even to a much greater height than it ever in fact reached. There was displayed in them a sort of new world, abounding with mad knights, giants, dragons, and winged horses, and filled with adventures which could obtain belief only among the most ignorant and superstitious people. Bacon has adduced this taste for fictitious history as a proof of the greatness and dignity of the human mind. The objects of the world, he says, and the common affairs which we behold going on in it, do not fill the mind nor give it satisfaction. We seek for something that shall expand it in a greater degree; we seek for more heroic and illustrious deeds—for more surprising events—for a more splendid order of things—a more regular distribution of rewards and punishments, than what we find here. We create worlds according to our fancy, in order to gratify our capacious desires. Experience has shown that no reasoning could be more false. Such tales gratify only children, or men in a half-civilized state. The romances of the middle ages have sunk into oblivion—no one, in fact, reads them but with wonder and astonishment that such absurdity should have created even a momentary fame; yet none will say, (and least of

all would Lord Bacon, could he revisit the earth and witness the changes since his age) that the present race of men are inferior in greatness and dignity of mind to those who admired *Turpin* and *Amadis de Gaul*. Orlando Furioso is still read; not, however, for the improbabilities with which it abounds, but because it contains many descriptions painted from the life, and embellished by the highest graces of poetry. No fictitious writing, in fact, can stand the test of ages, but that which has the truth of nature for its basis, and it is owing to this quality that we find works written thousands of years ago as interesting now as they possibly could be at any remote period.

Novel writing is generally supposed to have had its origin about the middle of the seventeenth century, but though it then assumed a different shape, it is the most ancient of all kinds of profane writing. The father of history has been properly styled a romancer, and the Odyssey is one of the best novels extant. In that work, Homer does not confine himself to a simple narrative of facts, but enters into details which no historian or biographer, except one like Rousseau, could give. He describes not only the personal appearance and habits of the different actors, but their looks—their innermost thoughts—the workings of their minds, and the reflections they made to themselves in attempting or accomplishing any particular exploit. It is this latitude, when judiciously used, that gives the great interest and variety to fictitious writing; and it is owing to this, as much as any other cause, that the characters in Scott's novels make such a vivid impression on the mind. He is not satisfied with a simple narration of events, but puts himself in the place, as it were, of the different actors, describes the feelings that naturally arise in the mind under the circumstances in which they are placed, assisted and guided, as he evidently was, by a long and attentive observance of man in every grade of society. In some instances, like Homer, he takes characters well known in history, and describes their deeds with something approaching to historical truth: in others, he takes persons in the middle and lowest ranks of life, who, though under the disguise of fictitious names, arise by his magic hand as conspicuous on the canvass as Balfour of Burley or Sir Walter Raleigh. The hand of a master alone could make such characters objects of interest to every reader.

The success of Scott, naturally drew forth a host of imitators, who have been deluging and are still deluging the reading public with tales, and romances, and novels, most of which abound with all his faults, and very few with any of his beauties. With the exception of the age of Louis XIV and Charles II, there perhaps never was a period in which there issued from the press such swarms of trifling fictitious works, with little moral tendency and still less useful instruction. These defects arise, not so much from any wish to encourage immorality, for the writers, in general, lean to the side of virtue, but from a total want of power to

draw characters which can interest the reader, and lead him on to learn moral lessons—to admire the patience, perseverance, and final triumph of the good, and rejoice over the downfall and degradation of the bad.

The first work placed at the head of this article will illustrate further some of these observations. Judging from the commencement and conclusion of the book, and from occasional passages throughout the body of it, the author must have been desirous to promote rather than injure the cause of religion. It commences with the following prayer:

' " Let us pray, that when we sink to rest it may be with the remembrance of as innocent a life, and with as strong a hope of a blessed eternity, as she had whom we lament. She will not return to us, but God, in his mercy, grant that we go to her." '—p. 1.

The heroine of the piece is described as possessing 'all that was brilliant, every virtuous disposition, every mental qualification and principle founded on true religion.' We shall see with what consistency the author places a woman, possessing such attributes, in the equivocal situation in which Geraldine Hamilton is placed. Having been deprived of her mother at an early age, and left to the care, or rather brutality, of a fox-hunting, drunken Irish squire, she passes a considerable part of her youth with him on his estate in some part of Ireland. Her life was monotonous and cheerless, and year rolled on after year with little to relieve the gloom till two young officers were billeted at her father's house, and one of them, Colonel Stuart, fell ardently in love with her. She returns the passion, and becomes quite disconsolate at the idea of his leaving the country to join a regiment in Portugal. Before this happens, however, she learns he is a married man; yet with all her religious principles, her virtuous dispositions, and these facts against her, she consents to meet him on the shore, when she faints, is carried on board the vessel in which he had embarked for Lisbon, then placed in a convent under a false name, leaves that in the disguise of male attire to join the husband of another woman, who had received a wound, at some town up the country, and after a variety of adventures, and many long tedious love epistles, and finally the death of Stuart's wife, the drama closes, in the common-place fustian of novel writers, with a marriage. The story altogether is improbable; the language in which it is told is inflated, and often vulgar; the moral does not make any amends for the other grievous defects with which it abounds. Who can touch that which is unclean without being defiled? And what woman can go through such scenes without contamination? To say that her virtue remained unspotted, does not at all do away with the absurd conception of character.

The author wished to give an idea of a virtuous and religious woman, but he was totally ignorant of the qualities, the feelings,

and the modesty belonging to such a character. He set up an image like that seen in vision by the king of Babylon; the head was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet part iron aud part clay, without coherence or consistence; and all such images, when brought to the test of truth, like the image of the Prophet, are 'broken to pieces together, and become like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.' A virtuous and religious woman, carrying on a love correspondence with the husband of another, residing with him in the same apartments, is just as improbable a character as that other image, so well painted some eighteen hundred years ago by another great moral painter. The lines describe so accurately the character of this book, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving them at length :—

> 'Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
> Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne
> Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
> Credite, Pisones, istæ tabulæ fore librum
> Per similem cujus, velut ægri somnia, vana
> Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
> Reddatur formæ.'

Had there been any beauty of language, any striking description of country, or any fanciful rich imagery, the radical defect of the work would have been more concealed, but it is all of a piece—it is inconsistency throughout. Reader, judge for yourself, and see with what pathos an affecting scene is described in vol. ii, p. 259 :

> 'Occupied, as Lord Cliftown was, by the acting, a little sigh, which burst from Geraldine's heart, he could not but attend to; he turned his head round; the tears were in her eyes. Lord Cliftown inquired tenderly what was the matter? whether she was tired, hot, bored? devised every physical cause possible for her dejection, from the hot air of the house to the cold air from the stage, and was actually on the point of hurrying the whole party home, to the utter dismay of Julia Crosbie, when Geraldine rallied her spirits sufficiently to declare boldly she was extremely amused, and would not go home for the world. Lord Cliftown looked doubtingly—Geraldine blushed.'

What beautiful language too, this lady, with so many brilliant qualifications, uses :

> 'Geraldine tried to smile, and asked playfully if it was upon the chaplain or tutor at Lord Ashleigh's that he wished her to open the battery of her charms. (vol ii, p. 121.)

And with what *naiveté* and correctness this virtuous woman describes a mistress :

> 'I am to be clothed, nourished, and supported at your charge; and when I am bedecked with jewels, in rooms all fragrance and finery, I am to be

your idol or slave, whom you will daily visit, and whom your companions may admire or insult, for such terms will then be synonymous; and that when it is your good pleasure to be rid of me, I am to pass into the hands of your friends, or any other of the male sex who will take pity on an outcast!' (vol ii, p. 52.)

The description of Stuart's intelligent horse, however, crowns all. On a visit to a woman of the name of Malony, or some such name, he tarried long, and this gives rise to the philosophical remark,—'an unprecedented time in the horse's mind, apparently, for a visit to an old woman—the horse champed his bit and snorted.' Had this Bucephalus seen a beautiful young woman through the window, of course he would not have been so ungallant as to have snorted, or to have shown any marks of mental fatigue. All this, as the author beautifully remarks elsewhere, makes 'a smile cross the heart, if not the countenance.'

All these glaring faults, too, are without one redeeming quality, arising either from the plot or the description of the countries where the scenes are laid. Instead of half-a-score well defined characters, which are quite enough in any drama, there are probably fifty different figures, if figures they might be called—

> 'That shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed.'

They possess hardly any feature that reminds the reader of real life; and to render this annoyance the more striking, they come dropping on the stage in pairs towards the conclusion of the work, when new characters are more unwelcome even than strangers in the midst of a family party.

The description of the Tagus from the Rock of Lisbon to Abrantes is passed by in one sentence, yet what a picture might have been drawn—the wide deep river covered towards the mouth with vessels of every variety and shape—the seven hills of Lisbon on the left, and the high steep bank below Almada on the right—Alliandra, with the hills and lines of Torres Vedras—the romantic looking hill on which the town of Palmella stands seen in the distance—the fortress of Santarem, standing on the 'champaign head of a steep wilderness,' and overhanging the Tagus—with the vast and rich plain of Golegam, would have roused the energy of any man who had the smallest taste for the beauties of nature. This plain, which has very high ground on one side, and the Tagus on the other, has been well described in the following words, which we give for the edification of the reader:—

'The most striking of all is the plain of Golegam, which may be said, both from its extent and the richness of the scil, to be the richest in Portugal. It is sixteen miles in length from Santarem to Golegam, six from the Tagus to the mountains, and is covered chiefly with wheat and Indian corn.

In some parts there are groves of olives and vineyards, but these bear but a small proportion to the rest, and even among the olive trees the wheat is growing in great luxuriance. This plain is generally overflowed by the Tagus once a year, during winter, and is so enriched by the mud and sediment of the river that no manure is required. No lake can be more level—there are no fences, but few houses, and the impression altogether, from the flatness and extent of the plain, as well as the waving of the corn in the breeze, can be compared to nothing so fitly as that produced by an extensive view of the ocean. During the winter floods, the view of the plain is novel and magnificent. With the exception of the trees and houses, all is buried under water, and the farm-houses and villages, with the trees around them, seem so many little islands, with shining seas running among them. In a country where there are so many hills covered with small pines, and the eternal olive tree, the eye is much relieved by the view of such a valley, covered with luxuriant crops, with crowds of human beings at work in various parts of it, and oxen, sheep, and horses grazing on the sides of it.'

As we are always anxious to part on good terms with every author, we earnestly sought for some tolerably good passage that would counterbalance some of these faults; but we have not been able to find one that would at all mend the matter. We have noticed the work distinctly for the purpose of giving a specimen of the would-be novellists, and to warn all young ladies and all old maids against wasting their time in reading productions which can neither improve their morals nor increase their stock of knowledge.

The third work contains three tales, in the style and on the same plan with the first series of the work. The Quaker Family, though containing some striking traits of the members of that sect, is spun out to too great a length, and has some characters not of the most original cast. Hannah Bragan certainly has a strong resemblance to Meg Merrilies. The two other tales are better; they bear evident marks of having been formed from real events, coloured and variegated, no doubt, by a few fictitious circumstances. The account given of the two Scotch Williams (Dr. Cullen and Dr. William Hunter) is interesting and instructive.

The Romance in Ireland is founded on what has been called 'The Rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald,' in 1534, and contains some animated descriptions of the battles and seiges that took place during a part of that disturbed period. The execution of Lord Thomas is given with frightful effect. The character of O'Kelly is forcibly drawn, and the fearful recollection of his repeated treacheries and bloody deeds, well depicted in the following words, which conclude the account of his murder of the Earl of Desmond:

'And, as he spoke, with one blow he severed the head from the body of the last chieftain of the Desmonds.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

'One long wild cry broke from the lips of the Countess! A cry, so dreadful and appalling, that, years after, when on his dying bed, the until then relentless O'Kelly, heard with terrible agonies that shriek which he had been destined never to forget! In vain he entreated to be moved from room to room—from house to house; that sound still pursued him, and rung in his ears like a fearful warning to awaken his guilty conscience!'—p. 212.

The following also is but too true a picture of the mode in which the English attempted to rule Ireland in the reigns of the two last Henrys:

'The ground was covered with snow, and the English within the City of Dublin considered their own comforts with double satisfaction, in contemplating the state of the hopeless and starving people, whom they, the invaders and usurpers of the soil, had driven to this awful extremity; the people who had asked for "bread, and had been given a stone," who had demanded only justice and the rights of fellowship, and had in return been hunted like wild beasts,—those people, possessed of a beauty of person, and vigour of mind, far beyond their most civilized conquerors, were treated like beings of an inferior grade in the scale of creation; and when they turned against such treatment, and demanded justice and equal privileges, were hooted at as rebels and traitors to their lawful and legitimate rulers.

'And this system (the same practised with more complete success by the Spaniards in the western world) avowedly for the purpose of exterminating the aboriginal inhabitants, and *planting* English settlers on the land thus rendered vacant.*'—pp. 280, 281.

We only wish the present state of Ireland would justify the anticipation in the part of the sentence which concludes the romance:

'Irishmen, and quicksilver, are not calculated to be restrained, they must have scope for their restless and eccentric movements; and whoever attempts to confine those movements within too narrow a space, cannot be surprised if the prescribed boundaries are sometimes burst—properly treated, they are eminently serviceable—but under undue controul invariably become mischievous; to ascertain the fact, (with respect to Irishmen, at least,) has required some centuries, and much waste of blood and treasure; but it seems, at length, to have forced its way; and what the so much boasted wisdom of our ancestors was unable to achieve, the genius and liberality of a few, and the prudence and experience of many, is now likely to accomplish.'—p. 239.

'* Vide any History of Ireland.'

ART. VI. — *Suspension Bridges. A Memoir on Suspension Bridges, comprising their History and Application, with descriptions of some of the most important Bridges, Experiments and Rules and Tables for facilitating Computations relating thereto.* By CHARLES STEWART DREWRY. 8vo. Longman, Rees, and Co. London: 1832.

THERE is no saying of ancient times, which derives so much force from its connexion with present circumstances, as that adage of Lord Bacon's, '*Antiquitas sæculi, juventas mundi,*' when applied to science; for, however imposing are those wonders which it appears ancient science effected in the erection of their stupendous edifices, in the construction of their enormous vessels, and in the warlike engines which they called into play, whether to attack or defend cities (of which a notable instance occurs in the siege of Syracuse, by Marcellus, wherein the master-genius of Archimedes was so conspicuous), it must be allowed, that in such cases the end and the means in nowise bore so marked a disproportion as that which has distinguished modern inventions. The removal of immense masses of granite, marble, or stone, the erection of an obelisk, or the construction of a pyramid, employed thousands whose labour would now be superseded by the application of a few steam engines, or by laying down a rail-road. These two late results of modern science have their hitherto exclusive pretensions to utility now contested by a third, the introduction of suspension bridges, which may be termed the architecture of the chasm, the torrent, and the wide river, in situations exposed to a continual, but not a heavy, traffic.

The work before us is one which has been long wanted in the scientific world; indeed we have much wondered that those, whose constructions are evidence of their competency for the task, have so rarely recorded those principles upon which they have proceeded in the erection of the numerous suspension bridges that are now in existence in this country and on the Continent.

The application of suspension bridges, for the purpose of facilitating the internal communications of this country, has, within fourteen years, increased with surprising rapidity, and extended to piers and landing places on the sea coast, for which they appear to be peculiarly adapted, from the openness of their construction, which, if contrived with due precaution, would allow constant exposure to the effects of the most violent sea storms, without material injury. The prominent qualities of a suspension bridge, are its independence of the bed of a river, the facility and expedition with which it may be erected, and the economy resulting from the small quantity of materials it requires. Our author, however, properly remarks, p. 208—9, that there are situations in which a suspension bridge can never supersede one of more solid structure, because a

suspension bridge is always subject to vibration; for instance, the traffic that is continually passing over a bridge in a busy part of a metropolis like London, demands that it should be an arch bridge, built of stone or cast iron; but for large openings, requiring permanent thoroughfare, where the number of passengers is seldom great at one time, for portable military bridges, and for the crossing chasms in mountainous countries, the suspension bridge offers advantages that cannot be called in question.

From the period of its first introduction on a large scale in this country, (we might say in Europe,) the suspension bridge has created great interest, and has been adopted with such rapidity that even at this time it were difficult to enumerate the whole of those which have been already built.

There is indeed, perhaps, no work of construction purely scientific, which admits of such a near approach to architectural beauty. In most of the fabrics which belong to the engineer's department of building, and are confided to his exclusive care, massiveness and strength have been almost necessarily the primary, if not the sole, object of the man of science; and although such works will sometimes, from their stupendous size, assume the grand and lofty character which belongs to mere magnitude, whether in nature or art, still the engineer is so rarely fortunate as to have either the opportunity or the taste (like the great Sanmichele, the Lombard engineer) to employ in his productions the graceful curves, the rich columns, the carvings, and other embellishments, which beautify the compositions of the architect. But in suspension bridges, we have an object naturally pleasing to the eye, for the very curve of the chains, which is intermediate between the catenary and parabolic, is in itself beautiful and graceful; so that the erection of an unsightly suspension bridge would not merely argue a want of taste, but a mind devoid of every idea of harmony or proportion in the engineer.

When to this principle of natural beauty are added the more important and more practical advantages that suspension bridges possess, in the many instances above referred to, we cannot wonder at their ready adoption and rapid increase, not only in this country, but in the most distant of our colonies.* It is therefore rather matter of surprise, that their principles should not have long since been investigated in the manner proceeded upon by our author, and that we should not sooner have possessed a work of this character, embodying a description and comparison of the most important of these bridges, with an analysis of the theory which regulates the length, the curvatures and construction of the chains, the propor-

* A suspension chain bridge has been built lately in India, under the direction of Lewis Schalch, by native workmen, and of native iron.—*Sir H. Douglas on Military Bridges*, 1832.

tions of the piers, and other parts, and the formulæ necessary for computing all the minutest details of these interesting edifices. The works which have hitherto appeared on the subject, have been only descriptions of individual bridges, such as the volumes of Provis, Navier, Seguin, Von Mitis, Dufour, &c. So the papers quoted by our author, which have appeared in the Transactions of various scientific bodies, are detached essays, valuable in themselves, but wanting that unity and completeness, which distinguish the work before us.

The first section is devoted to an historical account of bridges of suspension; and those, whose attention had not been particularly directed to the subject, will be surprised to learn, that the priority of this useful invention may be contested by the inhabitants of Asia and America, but that Europe has no claim to it. For although bridges of ropes were formerly much used in European warfare, one of this sort having been thrown across the Clain at the siege of Poictiers, in the reign of Charles IX of France, about 200 years since, our author states, that it must be concluded, from the accounts derived from the narrations of travellers, that iron suspension bridges are of Asiatic origin. The bridge of Chouca-chazum, for instance, in China, described by Turner and Major Rennell, is so ancient that the inhabitants are ignorant of the date of its erection, and attribute to it a fabulous origin. This bridge is formed of two parallel chains 4 feet apart, suspended over stone piers about 8 feet high on each bank. The length of the bridge is 59 feet, and it is only used for foot passengers. The first European chain bridge may, with tolerable confidence, according to Mr. Drewry, be pronounced to be one of 70 feet span erected over the Tees, two miles above Middleton, supposed to have been built about 1741. In America, Mr. Findlay seems to have been the first to introduce the invention of iron chain bridges about 1796, since which time numerous others have been erected in that country.

Hence it appears, that the last improvement of this age of refinement and general instruction, has been, after all, only a return to the simplest principles discoverable in nature, and that in the construction of the most beautiful of our suspension bridges, we have been anticipated by the rudest attempts of semi-barbarians, in the laws which govern their stability, and the very ground work of their form.

Section II is a selection of the results of experiments, made by several engineers, on the strength of wires, and iron, and steel chains, &c. giving the mean strength of cohesion *in tons per square inch.*

The third section describes with minute accuracy the most remarkable bridges in Great Britain, constructed since the year 1816, the earliest of which seem to have consisted of inclined iron wires, a plan which answered very well for some small bridges, but being applied to a large one at Dryburgh Abbey, built in 1817

by Messrs. Smith, with a span of 260 feet, and a width of 4 feet, it proved very defective, by producing great vibration and inequality of tension; on this point, so material in suspension bridges, our author observes:

'The truth is, that for suspension bridges of slight proportions, any plan almost, however defective in principle, will answer, if well executed; because the strain on the bridge never bears any proportion to its strength; and, moreover, the mass of the materials suspended is generally too little to do injury by being put in motion; but, on the contrary, in suspension bridges of large dimensions, and consequently of great weight, the force that the suspended mass will acquire by being put in motion, increases rapidly. Hence it is an object to make it resist motion, and especially to make every part bear its own share of strain. It is a common doctrine, that lightness is the peculiar excellence of a suspension bridge, but that is a principle which must be acted up to with discretion, and not taken generally. For a bridge may be, from its size, just so heavy, that by being put in motion, it will acquire great momentum, and just so slight, that it will be unable to resist the effects of its own vibration. Therefore, when it becomes necessary to make the chains of a bridge so heavy that vibration would be dangerous, it is advisable boldly to increase their weight, rather than attempt to diminish it; and to bind and connect the several chains and the road way firmly together, in order that there may be sufficient *mass and stiffness* in the bridge to resist motion, rather than yield to it readily.'

We observe that the author is anxious to combat the too prevalent notion, that a suspension bridge cannot be too light and airy, and inculcates his opinion again on that subject at p. 74:

'In building a chain bridge for sea-coast service, the parts should be tied firmly together, to make them resist vibration, that it may not be set swinging by gales of wind. But the whole structure should be made as open as possible, so that there may be *no large masses of surface* to receive the shocks of the wind and sea.'

In this view of the necessity of sufficient weight and stiffness we certainly concur with our author, and he is borne out in it, not only by the practice of the most eminent engineers, but by the accidents that have occurred, in more than one instance, from making chain bridges too slight, and more particularly too slack, and consequently subject to great vibration.

We are glad to perceive that the author renders justice to the merit of Captain Brown, by recognizing him as the author of the system now universally adopted in practice, which is to make the chains of straight wrought iron rods or bars, connected together in pairs by short links and bolt pins.

'Captain Brown,' says the author, 'constructed a model of a suspension bridge made thus, of straight bars, in 1813. It was 105 feet span, and the whole of the iron work weighed 37 cwt. It bore loaded carts and other carriages. Captain Brown took a patent in 1817 for his invention. In

his specification he states his object to be to substitute for the use of common link chains or wires, (in constructing suspension bridges,) straight bars, round or flat, having their ends united by coupling plates and bolt pins, or by welding, or by some other methods which he describes, so that a number of these straight bars united will form one long chain.' 'Captain Brown,' continues our author, p. 34, 'states in his specification, that he had made experiments, on which he had founded designs and calculations for suspension bridges, exactly on the above plan, as early as 1808, and that he made the model above mentioned in 1813. It is indeed sufficiently evident from the tenor of the directions given in his specification, for constructing a suspension bridge, that they must have been the result of much thought and experiment; for if his design be compared with the bridges since erected, (of which descriptions will be given in the subsequent part of this work,) it will be found, that they are all made upon the same system of putting the chains together, and do not offer any striking difference in proportions, except in the deflection, which is now hardly ever made less than one-fifteenth of the chord line.'

The author also gives minute details of the Tweed bridge, of the Newhaven and Brighton suspension piers, and of the Menai bridge, of which latter he thus speaks:

'The Menai bridge is the largest and hitherto the finest suspension bridge that has been erected. It has, indeed, been not unfrequently made the subject of praise, expressed in language bordering on exaggeration. Considering, however, the difficulties of the situation, and the few data that existed for such constructions at the time that Mr. Telford undertook it, it must be pronounced a specimen of great boldness of design, united with the utmost care and judgment in the execution; and the student will improve both his knowledge and his taste by surveying it very attentively. The system of proceeding adopted by Mr. Telford, was that which is advisable for all great and especially new constructions. In the beginning, nothing was fixed but the general outline of the plan, and this was not very essentially departed from afterwards. But all the details of execution, particularly of those parts on which there was very little previous experience, were left to be devised, until the time arrived for their execution. Thus Mr. Telford was not shackled by the necessity of adhering to any complete settled plan, a slight departure from which might produce some derangement that it would have been impossible to foresee. He gained also the advantage of longer thought, and of all the experience that he acquired as he advanced. And, above all, he could keep his mind free, and select from the ideas that occurred to himself or to his assistant engineers, without being biassed by any affection to preconcerted schemes. The result of this good system, combined with his great practical skill, has been the production of a work of art undoubtedly of the first order.'

Section IV gives ample details of various foreign bridges, and minutely describes not only the construction of the original Pont des Invalides, which was completed and broke down in 1826, but investigates the causes of its failure. In his description of these instances of foreign science or unskilfulness, the author, we are glad

to perceive, does not seek to depreciate the knowledge of the engineers of foreign countries, nor to exaggerate the merits of those of his own; but gives to each his due praise with the utmost impartiality. We observe that he does not give the names of the engineers of the Pont d'Arcole at Paris, (so distinguished during the three days of the Revolution of 1830, and from which circumstance it derives its present name,) an omission, that does not occur in any other part of the volume. It was constructed, according to a view now before us, by Messrs. de Vergès and Bayard de la Vingtrie, engineers of the *Ponts et Chausées*, in 1828, at which period it was called the Pont de l'Hôtel de Ville. The former of these gentlemen also erected, in the same year, the Pont d'Auvers over the Oise, crossing the river in one span, the chains being suspended from a pyramidal pier on either bank, and the back stays carried far inland, and fastened into heavy abutments. The deflection seems to equal one-tenth of the chord line.

This chapter concludes with the description of the steel suspension bridge at Vienna, over the Danube, which gives rise to the following observations, p. 134:

'H. Mitis' work contains a great many tables of experiments on steel, &c. and investigations on various points connected with suspension bridge building; and he appears to advocate the superiority of steel over iron, as a material for suspension bridges. In this country, the price would be a prohibition, even if it had all the advantages possible. But its chief apparent superiority, viz. strength as compared to weight, is not really an advantage, if it be used as a material for the chains of suspension bridges, because weight and resistance to motion are to a certain extent desirable. For the vibration produced on a very light, but strong, bridge, by a *moving load* greatly beyond its own weight, is far more dangerous to its stability than an increase of its own inherent weight would be. In this steel bridge, for example, the weight of the chains is only 8 tons 1910 lbs.; and the total weight of the bridge is 39 tons. Now the load estimated by H. Mitis is 79 tons, or above twice the weight of the bridge, and about 8¾ times the weight of the chains. And if we were to compute the possible load by the standard adopted in this work, viz. 70*lbs. or* 0.03125 *tons per square foot*, the platform of this bridge containing 3855 square feet, might be loaded with 120 tons, or more than 3 times its own weight, and more than 13 times the weight of its chains.

'The practical effect of such an excess of lightness is in fact felt in this bridge, for H. Mitis says himself, that from that cause the bridge vibrates and swings during heavy winds, or under moving loads, more than he could desire; and he admits it to be a drawback on the use of steel. When, therefore, from any special reason, it is desirable to make a bridge very light, in proportion to its strength, the chains ought to be tied together crosswise, as in the Menai bridge, and steadied by under ties; and the parapets should be made very stiff, if they cannot be made heavy. In fact tendency to vibration must be counteracted, and if it cannot be counteracted by downright mass, it must be done by mechanical arrangement.'

Section VI contains remarks on the materials used for suspension bridges, in the course of which Mr. Drewry takes occasion to propose a plan for making chains with bars of wood, lashed together by rope or wire:

'The materials,' says he, 'of which a suspension bridge is constructed, as well as its proportions, ought to depend upon the purposes for which it is intended, and iron is undoubtedly the best material for large bridges; but bridges are sometimes erected in remote places, particularly abroad, where iron and mechanics are not easily or cheaply procured, and where all that is wanted is an established passage, but not a bridge to bear any great load. It may, therefore, be useful to consider how far, on such occasions, wood could be substituted for iron.

'Wood, used as a material for making the chains of a suspension bridge, is in some respects superior, in others inferior, to iron. The advantages are that, weight for weight, its absolute strength is greater than that of iron, and that it is worked more readily and with fewer tools. The disadvantages of wood are, that it is more likely to decay by exposure, and that it stretches more; viz. it has been found by experiment, that fir will stretch about twenty times as much as iron, the sections being equal, and the strains being in proportion to the strengths. Hence, as the section of fir would require to be about five times that of iron, to give equal strength, it follows that, with equal ultimate strength, *main chains made of fir bars would stretch about four times* as much as iron chains.'

In a note the author adds,

'The ultimate strength of adhesion of fir is 12,000 lbs. per square inch=5.35 tons, or about one-fifth of the strength of iron. The weight of fir is about one-twelfth the weight of iron; hence, weight for weight, the strength of cohesion of fir is 2·4 times that of iron.

'The strength of ash is 2·8 times that of iron.
Ditto oak 1·33 ditto ditto.

The author does not enter into any great details on the plan of using wood for the chains; but we are inclined to agree with him, that on some occasions, particularly, for instance, in the construction of military bridges, or for remote districts in mountainous countries, where wood is usually plentiful and iron not, a very good suspension bridge might be made with wooden chains.

The most valuable part of the information contained in this volume consists of the formulæ and other data, laid down in the seventh section, as to the theory of suspension bridges, and the strength of the materals employed in their construction.

On this section the author appears to have bestowed the greatest pains, giving formulæ for computing the proportions of all the essential parts, accompanied throughout by examples, derived from the practice of the most eminent engineers. Mr. Drewry, we observe, urges repeatedly the importance of mass and solidity in all the fixed parts, particularly in those which are the ultimate points of resistance; and severely reprobates that miserable economy of

the present day, which too frequently compels an engineer to run the risk of making an inefficient work, in order that it may be cheap; forgetful that that which is costly is not always dear, and that which costs little is not necessarily cheap. Thus, in speaking of abutments, he says,

'It must be sufficiently obvious, that the stability of the whole bridge depends on the solidity of the abutments, since the ultimate pull is on them. They should therefore be as solid and as heavy a mass as possible, consistently with a rational regard to economy and appearance. But of all parts, the abutments are the last in which strength should be sacrificed to trifling economy. When the shores do not offer natural solid rock, and abutments are to be built of masonry, their *mere weight* should not be much less than equal to twice the utmost strain that can be brought on the chains by dead weight, and their total resistance (that is, in weight and resistance of adhesion combined) should be, at the least, equal to 4 times the utmost strain.'

The author assumes for the utmost dead weight with which a bridge can be loaded, 70 lbs. per square foot of platform, or one person for every two square feet, rating each person, on an average, at 140 lbs. weight. Some of the English engineers proportion their bridges at the rate of about 60 lbs. per square foot of platform. Mr. Drewry then continues,

'Mr. Telford, in his first design for the Menai Bridge, proposed to attach the main chains to the masonry of the land arches in such a way, that to disturb the abutments they must have torn up a mass of masonry weighing about 12,000 tons, or 6 or 7 times the utmost load that could come on the bridge.

'The resistance offered by the adhesion of a mass of masonry to the ground that surrounds it, depends of course upon the nature of that ground, and cannot be very accurately determined by any general rule. For that reason it ought not to be very much counted upon, unless the ground is manifestly so solid as to be almost rock; and then it is better to make use of it as an abutment, carrying the chains through tunnels, in the way described for the Menai Bridge and Brighton Pier, and fastening them to very large retaining stones, or cast iron plates.'

Were we to quote all the passages that contain useful rules of practice or fundamental principles for theory, we should extend too far the limits of our review. The extracts already given, in which we have purposely abstained from giving the algebraic calculations, will convince our readers sufficiently of the general utility of the volume before us, to those whose inclination or whose profession may connect them with such pursuits. There are, however, some omissions in the work, which we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. We could have wished, for example, a few more observations upon rope bridges, to which we should have thought the calculations respecting the strength of ropes, pp. 206—7, would naturally have led the author. The ingenious portable rope bridge, so judiciously

designed by Colin Shakespeare, Esq. in India, for which he received the gold Vulcan medal at the Society of Arts, proves the many uses, in peculiar situations, to which cords may be applied. Mr. Drewry has made no mention of it, and we trust, that in a future edition of his work he will pay more attention to this department of his subject.

We have only to add, in conclusion, that Mr. Drewry seems to have been anxious, and he has fully succeeded, to compile a complete manual on suspension bridges, worthy the subject, and worthy the high character for practical knowledge which our engineers enjoy on the Continent. He has pressed into his service many rules established by long practice in other departments of engineering, but intimately connected with the construction of suspension bridges; such as rules for the strength of wrought and cast iron pivots, for wood and cast iron beams, and other similar formulæ, forming a complete and convenient body of reference for the practician, as well as for the inexperienced student. The wood cuts are numerous and well engraved; but the lithographic illustrations, although perfectly distinct and clear, are not so well executed as might have been expected; the author may, perhaps, have made this sacrifice of taste, in order to reduce the price of his work, so as to be within the reach of all.

ART. VII.—*The Life of General, the Right Honorable Sir David Baird, Bart.* 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley. 1832.

INTERESTING as the biographies of distinguished individuals must be from their nature, they become still more so when connected with the leading events of their day, and capable of throwing light on the too often latent causes of political occurrences. It is frequently the mere chance of having moved in a turbulent state of things, which affixes celebrity on an individual, by affording opportunities for the display of natural talent and the exercise of patriotic virtues. Yet, whatever may have been the occasions which enabled fame to be acquired, their particulars and minutiæ excite an interest exactly proportionate to the honors and glory of the parties connected with them.

The truth of these remarks is abundantly discernible in the Memoirs which we are passing under review, nor know we a more spirit-stirring subject than the life of the meritorious General to which they relate. Of his early days but little is said, though that little is in perfect keeping with the traits of his matured character. The first prominent point is the development of the circumstances which converted Hyder Ali into an inveterate foe, in which baseness and treachery must be imputed to the British Government at Madras. Hence arose Hyder's confederation with the French and Mahrattas, and that series of disasters which the English army was doomed to experience, and which laid the foundation of that solid fame which Sir David Baird, by continued gallantry, ripened

into an object worthy of historical note. The effect of British perfidy at Madras, was the organization of an army of 100,000 men in the service of Hyder, which consisted of native troops, disciplined Europeans, and was commanded by Colonel Lally. The bravery, with which the small body of English met their shock, was perhaps unparalleled, a small force of 3,000 men opposing themselves careless of death, yet scarcely reckoning on the possibility of victory, to this overwhelming mass, directed by French officers, every man rankling with a long-settled hatred. When the small number, to which the '*then*' Captain Baird belonged, surrendered, that hatred was so great, that an assault was made on the unarmed men; and

'The greater part of Captain Baird's company were literally cut to pieces by these wretches, and he himself having received two sabre wounds on his head, a ball in his thigh, and a pike wound in his arm, fell senseless to the ground.'

In this state, his escape from death was miraculous; one of Tippoo's men having perceived him move, raised his spear to despatch him, but another also moving at the same time, his attention was diverted, and Baird thus singularly survived to avenge this defeat by the glorious conquest of Seringapatam.

'One of Hyder's horsemen, who found him wounded on the field, took charge of him, and strange to say, had the humanity to give him a little water to drink. From loss of blood he fainted twice on his way to the camp, and twice his guard and conductor stopped and waited for his recovery, in order to obtain the reward paid for bringing in a prisoner; but when the unfortunate sufferer a third time sunk under pain and fatigue, the patience of the soldier was exhausted, and he left him to die.'

From this state he was relieved by a wounded serjeant and private of his own company, and after considerable difficulties and dangers, he, with his companions, resigned himself to the French colonel in Hyder's army. The cowardice of Sir Hector Munro led to this defeat; for had he advanced, when he heard the firing, notwithstanding the vast disparity of numbers, the result would doubtless either have fully been in favor of the British, or, at the least, the brave men, to whom Baird belonged, would have been saved.

From the French they indeed received every personal attention, but superior orders caused their transfer to Hyder's camp. Here, all the Europeans who escaped with life, were treated with the utmost barbarity, and after various hardships, Baird, with some others, were marched to Seringapatam, and imprisoned in a wretched place, which "consisted of an oblong square, about seventy feet in length, with a sort of shed inward, and open in the middle, like a square of open stalls for cattle." To detail the horrors of this protracted incarceration would exceed our limits. During these, however, Hyder Ali died, and was succeeded by his son Tippoo, commonly known in Europe as Tippoo Saib. This prince defeated every preconceived hopes of his leniency by acts of oppression and cruelty: some of the prisoners, among whom was General Matthews, were poisoned, and on the survivors increased atrocities were heaped. For three years and eight months Baird endured, with an unflinching mind, these injuries, though ever doubtful of a release; but at length the establishment of peace between Tippoo and the English restored him to unexpected liberty. One of the private journals feelingly describes the scene:

'We now waited with the utmost impatience for the return of the day, and were impressed with a strong desire that our irons might be knocked off immediately, but, to our great mortification, there arrived, about seven in the morning, only one armourer. Every one struggled to have his fetters knocked off first; promises, threats, bustling, and jostling, every expedient that could be imagined was put in practice, in order to obtain that which would come unsought in the course of a few minutes, or hours at farthest. The same men who had suffered for years the rigours of imprisonment, and the menaces of a barbarous policy, with invincible patience and resolution, as well as with general sympathy, were so transported by the near prospect of liberty, that the delay of a few moments seemed now to be more insupportable than even the tedious langour of our long, most alarming, and anxious confinement. About two or three in the afternoon our irons were all knocked off, and we were conducted to the Kuladar.'

After minor adventures, Baird proceeded to Madras, and on his way met a body of his own regiment; an interesting meeting between himself and his friend Captain Robertson is recorded. At Madras occurred his last mortification, in finding the majority, solicited during his imprisonment, given to Lord William Murray, his junior officer,—an act honorably resented by the other officers, who memorialized the Secretary at War, and he as honorably refused to confirm it. The Secretary's letter was flattering to Captain Baird, who soon after assumed the command of senior captain in his regiment. In 1787 he obtained his majority, and repaired to Europe to revisit his friends. By a curious fortuity, after his arrival in Scotland, he attained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and in March, 1791, he again sailed from England, and arrived at Madras in the following June. Before the completion of his negotiations to obtain his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, one remarkable incident occurred: as he was seated in a coffee-room, regretting the delay of his Scotch agent as to the requisite remittances, a Mr. Ewen, of the Civil Madras service, overheard his complaint, and followed him into the street, with a tender of the money, which a mistaken delicacy caused him to decline; but in consequence of this refusal, Lord Cavan, Lord Ludlow, and Sir John Moore, (under all of whom he afterwards served, as junior) became his senior officers by three or four days.

Passing by some particulars, and the attack on Seringapatam, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Baird bore a most distinguished part, as it has already been amply detailed, we shall confine ourselves to subjects more intimately connected with this biography. The disinterested generosity of Colonel Baird's character shone pre-eminently in his conduct towards the Rajah of Tanjore, in manly opposition to the pilfering system of the East Indian Company of that day, and its still more truckling agent, Mr. ————, the omission of whose entire name is a matter of regret, and must so continue to every lover of political honesty and justice. The consequence of Colonel Baird's upright and independent conduct, were the removal of himself and his regiment from Tanjore, and a scene of persecutions, more disparaging to the inflicters of them than they could even have been galling to their object, which were followed by the breaking up and drafting of his gallant 71st into other regiments,—a species of tyrannical power, from which fortunately the agents of government are now legally disabled. With the broken up, undrafted skeleton of his regiment he was ordered to Europe, but on

his arrival at the Cape was induced by the Governor, Lord Macartney, to continue there with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Shortly after this period, a second war with Tippoo being unavoidable, and Lord Mornington (now the Marquis of Wellesley) being appointed Governor-General of India, General Baird received from England his promotion, as Major-General, with orders to join the army in India. In pursuance of these orders, he again landed at Madras. He was immediately and actively engaged in the warfare against Tippoo, and after some skirmishes and encounters, in which his active mind was not wanting, he was appointed to the command of the party, destined to storm Seringapatam.

'It was ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon, when General Baird having completed all his arrangements for his heroic enterprize, stepped out of the trenches, and drawing his sword, exclaimed to the men, in the most gallant and animated manner, "Now, my brave fellows, follow ME, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers!" The effect was like magic. In an instant both columns rushed forwards, and entered the bed of the river, and being of course immediately perceived by the enemy, were in a few minutes assailed by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets..... General Baird had intended to lead the left column himself, but observing, that the troops being very severely galled by the enemy's fire, had swerved from the line of marks, which had been made to direct their passage over the river, and had got into deep water, dashed forward himself by the shortest and most exposed passage. By this intrepid movement he gained the opposite bank, just at the moment the head of the first column reached it. He cheered the men by his personal example, and himself rushed onwards close to the forlorn hope, which in spite of the determined opposition of the enemy, made good its lodgment in the breach, in which, in six minutes from the first assault, the British colours were seen proudly floating in the breeze.'

By a party of the 12th regiment mistaking orders, and thus finding themselves opposite to the sally-port, through which Tippoo, already wounded, was returning to his palace, the Sultan became placed between two fires, and thus met his death, the particulars of which, according to one account, are as follows:

'The fallen Sultaun was immediately raised by some of his adherents, and placed in his palankeen, under the arch, on one side of the gateway, where he lay or sat for some minutes faint and exhausted, till some Europeans entered the gateway. A sergeant, who has survived, relates, that one of the soldiers seized the Sultaun's sword-belt, which was very rich, and attempted to pull it off; that the Sultaun, who still held his sword in his hand, made a cut at the soldier with all his remaining strength, and wounded him about the knee; on which he put his piece to his shoulder and shot the Sultaun through the temples, when he instantly expired.' It is a fact, confirmatory of this statement, that when the body was found, 'his turban, jacket, and sword-belt were gone.' General Baird's reward from his commanding officer, General Harris, for this important service, was an order *to resign the command of Seringapatam to his junior officer, Colonel Wellesley, now the Duke of Wellington.* The correspondence, subsequent to this injustice, between himself and General Harris, sufficiently shows the manner in which India was regulated; yet in this strange transaction Colonel Wellesley was free from all blame, and acted with great feelings of generosity in atonement for the slight offered to General

Baird. Nor were his brother officers less energetic in expressing their sentiments of his merit.

Shortly afterwards, he went to Bengal, and was appointed to the Government of Dinapore, from which he was sent to command an expedition against Batavia and the Mauritius; this was changed to one against the French in Egypt. Colonel Wellesley was his second in command, but was unable to proceed from Bombay, on account of a serious illness. At Jeddah, General Baird received the news of the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and after leaving this place, the difficulties which he was required to surmount, and the inexhaustible energies which he displayed in surmounting them, ere he could commence the discharge of his high commission, would have crippled the faculties of a less powerful mind, and sunk to despondency a less determined patriot. Among these evils, the want of water, and the bursting of the water bags, were perhaps worse than the miscalculated distances, the burning sands of earth, and still more burning sun, to which the army was exposed. Yet Baird's intellect was fertile in resources, and overcame these overwhelming difficulties. Nevertheless, after this career of painful toil and indefatigable exertion, when at length he joined the British commander, General Hutchinson, at Alexandria, the mortified pride of the veteran found the place surrendered by the French, and himself, though the General was about to return to England, subordinately arranged in the command, by dispatches from England. Were no military service upon record, his conduct towards the Beys of Upper Egypt would immortalize his name.

We now see Lord Cavan commander-in-chief in the place of General Hutchinson, a man, whom we before noticed, as prior to Sir David Baird, only on account of the latter's peculiar delicacy at a coffee-house in London. The occurrences between this period and General Baird's arrival in Calcutta, are pretty generally known: there honors, justly his due, awaited him and the soldiers who served under him. Yet, his predilection in favor of Madras induced him to solicit his return to that Presidency, where he was appointed to the command of a division against Scindiah and the Rajah of Ragpore; but in consequence of having been again thwarted, through the decided preference shown to the now General Wellesley, he relinquished his command, and obtained leave to return to England. In the Bay of Biscay he, with his staff, was captured by a French privateer, but fortunately retaken by his Majesty's ship Sirius, and finally, after escaping another perilous chance, was safely landed at Falmouth. He then was appointed to the eastern district of England, under the command of Sir James Craig, whence he was shortly recalled to superintend an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope. On his arrival he gained a victory over General Jaussens, the ultimate results of which were the surrender of Cape Town, and that of General Jaussens and of the whole of his force, on which Baird assumed the Government. After improving, by wise regulations and an excellent internal administration, the state of the colony, and after some inferior events, he was recalled to England, having been, on leaving the Cape, 'accompanied to the water's edge by all the principal inhabitants, who expressed the warmest wish, that they might be so fortunate as shortly again to be placed under his care and protection.' After the treaty at Tilsit, when the English government made their demand for the Danish fleet, Sir David was attached to the military force which supported the requisition, and was twice wounded in the attack

on Copenhagen. On his return he was entrusted to form 'a drill camp' on the Curragh of Kildare, and he accordingly set out for Dublin. Removed from thence, he was appointed to the command of an expedition to Spain, the particulars of which are so fresh in every one's memory, that a full recapitulation of them would be supererogatory. His gallantry at the battle of Corunna was conspicuous, and perhaps, had his experienced advice received the attention which it merited, the fate of the expedition might have been more advantageous. When severely wounded by a grape-shot in his left arm, and compelled to retire from the action, his countenance and manner were so unchanged and calm, that those whom he met were unconscious of his wound. 'Upon a closer inspection, it was found that the wound was so near the shoulder that the ordinary mode of amputation could not be adopted, since in all probability the bone was splintered close to the cap of the shoulder. It was therefore thought necessary to remove the arm out of the socket. The preparations for this painful, and at that period unusual operation, were immediately made; and during its progress Sir David Baird exhibited the same firmness of nerve which so eminently distinguished him on every occasion through life. He sat leaning his right arm on a table, without uttering one syllable of complaint, except at the moment when the joint was finally separated, when one single exclamation of pain escaped his lips. The blow, however, was one of complicated danger and difficulty, for the shot, which shattered the bone of the arm to pieces, inflicted another severe wound in the side, from which Sir David suffered severely for many years.'

What was his reward? not a peerage, to which he afterwards aspired, but the honour of receiving the insignia and kissing hands, upon being appointed a Knight of the Bath.

'Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.'

He retired to the country and was created a baronet; but in 1823, he was severely hurt by his horse falling with him, and in a subsequent residence in London, was seized with vertigo, which was succeeded by a long and violent illness, from which he never perfectly recovered. After this he was appointed to the Government of Fort George, and proceeded to Leamington, where the pains in his head violently returned; thence he removed to Edinburgh, and was with difficulty conveyed to Ferry Tower, where, bearing his illness with his usual magnanimity, serenity, and composure, he breathed his last on the 18th of August, 1829.

Thus ended the career of this brave and neglected man, as we may in common justice call him, if we compare his labours and achievements with those of others, whom political interest has caused to be more splendidly rewarded. Sir David had no compromising spirit; he had the courage to be as upright in negotiation as he was undaunted in the field, nor feared he to animadvert on the tergiversating policy of his superiors, where he detected it. Hence, probably, the comparative apathy of the Government, which, sensible of not having sufficiently promoted his merit, yet saw it too glaring, too brilliant, too self-evident, to be totally indifferent to it in the eyes of the public. For it is a fact, that men, who have performed far less, have been more amply decorated with their country's honours.

It only remains to say, that we recommend these two well compiled and entertaining volumes to the perusal of our readers.

ART. VIII.—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* Vol. II. London: Murray. 1832.

THE second volume of what may properly be designated the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society, amply sustains the credit which that body had already obtained by the publication of the first, and still more strongly tends to confirm the expectations in which the public have from the outset indulged, of the vast utility of this Society.

The number of original papers contained in the present volume amounts to eleven. Amongst the names of their authors we recognize those of some of the brightest living ornaments of science. The first paper is from the pen of W. Martin Leake, Esq. so well known for his learned researches into the antiquities of Greece. It contains a most elaborate dissertation on the question, whether or not the river Quorra in Africa, which has lately been traced to its discharge into the sea, be the same river as the Nigir of the ancients. The determination of this question is regarded by the Major as interesting principally on account of its affording the means of ascertaining the extent to which the ancients possessed a knowledge of the interior of Africa. In resolving this problem, the author displays an extraordinary acquaintance with ancient literature, and by a course of argument drawn from a multitude of authorities, he arrives at last to the conclusion, that the Nigris laid down by Ptolemy is the same river that is now known as the Quorra. 'The knowledge of the interior of Africa,' observes Mr. Leake, 'now possessed by the civilized world, is the progressive acquisition of many enterprising men, to all of whom we are profoundly indebted; but it cannot be denied that the last discovery has done more than any other to place the outline of African geography on a basis of certainty. When to this is added the consideration that it opens a maritime communication into the centre of the continent, it may be described as the greatest geographical discovery that has been made since that of New Holland.'

The next article which, for the intrinsic interest which it possesses, demands our attention, is that supplied by Captain J. E. Alexander, H. P. late 16th Lancers. This gentleman is a distinguished member of the Royal Geographical Society, and is already well known to the intelligent public by his Travels in Persia and across the Baltic. In the spring of 1831, he proceeded to British Guiana and the West Indies, on a tour of pleasure, intending to return to his own country by way of New Orleans, the Vale of the Ohio, Canada, and New York. In the autumn of the same year he addressed to the Society Notes of two Expeditions up the Essequibo and Mazaroony rivers, in the years 1830 and 1831,

The most interesting portion, however, of Captain Alexander's narrative, is that which he derives from a traveller who preceded him in the same tour, namely, Mr. Hillhouse, late of the staff corps, and now a surveyor in Demerara. This young gentleman, accompanied by a friend, explored for the first time the course of the Mazaroony river. The account of their journey was drawn up by Mr. Hillhouse, and has been placed in the hands of Captain Alexander, who has promised at some future period to communicate it to the world. In the mean time, believing that a brief sketch of the voyage would not be unacceptable to the Society, he transmitted the paper which now forms one of the most interesting articles of this Journal. The district through which the travellers passed, was never visited by white men before; they found in it many scenes of sublime beauty, and a people to whom no opportunity had ever occurred up to the period of this visit, of holding intercourse with civilized beings. With these the travellers had many interviews and adventures, the description of which is highly interesting:

'One evening,' says Captain Alexander, 'they heard a man howling in the woods; they landed, and found an Arrawak Indian, swinging in a hammock, between two dead bodies on each side of him, also in hammocks. He swung his hammock from side to side, and thus caused the dead also to swing, all the time uttering the most distressing cries. On inquiring what was the matter, he said that the corpses were those of his brothers, who had just died from injuries they had received from an unfriendly tribe, who had passed up the creek in the night; but no wounds were apparent on the bodies, and they were taken down and laid on the ground.

'The surviving brother then cut thorny twigs, and beat the bodies all over, uttering at the same time "Heia! heia!" as if *he* felt the pain of flagellation. He next took the grease of a hog just killed, and anointed the mouths and faces of the dead, grunting all the while; then seeing that it was impossible to re-animate the lifeless clay, he opened their eyes, and beat the thorns into the eye-balls and all over the face—it was a dreadful sight; at last he was persuaded to bury them; a sheet was thrown over them, the grave filled up, and strewed with leaves.

'The Arrawaks say that they believe in a Supreme Creator of all things, who has a brother, the governor of the universe; there is also an evil spirit, whom they endeavour to conciliate by means of their pe-aye-men, or sorcerers. A calabash, with pebbles in it, is used by these men to cast the evil spirit out of the sick. Their tradition of the creation is, that the Great Spirit sat on a silk-cotton tree, and cut off pieces of bark, which he threw into the stream below him, and becoming animated, they assumed the forms of all animals; that man was last of all created; that a deep sleep fell upon him; he was touched by the Deity, and found when he awoke a wife by his side. The world becoming desperately wicked, was *drowned by a flood*, only one man being saved in a canoe; from which he sent out *a rat* to discover if the waters had subsided, and it returned with a head of Indian corn.

'Mr. Hillhouse and his companions persuaded the Indians to dam up a creek, so as to inclose a large space; the roots of the hayaree (a poisonous

palm) were then beat up with water in a canoe and thrown into the creek, and fish in thousands, in a short time, came to the surface. The Indians shot them rapidly with their arrows, and the rest by degrees recovered from their stupor, but deserted the creek for some weeks after. The travellers then returned to George Town, having collected many specimens of birds, insects, minerals, &c. and explored a most interesting district, hitherto undescribed.'—p. 70.

High up the Essequibo, Mr. Hillhouse and his companion fell in with a native of Anthropophagi, belonging to the Carib tribe. The chief gave them a very polite reception, placing before them fish, with some choice savoury sauce. This course being removed, two human hands were brought in and a steak of human flesh!

'The travellers,' continues the Captain, 'thought that this might be part of a baboon of a new species; however, they declined the invitation to partake, saying that, in travelling, they were not allowed to eat animal food. The chief picked the bones of the hands with excellent appetite, and asked them how they had relished the fish and the sauce. They replied that the fish was good and the sauce excellent. To which he answered, "Human flesh makes the best sauce for any food; these hands and the fish were all dressed together. You see these Macooshee men, our slaves; we lately captured these people in war, and their wives we eat from time to time." The travellers were horrified, but concealed their feelings, and before they retired for the night, they remarked that the Macooshee females were confined in a large logie, or shed, surrounded with a stockade of bamboos; so that, daily, the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these unfortunate women, saw them brought out, knocked on the head, and devoured by the inhuman cannibals. Lieutenant Gullifer, who was *in bad condition*, got into his hammock and slept soundly; but Mr. Smith, being in excellent case, walked about all night, fearing that their landlord might take a fancy to a steak of white meat. They afterwards visited a cave, in which was a pool of water; the Indians requested them not to bathe in this, for if they did, they would die before the year was out. They laughed at their monitors, and bathed; but sure enough were both "clods of the valley" before the twelvemonth had expired.'—pp. 71.—72.

These specimens of the travels of Mr. Hillhouse will, we are sure, excite in every reader a great degree of curiosity for the fuller and more elaborate account to which Captain Alexander alludes, and which, we trust, will not be unnecessarily postponed.

Before parting with the adventurous Captain, we must notice the conclusion of his paper, in which a practical point, of very great importance to travellers in general, is considered. The writer has reason to boast of the uninterrupted good health which he enjoys in the midst of those sources of disease which a new and very insalubrious climate supplies. This exemption from the common lot of almost all who have made the same bold experiments as himself, he attributes to the rigid system of abstinence in living which he uniformly observed. He rose early, washed and sponged his body immediately from head to foot, always took some ac-

tive exercise before breakfast, and throughout the day acted as his feelings and wants prompted him, taking but little precautions, and avoiding acids and green food; and at night before going to bed he rubbed his whole body over with a very coarse hair-glove or flesh-brush, thus, as he says, clearing the pores and equalizing the whole circulation.

A long and very important paper on the progress of interior discovery in New South Wales, from the pen of Mr. Allan Cunningham, has been communicated by Viscount Goderich. Those who propose to emigrate to that country will find much that is interesting and practically useful to them in this article.

One of the Secretaries of the Colonial Office (R. W. Hay, Esq.) has furnished some very curious particulars relative to the production of flax in New Zealand. We shall give the summary in his own words:

'In New Zealand flax may be obtained in an unlimited quantity, and there is abundance of fine timber of all sizes and dimensions for ship-building and other purposes. Thousands of tons of shipping may be employed in the flax trade alone; and the timber which grows occasionally to a great height, and not unfrequently six feet in diameter, may be procured in any quantity. The country is rich in mineral and vegetable productions; the soil fertile and easy of culture.

'In both islands there are extensive lakes; and the rivers are also numerous, and mostly navigable, generally running north and south, and branching off into others, from which run numerous streams and creeks. The rise and fall of tide along the whole coast is considerable, but greatest to the southward; at Kokianga (which is to the northward) it is fourteen or fifteen feet in the springs. The harbours and bays are, perhaps, the finest in the world, and few countries, indeed, possess so many equally capacious, safe, and easy of access. The climate is very healthy, and free from those hot and pestilential winds, destructive to cultivation, which characterize the climate of New South Wales: nor is the thermometer subject to the sudden changes observable there.

'From all the information that can be collected, New Zealand is far from being thickly peopled; but is rich, beautiful, and fertile. The natives have an intuitive respect, blended with fear, for the English—the chiefs, for the most part, desiring to place themselves under British protection. They do *not* possess courage, but are cunning, easily taught, clever, fond of show, hardy, and capable of undergoing great fatigue. They require to be treated with a mixture of kindness and firmness.

'With regard to the whaling establishments in New Zealand, it may be observed, that as they are of use only for about four months in the year, they are not likely to become permanent, unless combined with some other pursuit for the summer season. And from the destructive nature of the fishery (the females being killed at the time of calving) the trade cannot last many years; but like the sealing, will eventually fail from extermination, or from the desertion of the land by the harrassed animals. The fishery is confined to the middle and Stewart's islands, the whales not being found north of Cook's straits.

'The flax settlements will rapidly assume a more permanent form, as the present desultory and speculative system progressively fails from the increasing unwillingness of the natives to dress the hemp, and from its depreciated value at home on account of the dirty state in which it is supplied.

'There seems yet but little prospect of uniting any number of the natives under one leader. They are subdivided into many small communities or families, without any one individual having the slightest recognized authority, and are excessively jealous of each other and of their equality. With the exception of slaves, they have no distinctions of rank, every one, not a slave, being equal to every other. The elder of a family, in time of peace, meets with some little deference;—in war the most enterprising takes the lead. The property of the soil is well defined, their jurisprudence extensive, and its penalties are submitted to without opposition, even by the stronger party. We find amongst them none of the volatile spirits of the islanders in warmer latitudes, but a proud, haughty, independent race, who think deeply, reason acutely, compare the past with the present, anticipate the future, and are as dogged and persevering amidst their fogs, as the Briton is in his.

'In the four Church Mission stations of Rangiliona, Renken, Paihai, and Waimate, there are, under a regular course of education, about three hundred and twenty New Zealanders, whose average age is sixteen years. When the hours appointed for instruction in reading, writing, and accounts, are expired, the greater number of these natives are employed in the Mission, some in building, others as carpenters, and others in general labour. There are three substantial chapels, capable of holding from two to three hundred each, in which services are held three times every Sunday, and always well attended.

'The natives are anxious to be placed under the protection of British law, and would be willing to receive any person vested with power to enforce it.'—pp. 133, 134.

It appears that in the year 1818, 60 tons of New Zealand flax were sent from Sydney to England, of the value of 2,600*l*. In 1830, twenty-eight vessels, averaging $110\frac{5}{28}$ tons burthen each, made in the aggregate fifty-six voyages to New Zealand; the total tonnage thus cleared having been 5,588 tons. In the same year, twenty-six different vessels, of the average tonnage of $114\frac{18}{28}$ tons each, made forty-six passages inwards to Sydney, their aggregate being 4,959 tons. Again, it is stated by Mr. Hay, that of seventy-eight vessels which cleared out from Sydney for foreign states, South Sea Islands, and fisheries, fifty-six were to touch at New Zealand; and of sixty-four arrived under the same heads, forty-six had been there.

Amongst the articles in the miscellaneous part of the Geographical Journal, a notice of the natural productions and agriculture of Cashmere particularly demands our attention. It is selected from the manuscript papers of the late Mr. William Moorcroft, a gentleman of extraordinary attainments in the principal branches of natural history. After giving an account of the chief mine-

ralogical productions of the country, Mr. Moorcroft describes the condition of its agriculture, which appears to be at a very low ebb. In consequence of the limited scope for the employment of human labour in proportion to the population of Cashmere, many of the lower classes, according to him, are under the necessity of sharing with quadrupeds the conveyance of burdens. This circumstance, together with the facilities for internal navigation, have occasioned a considerable deterioration both in the quality and in the number of horses in Cashmere. An interesting feature of the rural economy of the Cashmere people, however, is described by the author under the title of the 'Management of Bees.' Every farmer in Cashmere, it seems, has several bee-hives in his house; Mr. Moorcroft has in some instances counted no less than ten:

'A provision,' he observes, 'is made for these in building the house, by leaving appropriate cavities in the walls, which somewhat differ in size, but agree in their general form, each being cylindrical, and extending quite through the wall. The tube thus formed is lined by a plastering of clay mortar, about an inch in thickness, and the mortar is worked up with the chaff or husk of rice, or with the down of thistles, which latter is employed also for clay mortar in general, being the first application of this substance to the use of man which I have yet witnessed. The dimensions of a hive are, on an average, about fourteen inches in diameter, and when closed at both ends about twenty or twenty-two inches in length. That end of the cylinder nearest the apartment is closed by a round platter of red pottery ware, a little convex in the middle, but with the edges made flush with the wall by a luting of clay mortar; and the other extremity is shut by a similar dish, having a circular hole about a third of an inch in diameter in its centre.'—p. 255.

There is no particular part of the house assigned as the proper situation of these hives, as they are placed indifferently either in the walls of the basement story, or in those of the first floor. The only stage in the management of bees in Cashmere which possesses any novelty or interest, as compared with the treatment of these insects throughout Europe, consists in a humane method of preserving the old swarm when the honey is taken. The plan, as it was seen executed by Mr. Moorcroft, is as follows:

'Having in readiness a wisp of dry rice-straw, and a small quantity of burning charcoal in an earthen dish, the master of the house, with a few strokes of the point of a sickle, disengaged the inner platter of the tube, bringing into view the combs suspended from the roof of the hive, and almost wholly covered with bees, none of which, however, offered to resent the aggression, or to enter the room. Having placed the straw upon the charcoal, and holding the dish close to the mouth of the hive, he blew the smoke strongly against the combs, but removed the straw the instant it took fire, to prevent it burning the bees, and quenched the flame before he employed it again. Almost stifled by the smoke, the bees hurried through the outer door with such rapidity that the hive was cleared of its inhabitants within a few minutes; when the farmer, introducing the sickle, cut down

the combs nearest to him, which were received into a dish previously slidden underneath them, and left undisturbed about one-third of the combs which were almost close to the outer door. He then replaced the inner platter, and brushing off hastily a few bees which clung to the combs, though apparently in a state of stupefaction, threw them out of the house. Observing many other bees lying motionless on the floor of the hive, I inquired whether they were dead or only stupified, and was answered that they would recover; however, I was not wholly satisfied that this recovery would take place: preparations for continuing my journey at a very early hour on the following morning having unluckily prevented my examining the spot where they had been thrown, until poultry had for some time been feeding near it.

'The expelled bees returned as soon as the cavity was freed from smoke without stinging a single individual; and the whole business was completed within ten minutes, without, as was asserted, any perceptible loss. The honey was light-coloured, and of a taste as pure and sweet as that of Narbonne. It possessed less of the cloying quality generally attending this substance than any other I recollect to have met with; and I could not learn that the farmers had any suspicion of its ever being intoxicating or poisonous, as is the case occasionally with that made by the Bhoura (apis irritabilis), or large wild-bee in the northern mountains of Gurwhal, from feeding, as it is reported, on the flower of the monkshood. I was directed more particularly to inquiry upon this subject by having observed this plant in flower in the valley of Runga, a few miles to the eastward of the bee district, and think it probable that it extends to these mountains.

'The peasantry of Cashmere are unacquainted with the employment of honey as the basis of a fermented liquor, but eat it raw or mixed with articles of common food, whilst the most wealthy substitute it for sugar in preserving fruits. It is customary to take the hive every year, and the end of September or beginning of October is found the best season for this operation; a little time still remaining for the bees to add to the portion left for their support during five months. This amounts to about one-third of the whole produce, and would appear to suffice, as swarms seldom die, and the Cashmerees substitute no other article for food. It is stated that an old swarm yields more honey than a young one, and that families seldom die except of old age. I was informed that it was no uncommon circumstance to preserve the same community for ten and even fifteen years, and some instances were quoted of a family having been retained for twenty years; but this was held to be of very rare occurrence. In consequence of the bees being thus literally domesticated, they acquire a mildness of conduct far more decided than those of Europe; and it is possible that the confidence thus gained, subduing their natural irascibility, may generate an increase of industry, or, or least, an increase of produce in relation to the number and size of the individuals of each community. It is also clear, that the situation of the hive keeps many of the natural enemies of the bees at a distance.'—pp. 256, 257.

Mr. Moorcroft describes Cashmere as having been formerly an immense lake, the subsidence of whose waters took place in such a manner, as that the city is now situated in the midst of numerous small lakes. These are connected with each other, as well as with

the river Vedusta, by canals, which are separated by narrow lines and insulated plots of ground. The land, at some points, is raised so far above the water line, as to prevent the possibility of its being submerged when the water rises; but such is not the case with the general level of the surface, which lies so low, as to be subject to be covered by the inundations to which the river and lakes are constantly subject. Weeds and sand are allowed by a very negligent government to accumulate on the bottom of the lakes, and these, by rendering the latter more and more shallow every year, obviously occasion an increasing quantity in the amount which flows over the land, and thus great injury and consequent misery are perpetuated to the inhabitants.

But such is the reactive principle which is inherent in the nature of man, that in every condition, in every sphere he may be placed in, it is for him to pluck from the midst of thorns, the flower that can delight him. The same geographical position which places Cashmere at the mercy of the lawless waves, has been found capable of facilitating the safe and easy cultivation of vegetables. Mr. Moorcroft informs us that,

'This is effected through the medium of a floating support, of which the bouyancy and flexibility prevent the plants sinking into the mass, or being partially covered with it. Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, as water-lilies, confervæ, sedges, reeds, &c.; and as the boats which traverse these waters take generally the shortest lines they can pursue to the place of their destination, the lakes are in some parts cut, as it were, into avenues separated by beds of sedges and reeds. In these places, then, the farmer establishes his cucumber and melon-floats, by cutting off the roots of the acquatic plants just mentioned about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connexion with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former situation in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil they are pressed into somewhat closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the float are next cut off and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first interrupted in his descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a stake of willow driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising and falling in accommodation to the rise and fall of the water. By means of a long pole thrust amongst the reeds at the bottom of the lake from the side of a boat, and turned round several times in the same direction, a quantity of confervæ and of other plants are torn off from the bottom, and carried in the boat to the platform, where the weeds are twisted into conical mounds about two feet in diameter at their base, and of the same height, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with fresh soft mud drawn from the bottom of the lake, to which sometimes wood-ashes are added, though much more frequently omitted. The farmer has in preparation a number of cucumber and melon plants, which have been raised under mats, and of these, when they have four leaves, he places three plants in the basin of every cone or mound, of which a double

row runs along the edge of every bed at about two feet distance from each other. No further care is necessary except that of collecting the fruit; and the expense of preparing the platforms and cones is confined to the value of the labour, which altogether is trifling, as the work is very soon done. Perhaps a more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised; and though the narrow beds are ordinarily almost in contact by their sides, yet, from their flexible nature, they are so easily separable that a small boat may be readily pushed betwixt the lines without injuring their structure; and, for the most part, they will bear a man's weight, though generally the fruit is picked off from the boat. I traversed a tract of about fifty acres of these floating gardens in cucumbers and melons, and saw not above half-a-dozen unhealthy plants; nor have I seen, in the cucumber and melon grounds, in the vicinity of very populous cities in Europe or in Asia, so large an expanse of plant in a state equally healthy, though, it must be observed, running into somewhat too great luxuriance of growth.'—pp. 258, 259.

An interesting account is given in a subsequent article of the failure of another expedition to explore the interior of Africa. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Coulthurst and Tyrwhitt, the latter scarcely more than twenty years of age, presented themselves in the month of December 1831, to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to communicate their intention of proceeding, at their own expense, to the mouth of the Quorra. in Africa, and then to continue their journey eastward to the Bahr-Abiad. The Council was struck with the spirit of the young men, and resolved to patronize the expedition. The notice of Government was immediately procured for them; they received the loan of a chronometer, and had given them numerous letters to officers commanding our naval and military forces along the African coast, strongly recommending the young adventurers to protection and assistance. The party sailed from the Downs on the 1st of January 1832, and by the time they arrived at Bathurst, St. Mary's, in the Gambia, they were both seriously indisposed. Mr. Tyrwhitt was so incapable of bearing the influence of the climate, as to yield to the persuasions of his friends, and return home. Mr. Coulthurst, however, proceeded to Fernando Po, where he met with a very hospitable reception from Colonel Nicholls. The Colonel supplied the traveller with strong recommendations to Duke Ephraim, the native chief of Calabar, with whom the Colonel seems to have been on excellent terms. Mr. Coulthurst was treated in the kindest manner by the Duke, who gave him his protection as far as it could serve him in the interior of Africa, and after a short stay at Calabar he proceeded to the Eboe country. Having advanced into that district, to the distance of a fortnight's journey from Calabar, Mr. Coulthurst was stopped by order of the King of Eboe; he was compelled therefore to return to the Duke. He next took a passage from Calabar in a Liverpool vessel which was bound for Fernando Po, named the Agnes, and in which, to the regret of

all who knew him, Mr. Coulthurst died, having previously laboured under great depression of spirits. Thus ended an expedition, which was conceived in private enthusiasm, and was conducted at individual expense. As an example of virtuous regard for the general interests of mankind, Mr. Coulthurst's enterprise deserves to be recorded amongst those annals which display the generosity and disinterestedness of the benefactors of the human race; nor will any reader, we are sure, deem it out of place, if we furnish a few scanty memorials of the individual with whose name so noble an undertaking is identified:

'Mr. Coulthurst was the only surviving son of C. Coulthurst, Esq., of Sandiway, near Northwich, and was thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. He was educated at Eton; studied afterwards at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he took a very honourable degree; was entered at the Middle Temple, called to the bar, and resided six years in Barbadoes, where the influence of an uncle, who held a high legal situation in the West Indies, seemed calculated to bring him into advantageous practice. But from infancy his heart was set on African enterprise. His family is still in possession of some of his Eton school books, in which maps of Africa, with his supposed travels in the interior, are delineated; and at Barbadoes he used to take long walks in the heat of the day, in order to season himself for the further exposure which he never ceased to contemplate. His eager desires also took a poetical form; and a "Soliloquy of Mungo Park," and other pieces of a similar description, of considerable merit, were written by him at different times. The stimulus which at length decided him, however, was the recent success of the Landers. He feared that if he delayed longer, another expedition would be fitted out on a great scale, and leave nothing which an individual could attempt. He completed his preparations accordingly; and the following extracts from his private correspondence, at different periods of his voyage, are not without further interest.'—p. 310.

From the education of Mr. Coulthurst, and from the passionate devotion which he manifested for travel, the public might have expected in that gentleman an instrument of great national utility. His short description, contained in a hasty letter, of Fernando Po, possesses a degree of merit, and exhibits a power of observation and of description, which must impress every mind with the conviction of the great loss which science has to deplore in his untimely death:

'Nothing can exceed the beauty of the mountain forest of Fernando Po; the finest trees in England are dwarfs both in girth and height in comparison; and its highest peak equals in elevation that of Teneriffe; unlike which, however, it is generally mantled in clouds, and is only at intervals visible. I much enjoyed bathing in its clear transparent brooks, where the water is always pure and cool from the shady roof some hundred feet above; but here I cannot venture, on account of the alligators with which the river swarms. Three large Liverpool ships are lying here; and I had an excursion yesterday to Creek Town, once a very flourishing place, but

now almost depopulated from the effect of African witchcraft. I saw some remains of handsome French mirrors, and other really costly things, such as handsome English sofas and chairs, broken to pieces, and offered up in the Devil's house of the place. Though Captain Owen by his exertions put a stop to human sacrifices openly here, yet every house of any pretensions,—and some are very well built and handsomely painted with the representations of tigers, snakes, and different fantastic figures, such as those given in Bowdich's Ashantee,—has, moreover, attached to its fetish tree in the centre of the open quadrangle or court, a skull, suspended to avert ill luck from its inmates; it is, however, held in no veneration, being that of some slave selected for the occasion. But the horrid error of their belief lies in the opinion that when an African gentleman goes to the other world he will be respected in proportion only to the number of slaves and dependants he carries with him: so that the best feelings of our nature are actually enlisted in the perpetration of these wholesale murders. Yet that they are an amiable people, in many respects, I can myself attest; their treatment of their slaves is much milder than I could have imagined the state of slavery to admit of; and their country, so far from being overpeopled, seems only here and there won by patches from the woodland, and teems with plenty under the most slovenly cultivation. Even now that the slave-trade here, owing to the late co-operation of the French, is nearly abolished, they get every thing they want in exchange from Europe for the oil from the palm which grows wild in their forests. The sugar-cane, which I have been used to consider so precious, is gathered in its wild state, and is now being actually devoured in quantities by the slaves of the house while I am writing. The population of this place I should think equal to Northwich. With regard to scenery, a bend of the river near here, about the width of the Thames below London, resembles much that from Richmond Hill.'—p. 312.

The melancholy feelings to which the perusal of the foregoing tragic record must give rise, are not likely to be mitigated, for the reader who proceeds in the perusal of the Geographical Journal before us; for most unfortunately, the very next paper contains a detail of the circumstances which leave in doubt the safety of another of those noble heroes who by their exertions have so ennobled the cause of science—we mean Captain Ross. We need not dwell on the facts which have given rise to the suspicion that this gallant man has fallen a sacrifice to his enthusiasm: these facts are already before the public; we only hope that there is not a family in England that will not number amongst its members some individual who will contribute his mite, in order to institute a search which will terminate all doubt as to the fate, or perhaps will be the means of saving the life of so valuable a friend to his country as Captain Ross.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of Louis the Eighteenth*, written by himself. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1832.

WE have already had a specimen of the literary powers of Louis the Eighteenth, in the little work entitled *Voyage de Paris a Bruxelles*, published some years ago. The present volumes appear to contain the complete memoirs from which the smaller book was extracted, and, in our opinion, they amply fulfil the promises assured to us by the sample.

The royal author enters upon the task of autobiography on the right systematic plan: he commences with his birth, and goes successively through the stages of life, from infancy to old age. He appears to be exceedingly frank throughout the whole work; indeed so much so, as to leave us in doubt if a little restraint on his pen would not have been prudent. He exposes, without mercy, the vices of every member of his family, and settles their respective titles to morality with all the indifference of a philosophic historian. Nor does he hesitate even to estimate his own pretensions to virtue, but fairly explains the principles by which he was guided, and the sources of influence, which, either permanently or temporarily, operated on his dispositions. He takes care to inform us, that at the period of his early education, his mind was exposed to the communion of corrupt imaginations in the persons of the attendants who surrounded him, and that to this circumstance he may trace many of the errors of his subsequent life. His first valet de chambre, was an oddity whom the king ridicules without the least emotion of pity: this man, by a stiffness of manner, and by the peculiarity of his notions, excited in the mind of the young prince no other feeling save that of contempt, whilst the friendship of the latter was altogether directed to another of his servants, who possessed much more agreeable qualifications. This was a subordinate valet, a sad rake, observes the king,

'A devotee to the fair sex, a professed gambler, a gourmand, an inveterate liar, witty, and wicked; in short, he had all the vices which generally make these gentry the favourites of masters, who wish to enjoy an unrestrained liberty in pursuit of pleasure.

'Accordingly, the Sieur Bonnefoy stood high in my good graces; and he deserved no less by the zeal he demonstrated in making himself agreeable to me. He had always some drolleries to tell me: he amused me; he flattered my vanity; treated me as a reasonable personage, and manifested an ardent desire to set me free from the leading-strings of my station. He procured me a multitude of books, which struck me as very curious; I derived new ideas from them, and their perusal may be said to have constituted the second stage of my education.'—pp. 32, 33.

Louis, it will be readily believed, under such tuition as this, became an infinitely more knowing person than his brother, the Count

D'Artois, whom he describes to have been so timid that he looked absolutely frightened in the presence of women.

In a very early part of the work, the King introduces the story of his marriage, which, therefore, must have taken place whilst yet he was young. It was resolved that he should be married, and, according to custom, he himself was the last person to be consulted about the matter. The announcement of such an event in the Gazette was almost the first intelligence which the future husband received of the intended nuptials. Neither was he allowed to have the slightest interference in the settlement which was executed on his marriage. The officers who formed the new establishment are each graphically described by the royal author; amongst them was the physician Lientand, whose greatest crime, in Louis's eyes, was, that he believed in the efficacy of physic and physicians. It is well known, that the wife of Louis XVIII was the Princess of Piedmont, and that the alliance was altogether one of political convenience. The immediate circumstances under which it took place, are pleasantly related by himself:

'As soon as my marriage with the Princess of Piedmont was decided, the Duc de la Vauguyon came to inform me that the king desired to speak with me. I felt a little trepidation at this order, which was out of the ordinary rule, and the motive for which I could not divine; for I never saw Louis XV. except in the company of D'Artois at prescribed hours. An especial audience with his Majesty, unsolicited on my part, gave me much food for reflection. I turned over in my mind all the series of faults with which I might be reproached; and although my conscience did not reproach me with more than the common little peccadilloes of young men, it was not without considerable fear that I presented myself before the king.

'He was alone in his closet, and was standing with his back resting on a large inlaid bureau, which occupied the side of the apartment near the window. He was playing, when I entered, with a pretty greyhound to which he was much attached. I advanced towards his Majesty with a timid and embarrassed air; but I soon perceived that he was in good humour, from the manner in which he replied to my customary compliment. We had all our nickname in the family, and Louis XV. never employed them except when he was pleased.

'"Good morning, Provençal," he said; "you seem in excellent health. So much the better; for, by my faith, you never stood more in need of it. You are to be married."

'"I have been apprized of the orders of your Majesty."

'"But some little things may have been omitted;" replied he, laughing; "I have not much time to spare, and I therefore let you know in time, that I wish to be a grandfather as soon as possible."

'"I need not say, sire, that my duty is to obey your Majesty in all things."

'"I have no doubt of your zeal; and therefore I hope, that with the blessing of favourable circumstances, you will make a point of outstripping the Dauphin, in showing it."

'I replied by a respectful bow, accompanied by a half suppressed smile, the expression of which seemed greatly to amuse his Majesty. Then resuming his ordinary grave and majestic physiognomy, he added—

'"I wished to see you alone, to inform you that I expect you to take the greatest care that your wife may never forget the respect she owes to the Dauphiness. Their families are in opposition to each other; but here they must forget all rivalries which may disturb the tranquillity of Versailles, and would greatly displease me. I know that you are endowed with a judgment beyond your years: and therefore I am willing to trust that you will not permit any cause of dissatisfaction to be offered to the Dauphiness. Your brother, moreover, would not submit to it; he loves his wife, and is anxious to have her respected as she deserves to be. Watch, therefore, over your's. In short, take care that every thing proceeds so smoothly in your mutual domestic arrangements, as to prevent my being called on to interfere."

'I assured his majesty that the task of my duty would be the more easy, since I had the sincerest desire to be on good terms with my brother and sister-in-law. "I know," I added, "the respect that I owe to your majesty, and that also which the heir apparent has a right to expect from me, and I trust I shall never be charged with having failed in either."

'"That's extremely well," replied the king; "but I fear, notwithstanding your good intentions, that you will find yourself surrounded with flatterers too ready to turn your head; and that all your talent, by the aid of evil counsellors, will only prompt you to the committal of absurdities."

'I warmly denied the probability of this, and added, "Since your majesty has deigned to touch the subject, permit me to observe, that my sister-in-law has about her an individual by no means calculated to preserve the good intelligence of the family. I dread the over partiality of the Abbé de Vermont for the house of Austria."

'"Yes, my dear child," returned the king, using for the first time this paternal expression, "I know the Abbé bears us no great good will; but how can I remove him from the person of a young female whom he has brought up, and who places her confidence in him? It will be for the Dauphin to keep him in due bounds; and now, having confided to you the source of my inquietude, I am more at ease: for above all things, it is my supreme desire that the peace of my family shall never be disturbed."

'With these words the king dismissed me, and I returned greatly relieved from the fear with which the contemplation of this audience had impressed me.'—p. 32—44.

In May, 1771, the marriage took place. The royal family proceeded from Versailles to the foot of the mountain De Mourons, where the Countess de Piedmont had already arrived. During the cermony, the young Prince pronounced the formidable monosyllable 'Yes,' with so sonorous a voice as to astonish the auditors, and cause the Count D'Artois afterwards to say, 'Mal peste, brother, how you shouted out your response.' Louis seems to chuckle at the recollection of the rejoinder which he made, and which affected his wife in the strongest manner, namely, that he could have wished to make his voice heard at Turin. Louis speaks very highly of the qualifications of his wife. He declares that he never

had cause to reproach her, her sole study being to please him, and to adopt his friendships and aversions; she had the good sense not to interfere with his tastes or opinions, and though the King acknowledges that he gave occasion for complaint, yet she never was induced by any provocation to remonstrate, or to depart from the strict observance of those duties which as a wife she was bound to fulfil.

He mentions that the very first day after her marriage she refused to put on rouge, which the practice of the Court rendered it almost imperative for her to employ. Persisting in her disinclination, the Princess was inexorable to all the women who surrounded her: Louis was called in, and intreated her to comply with the wishes of her attendants, observing, that he considered her beauty would be improved by it. Upon this she turned to a lady in waiting, and with a natural simplicity which charmed all present, she said, 'Come, then, and put on the rouge, and as much as you please of it, since it will render me more agreeable to my husband.'

Louis is very particular in tracing out to its origin the memorable revolution which tore France asunder at the close of the last century. His advice, even when he was yet of immature judgment, was to leave the magistracy in the same condition as Louis XV had established it. His ideas on this subject never changed, and when, in 1814, he was asked to restore the parliaments, he was most decided in his refusal. The conduct of Louis XV which immediately produced the revolution, was chiefly owing to the intrigues of Madame du Barry, the Duke d'Aguillon, and the Abbé Terray. Louis was frank with the King, and protested against the course which his Majesty was pursuing; but he paid the penalty of his candour by having become an object of the most decided unpopularity. A storm of pasquinades, epigrams, &c. assailed him on every side, and he was literally the butt upon which every discontented person about the Court exhausted his resentment. It was from this epoch that the royal author dated the commencement of that system of injustice with which the nation, as well as the Court, treated him. The strongest prejudices existed against Louis on the part of the people up to the moment of his restoration, and after that, he thinks that he succeedeed in arresting them by the tenor of his conduct.

The disgrace of the Choiseuls, a memorable event in the recent history of the French Court, the destruction of the parliaments, and the disgraceful triumph of a courtezan of the King's, notorious in the French annals, under the name of Mad. du Barry; these circumstances, we say, gave a very serious turn to the minds of all men. A considerable party, in avowed opposition to the Count, was organized, whose operations were calculated to embarass the royal circle. Though ennui reigned at this time at Versailles, there were occasional intervals during which adventures of gallantry, and other of the *natural* recreations of the French, employed no small share of the time of the Count. The greater por-

tion of these romantic affairs are not suited exactly to the English taste, and we are, therefore, disposed to pass them over without notice. One or two narratives, however, will bear to be extracted, inasmuch as they illustrate the looseness of manners which prevailed in France at the time, and are not calculated to offend delicacy. This, however, is much more than we can say of such episodes in general. The following relates to a celebrated beauty, named Madame de Montglas:

'This lady, already of a certain age, but still handsome, and as coquettish as witty, was wife of the president of the chamber of accounts at Montpelier, who, through the intervention of his communications with the Count d'Du, governor of Languedoc, was become that prince's *chef du conseil*. M. de Montglas bore the reputation of a well-educated man; he was an able financier, and was fully competent to manage the affairs of his employer. The latter, old, infirm, and gouty, never stirred from his chateau, where he had no other pleasure than sporting, which he still contrived to enjoy, by means of a chair on springs, which he could guide as he pleased.

'While M. de Montglas was immersed in the industrious labours of his closet, his wife employed herself as industriously in extending the number of her conquests, and prided herself not a little on being able to lead the Count de Nassau in her chains. It could have been wished, if the latter, remarkable for his talents, had paid a little more attention to his person. Even his mistress's entreaties could make no amendment in him in this particular, and all the *éclat* of his rank was requisite to palliate his inattention to the first laws of cleanliness. But just at this time there appeared before the eyes of Madame de Montglas, the substantial vision of Prince Esterhazy, young, brilliant, perfumed from top to toe—in fine, an Adonis; but then a German Adonis, limbed like a Hercules. He thought the lady attractive; and gave her to understand so. The latter, on her side, did not keep him in the dark as to her appreciation of his merits. The parties came together: their connection became intimate; and Madame de Montglas, without dismissing the Prince de Nassau, accepted the homage of the handsome Hungarian.

'She flattered herself with being enabled in this manner to have two strings to her bow: but the devil, who is ever on tip-toe when any malicious trick is to be played, contrived to play off one on her, after his more especial manner. The Dulcinea had a reply to make to both her swains at the same time; and in her agreeable flurry of mind, she wrote the address of the Prince de Nassau on Prince Esterhazy's letter, and the address of Prince Esterhazy on that intended for the Prince de Nassau.

'The Prince de Nassau unseals the letter which was not intended for him, runs it over, quickly guesses the enigma; and then seating himself at his secretaire, dispatched the following letter to his rival:

'"A little mistake having placed in the hands of the Prince de Nassau, a letter which Madame de Montglas intended for Count Esterhazy, the Prince will be obliged by the latter sending him the billet, with which the lady doubtless intended to honour him, and which he presumes to be in the Count's possession, in consequence of the same mistake."

'The colonel of huzzars, transported with indignation at the reception

of this missive, sent the Marquis de Chabrillant to his rival, to demand satisfaction. A duel ensued. The two champions met; fought with equal skill, and Prince Esterhazy was wounded. The seconds interfered; and it was agreed that Madame de Montglas should terminate the quarrel by declaring in favour of one of the two rivals. The Count de Chabrillant, who did not like this lady, did not lose the occasion to gratify his secret hostility. He called on her; related what had passed; informed her that Prince Esterhazy's wound was a most unlucky one, and that it would be necessary for him, in consequence, to renounce the joys of the world, should he survive. The lady was in deep affliction at first; but on reflection, resolved to turn this confidential hint to her advantage.

The day which was to decide the fate of the two rivals arrived; Madame de Montglas being called to pronounce sentence, pretended to hesitate for some time, and finally declared in favour of the Prince de Nassau. The surprise at this choice was universal; for the latter could bear no comparison in personal advantages to the handsome Hungarian. However, M. de Chabrillant was not yet satisfied with his malice, and in order to complete his triumph, resolved to make the whole affair known in Paris and at court. Madame's choice was no longer a mystery: the news of the deception soon reached her ears, and exasperated with having been played such a trick, she went immediately to Prince Esterhazy. A sentimental explanation ensued, and the heroine was reconciled to the victorious colonel of huzzars." —pp. 166—170.

The occupations of the Court, previously to the old King's death (Louis XV), were sufficiently frivolous. The Dauphiness, the ill-fated Marie-Antoinette, had a strong passion for music, and became the warm patron of Gluck, who had given her instructions at Vienna. The latter, stimulated by such support, migrated to Paris, in order to set up a musical school upon the ruins of those which were already in existence. Galli and Rameau, up to that time the most favourite composers, were to be set aside by Gluck, and he and the Dauphiness were to create the national standard of musical taste. The success of Gluck was satisfactory at the outset, but as Madame Du Barry was resolved to have a school of her own as well as the Dauphiness, she had Piccini sent over from Italy, and him she set up as a rival candidate for the homage of all who loved music in France. A serious schism, both in the Court and in the town, was the immediate result; the world of fashion was comprised only of Gluckists and Piccinists; the press backed each competitor, and the spirit of the contest was carried beyond the contest itself. The Dauphiness, indeed, went so far as to oppose the appointment of Madame De Tavannes as one of her maids of honour, for the high misdemeanour committed by the latter in having received Piccini at her house; but the maid of honour demeaned herself, as maids of honour usually do: she went to hear Gluck, and protested that she was quite struck with the superiority which he displayed over Piccini. In the mean time the condition of the health of Louis XV, attracted the public attention. His medical attendants were of opinion

that he was in danger, and arrangements began to be considered necessary in order to provide for the circumstances which must ensue after his demise. In a bold and intrepid sermon, worthy almost of the Apostolic time, and preached in the royal presence, as well as in that of the family and the household of the King, the Bishop of Lenez remonstrated with his Majesty, and rebuked him for the improper way in which he had disposed of his confidence. Such a spirited prelate had not been heard of since the days of Massillon; he astonished the whole Court and the auditory by the force and truth of his inculpations, and when, after a volley of denunciations on the bad example which had been given from the highest quarters to the nation, the Bishop came to the climax, and pronounced the solemn words, 'And in forty days Nineveh shall be no more,' he made the very walls of the temple shake to their foundation. 'I still hear the words resounding in my ears,' writes the grandson, many years after they were delivered.

We have already observed, that a spirit of candour has been uninterruptedly maintained throughout this work, and as an additional proof of the truth of this observation, we may mention the singular admission of Louis XVIII respecting the elements of that revolution which has at last nearly extirpated his devoted race. He confesses that for the ten years preceding the death of Louis XV, the monarchy was in so tottering a state that the breaking out of a revolution must have occurred during that interval, had there been in the country a single person of influence to propose a change of government. The state of degeneracy to which moral corruption had wasted the minds of the nobles and the highest commoners, rendered it impossible for them even to consider the wants of the country, and the consequence was the prolongation of a power which was actually dissolving under the influence of its own tendency to decompose. Any instance of public spirit, any example of patriotic feeling and of solicitude for the public welfare, which might have been presented to France during this time, all sprang from the ranks of the humbler classes: the aristocracy seemed to have been blighted by some curse of mental sterility. The press then burst upon the gloomy night of the nation's disasters; it became a new power, and was wielded with sovereign controul by the hands of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Rousseau, Diderot, and others. All the authorities, as the royal annalist informs us, of the state, exhibited a continually increasing spirit of dissension, and the King, who could alone put a stop to it, was physically unable to do so. His Majesty was persuaded that his end was fast approaching, yet it was as much as the clergy and the physicians could do to prevent him from pursuing, as madly as ever, the vicious courses which had disgraced his life. Upon the point of death, he was asked to endeavour to induce his mind to consider the necessity of repentance, but he was still obstinate. One of the scenes which ensued, is sadly interesting.

It should be stated, that the Duke of Duras was under a special obligation to take care of the King's spiritual condition: he was, timid, however, in the exercise of his delicate functions, and just at the moment when his perplexity was at its height, the Count De Muy, a man highly esteemed at the Court for his virtue and religion, came in:

'It was impossible for the poor Duke de Duras to address himself to a better individual. He confided to him the King's imminent peril, and requested his advice how to act in the conjuncture. M. de Muy's instant reply was, that the last sacrament should be administered to the King without the least delay. The Duke, alarmed at the idea of taking on himself such a commission, endeavoured to dispute the necessity; but M. de Muy replied in such a manner as to close his lips at once; and then quitted him to announce to the Dauphin the situation of our grandfather.' —Vol. i. pp. 220—221.

* * * * * * *

'The grand almoner was the first to answer the Duke de Duras' message; but like an expert courtier, rather than a churchman, he sought to evade the difficulty of the position; and feigning a sudden indisposition, he took his place in an easy chair, where he remained till the arrival of the Archbishop of Paris. The latter, like a true successor of the apostles, came immediately on receiving the message, although he was afflicted with a stranguary which caused him the greatest pain; and made his appearance at Versailles at a moment when he was generally understood to be under the hands of his surgeon. The Bishops de Meaux, chief almoner of Madame Adelaide, De Gap, and De Senlis, followed. The Bishop de Senlis, M. de Roquelaire, was one of the most agreeable of men; vivacious, occasionally gallant, replete with gaiety and light heartedness, he had discovered a method of making himself popular with all the parties who divided the court. The King took pleasure in his gentle piety, which never indulged in tormenting the minds of others. He conversed with him very readily, and admitted him to a private intimacy, which the worthy prelate was unwilling to lose by putting himself too forward in an affair, which did not much concern his province. The Bishop de Meaux passed for a man of regular conduct in public; but there were sly observers wicked enough to say, that he made himself private amends for his public self-denial. The Bishop de Gap, M. de Narbonne-Lara, was rather a grand signior than a humble churchman. He was a fine man, very much in the odour of sanctity with our ancient dowagers, and much more occupied with the care of his temporal advancement, than anxious about his eternal welfare. Such was the venerable council, invested with the duty of providing for my grandfather's salvation. The Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon subsequently joined it; he arrived hobbling, as if incapable of supporting himself, and making the drollest contortions of countenance, in order to sustain the farce of pretended indisposition. He was, nevertheless, to his great dismay, chosen to announce to the King the necessity of confessing himself. He exerted himself to the utmost to evade this decision; but finding that the Archbishop of Paris was determined, he took on himself to recommend that they should first consult the Dauphin.

'On this memorable occasion my brother discovered all the usual inde-

cision of his character; he coloured, he stammered, when the holy personages consulted him, and was, after all, incapable of coming to any resolution.

'The question, therefore, remained just where it was before he was consulted. As for me, I resolved to remain dumb, taking care not to take on myself a responsibility which all the world were anxious to escape. Luckily I had no obligation to fill one way or the other; and I was not the man to create myself one, the consequences of which might one day or other give me a great deal of trouble.

'The bishops then reverted to my aunts; the ball was thus bandied from hand to hand; and while the precious time was thus wasted, it was not improbable that the soul of the eldest son of the Church might have been carried off by Satan, to the great scandal of Christendom.

'In short, the council was near breaking up without coming to any result, when a lucky thought suggested the Abbé Madoux, the King's confessor, a person who pushed his toleration to the extreme towards his royal penitent. It was unanimously decided that he should be invested with the painful duty which none of his superiors were willing to discharge, and M. de Beaumont, after having sufficiently catechized and primed him with instructions how far to go, sent him to the illustrious invalid.'—Vol. i. pp. 224—228.

It is a circumstance worth remembering, that as Louis XV died of the small pox, soon after his death the princes of the family were innoculated. So little understood was the nature of the remedy, that when the news of the innoculation came to be generally known there was a considerable depression of the funds. The operation, however, was perfectly effectual: the alarms spread by those who opposed the theory of curing, or rather preventing, the evil effects of the small pox, were soon dissipated, for in little more than ten days the princes were completely well.

When the new reign commenced, a new system of political conduct was established. Prince Louis gave his brother, upon his accession to the throne, a pledge of uninterrupted support, saying to his relation, that where the new King placed his foot there would he (Louis) also place *his*. But the young King, Louis XVI, too closely resembled his father, and allowed the commencement of his reign to be distinguished, like that of his predecessor, by imbecility and vacillation. The King began with vigour in all matters that demanded his interference, but he uniformly ended in weakness. Besides this, the young Queen Marie-Antoinette commenced a system of personal conduct, which was highly conducive to a deterioration of the respect usually paid to the royal family. The author of this work powerfully describes this levity:

'Marie-Antoinette, exhibited herself to the people in a simple robe of muslin or taffety, attended by a lady or footman. Animated and communicative, she sunk the queen too much, in order to display the pretty woman. She was too lavish of her presence not to supply constant materials for commentary. From that time, malicious conjectures, and even calumnies, were not spared her; remarks were made on the persons

who most commonly accompanied her; and her preference for the Duke de Coigne was construed into a more tender sentiment than friendship, because, considering herself beyond the reach of suspicion, she did not attempt to conceal it.

'I should not refer to these levities of demeanour, if they had not produced such fatal consequences: but I have heard so much regret expressed by individuals attached to the queen for the antipathy cherished by the Parisians towards her, that my object is not to justify it, but to explain it. Marie-Antoinette brought a thousand trifles into fashion, such as feathers, flowers, ribbons, and it was no fault of hers, nor of the Count d'Artois, that there was not a complete revolution in the whole character of the costume of the epoch. Some silly busy-bodies, who thought to give themselves importance by making themselves ridiculous, persuaded my sister-in-law and the Count d'Artois, that the only method to set off the brilliancy of the crown, and the majesty of the throne, was to adopt a style of dress which, by its richness and its cut, could alone be adopted by the frequenters of the court.

'Accordingly there was brought to me a costume modelled after that of Francis I, and I was solicited to wear it during the ensuing carnival. I at first gave in to the caprice: and the Countess de Provence followed my example. It is quite true that this brilliant costume conferred an unwonted magnificence on the court-balls; but it led the way to enormous expenses by compelling every body to make an entire change in his wardrobe. Trade also was subjected through it to great losses; for all the suits of clothes or dresses, fashioned and ornamented according to the previous existing mode, were obliged to be laid aside.

'I soon learnt that it was the intention to render this ruinous luxury a matter of permanent establishment. This I could not approve, and I spoke on the subject to the Count d'Artois, who replied that nothing could be more chevaleresque, and that it was the method to slip back into feudal habits and privileges.

'"Pardon me, brother," said I; "do you know where your argument leads? A greater misfortune could not happen to us than return to the disastrous times of feudalism."

'My brother, on the contrary, contended that they were the golden age of royalty.

'"Say rather," I replied, "that of the clergy and the great vassals of the kingdom; for the first at that time could excommunicate their kings according to their good pleasure, and the last felt no scruple in occupying their places. God forbid that we should ever fall into the hands of those enemies of kings, for the sake of the trivial pleasure of adopting an agreeable costume."

'The queen, who was more versed in the study of the fashions than in that of our ancient chronicles, could not be expected to foresee the consequences of the absurd project which she had been induced to sanction; I, therefore, did not address my remonstrance to her. I addressed myself to the king, who instantly comprehended the force of my arguments, and promised to put an effectual stop to the meditated innovation. In fact, on the eve of Shrove Tuesday he publicly declared, in a tone which admitted of no reply, that he desired that all masquerading dresses should terminate with the carnival.'—pp. 4—8.

The King's decision was received with indignation by some, but it was strictly obeyed by all.

There are a great many anecdotes told by Louis respecting the conduct of the young Queen Marie-Antoinette, which exhibit the imprudence and overweening nature that characterized her. We must, however, pass over these reminiscences, which are much too painful to be revived at a time when the public mind should be affected merely by a recollection of her misfortunes. We proceed to other matters. After an absence of twenty years, the celebrated Voltaire made his appearance in Paris. The capital was all in motion at the event; every body was anxious to see him. He was lodged at the house of the Marquis de Valette, on the Quai des Theatris, at the corner of the Rue de Beaume. But Voltaire was still under the influence of the lettres de cachet, and consequently was an obnoxious subject to the government. Still Louis wished to see the philosopher in whom he always placed such confidence. He visited him incognito, and the interview is thus described by him:

'The Patriarch of Ferney was just recovering from an illness; and there was no impropriety therefore in his being denied. One evening, perhaps unknown to himself, M. de Villette's porter closed the door on the literary adorers of the idol; and I was furtively introduced into the hotel, accompanied by Montesquiou and Modène. I was announced as the Baron de Rouvière, a fictitious title, that was destined to become extinct an hour after its assumption. We found the divinity of the day wrapped in a robe de chambre, of blue damask, with flowers worked in gold and silver. It might have been taken for a pontifical robe. His head was covered with a cotton nightcap, over which was another of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and adorned with fur: this was a present from the *Catau* of the north, as he termed the empress of Russia.

'His eyes were lighted up with the fire of genius, intermixed with an expression of sagacity and sarcasm. When he opened his mouth he displayed jaws totally despoiled of teeth; a sardonic smile often wrinkled his thin and pallid lips. His aquiline nose approached his pointed and projecting chin, and his hollow cheeks, with high raised cheek-bones, were covered with a withered and wrinkled skin, which gave to his entire appearance something of a cadaverous cast.

'He rose on our approach, and listened to my complimentary salutation with the air of a man accustomed to receive compliments. Then, without asking a single question as to my name or rank, which gave me some cause for reflection, he introduced a conversation replete with gaiety and point. I asked him ironically, when he should go to court.

'"It is a labyrinth," he replied, "the thread of which I have lost. Besides, what should I do there, where all defects are kept in the back ground—*vieux garçon* like me would cut but a very sorry figure."

'"But you could pay your respects to the king."

'"The incense offered to the gods is not the worse received for coming from a distance."

'"You find Paris greatly changed during your absence."

' " Yes; its inhabitants begin to think, and I hope it will not be long before they act."

' " But for what object?"

' " For the common good. Does not the king himself set them the example?"

' " Not to mention the clergy," I added, laughing.

' Voltaire made a grimace, and I proceeded.

' " The clergy is the torch which guides us."

' " Or rather that which seeks to extinguish all other lights."

' " You are severe on them,"

' " Superstition is the pest of empires, and these gentlemen propagate it every where."

' " However, the parliaments are now luckily at hand to crush the evil in the bud."

' Another grimace; and after a moment of silence, Voltaire said with animation, " Would to God, that the lamb, in being snatched from the jaws of the wolf, may not fall into the clutches of the wild dog, who, instead of protecting it, will lacerate it without mercy. But France can boast noble and generous spirits who will pronounce in favour of the oppressed. To them I owe my love; and I am confident they would never have restored power to men of the long robe, if bent on vengeance."

' If I had been known to Voltaire, I should have fancied that this compliment was intended for me; but resuming the air of not noticing it, I changed the conversation, and asked him what was the best way to profit by the study of history.

' " I believe," rejoined he, " it will be requisite, in that instance as in others, to admit what is possible, and reject what is impossible. One ought to distrust historians as if they were romance writers."

' " We can therefore get but an imperfect view of ancient history.

' " There are some parts at least which never deceive; those which exhibit the vices and corruptions of a state. The people groan under the weight of taxes and chains. Hence hatred and vengeance. This is the history of all countries and all ages."

' This brief analysis of the writings of so many celebrated authors, struck me as *piquant*. I expressed my opinion in terms tolerably well chosen, for it is rare that genius does not communicate its electric spark to that which comes in contact with it. I then turned the conversation on Voltaire himself. I spoke of his works like an individual who knew and valued them. Modène and Montesquiou followed up my eulogiums by quoting passages from the *Henriade*, the *Merope*, and the *Pucelle*. Voltaire seemed pleased in listening to them; then suddenly interrupting them, he said, " There is, after all, one verse which I prefer to all the rest. It is this—

' J'ai fait un peu de bien, c'est mon meilleur ouvrage."

' " Of course," said I, " a place in heaven belongs to you by right."

' " Or one in the shades," replied he, laughing; " for as I have spoken slightingly of the inhabitants of Olympus, it is possible that they may send me, sooner than I like, to keep company with Socrates, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius."

' " You will burn in good company."

' " And at least right royal."

'The epigram was pointed; but my position precluded me from retorting.

'I departed charmed with having seen Voltaire and hoping to revisit him, but death opposed the design. He died on the 28th of May following, directly after taking a draught which the Duke de Richelieu recommended him.'—pp. 123—129.

In reviewing a work of facts and incidents, like the present, it is not in our power to comprehend the whole of the details. We must be contented with mere specimens; and, as it is our object to convey a just notion of the merits of the author, we usually make those selections with care and deliberation. We trust that we have not failed on this occasion to conform to our common practice, for we have in vain attempted to convey an impression of the interest of the work before us, if we have not satisfied the reader by this time that it is exceedingly worthy of his attention.

ART. X.—*The King's German Legion. History of the King's German Legion.* By N. LUDLOW BEAMISH, F.R.S. late Major, unattached. 8vo. Vol. I. London: Boone. 1832.

IN the year 1803, the breaking out of the war between England and France, imposed upon the King of the former country the necessity of making provision for the security of his Hanoverian dominions. The enemy had found out that Hanover was a vulnerable point, through which the strength and power of Great Britain might be attacked, and he determined to avail himself of the advantage which such a facility afforded. The Hanoverian government, alarmed by the threats of the French, employed all its energies in organizing a military force, and at length, through the strong encouragement bestowed by the King and royal family of this country, an army was established. Hanover, however, was not able to stand out against the French: through the mismanagement of its immediate rulers, the preparations for resistance became null, and the Hanoverian forces were ultimately broken up and scattered in every direction. It was in this extremity that the King of England interfered for the purpose of doing justice, as he thought, to the spirit and loyalty manifested by these troops; he resolved to take the better part of them into the service of England, and accordingly adopted measures to carry that design into effect. One of the Colonels of the Hanoverians troops, Von der Decken, was invited to London, and was placed there at the head of a recruiting establishment, with authority to raise a corps of foreigners, not exceeding four thousand men. This commission was granted on the condition that if the number of men required were not raised by a certain date, the levy should be discontinued. The time allowed for

the experiment expired, but the men were not obtained, and a new attempt, under different circumstances, was made to effect the same object. His Majesty authorized Colonel Von der Decken to raise a corps for the British service, to be called 'The King's Germans,' and which was to be placed, when completed, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge. The terms were exceedingly liberal, still no very striking effect seemed likely to be produced at first. At length a sudden impulse seemed to be communicated to the Hanoverians; hundreds of them began to pour into England, until the depot which had been appointed for them, became overstocked. A regiment of these men was formed in October 1803, and was put under the orders of Major Von Hinüber, with the name of the 'King's German Regiment.' The influx of Hanoverians, officers as well as privates, was so considerable at this time, that the Government resolved to extend its plan, and instead of merely creating a regiment, as was first intended, it proceeded to the formation of a corps consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. In short, in less than six months from the time when the grand Hanoverian army was disarmed, its scattered elements became re-united in England, and formed the basis of that celebrated corps which was thenceforward to bear the name of 'The King's German Legion.' The state of this Legion, in January 1805, was as follows:

'Cavalry Brigade.

Major-General Von Linsingen.

1st dragoons . . .	Colonel Von Bock.
1st hussars . . .	Colonel Victor Von Alten.

Light Infantry Brigade.

1st light battalion . .	Col. Charles Von Alten, brigadier.
2d light battalion . .	Lieutenant-colonel Halkett.

First Line Brigade.

1st line battalion . .	Colonel Von Ompteda.
2d line battalion . .	Colonel Von Barsse, brigadier.

Second Line Brigade.

3d line battalion . .	Colonel Von Hinüber.
4th line battalion . .	Colonel Von Langwerth, brigadier.

Artillery.

Colonel Commandant—Colonel Von der Decken,
(Adjutant-General to the King's German Legion.)

Major Frederick von Linsingen.

1st horse battery . .	Captain G. J. Hartmann.
2d horse battery . .	Captain Röttiger.
1st foot battery . .	Captain Brückmann.
2d foot battery . .	Captain Kühlmann.
3d foot battery . .	Captain Heise.

Engineers.

Captains Berensback, Prott, Meinecke.
Lieutenants Hassebroik, Appuhn, Schweitzer.

'The cavalry brigade and Captain Hartmann's battery of horse artillery, formed part of a corps of 8,000 men, which was encamped near Weymouth during the summer, under the command of his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland.

'Although for the first time called upon to manœuvre in conjunction with English regiments, to whose words of command they had not been yet habituated, the Hanoverians proved not less efficient than their British comrades. The light cavalry movements, in particular, met with the marked approbation of the inspecting generals, as did the correct and steady firing of the artillery.*

'The camp was frequently visited by the King, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family. His Majesty would often tarry near the German regiments: he also occasionally attended their parades for divine service, and by these and similar marks of condescension, made his Hanoverian subjects deeply sensible of the royal favour.'—pp. 84, 85.

In 1806, the British Government had made preparations for sending an army to the north of Germany, in order to assist the operations of the forces employed by Austria and Prussia, these powers having joined in a league with England against France. The German Legion, which was raised in this country, was destined to constitute a principal portion of this contingent, and a body, amounting to about six thousand of the German Legion, actually embarked at Ramsgate, with a considerable army, under the command of Lord Cathcart, for the Elbe. This expedition was particularly unfortunate, for before the troops reached their destination, Napoleon was at Vienna, General Mack having capitulated at Ulm; and 'The battle of the three Emperors' having been fought, all hostile movements in the north were suspended. The German Legion was consequently ordered to return to England.

The disappointment which resulted from this announcement produced the worst effects, for the officers and men deserted to a considerable amount. The Legion, however, returned to England, having been compensated as to its numbers by recruits from Hanover. Several of the corps were sent to Ireland, but in that country their stay was not protracted. Notwithstanding all that the author has said to the contrary, the conduct of the German Legion in Ireland was any thing but creditable to them as men and soldiers. They behaved with insolence in numerous instances, and

---

'* The several regiments of the Legion were at first permitted to follow the Hanoverian system of exercise and manœuvre, and only in mounting guard and all movements relating to parade, were required to conform to the British regulations, which they did not entirely adopt until 1808. The artillery were put under the Board of Ordnance from the 1st August, 1806.'

acted as if the country owed them a compliment for the favour of their protection. The consequence was, that the people were eternally in array against them, and the popular exasperation was at last carried to such a height as to lead to an explosion, in which the loss of lives was involved. The Government, in sending a German Legion to Ireland, was merely obeying the impulse of its despotic disposition; nothing could be more offensive to the nation, than that a set of foreign mercenaries should be appointed to watch over them with fixed bayonets; the experiment, however, failed, and the day, we are happy to say, has passed away for ever, when the British government will be allowed to indulge in such delicate speculations, as those which led to the dispersion of the Hanoverians amongst the people of Ireland.

We cannot follow Mr. Beamish throughout the history of the celebrated attack on Copenhagen, in which the German Legion, in 1807, conducted itself with great courage. The demeanour of the the men is likewise entitled to the greatest approbation, and in justice to them we quote the following anecdote:

'The following strong illustration of German honesty, which occurred during the siege, is mentioned in the journal of Major Heise, of the third hussars, and appears not unworthy of record.

'On one of the British attacks upon the suburb, this officer, then a lieutenant, was posted with twenty-two men of the regiment in front of an apothecary's shop, where also spirits were sold. For this part of his stock in trade the apothecary found several customers among the hussars, but the continued discharge of grape from the citadel much disturbed the circulation of the glass. Still more, it might be supposed, would it have interfered with the after process of remuneration. This, however, was most conscientiously performed, and notwithstanding the uninterrupted fire from the citadel, the Germans were to be seen most methodically drawing out their purses, and presenting the apothecary with the value of his drams.'—p. 128.

It is worthy of mention, that the German Legion never attempted in any single instance to put to sea without being immediately visited by an unusually severe storm. This was more particularly the case on their return from Denmark, when the unhappy Hanoverians endured losses and and sufferings, which are feelingly described by Mr. Beamish. The extract, in which the tragic account is given, appears to us to be too full of interest to allow of its being curtailed; we, therefore, present it to the reader in all its glowing details, as one of the most impressive stories of distress which any history can supply:

'The horses and baggage of two transports of the second hussars, as well as a gallant officer of the same regiment, Capt. Ludolphus Baring, also perished; the Hope transport, with forty sick on board, was also lost; another transport, called the Eagle, on board of which were eight officers, 172 non-commissioner officers and soldiers, and the chaplain, with his wife and children, of the first line battalion, was never heard of after the gale,

and is supposed to have gone down in the Queen's channel. Nearly three companies of the same regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Von Ompteda, only escaped shipwreck to fall into captivity, and their perils are worthy of detail. These troops were embarked in the Augustus Cæsar transport, which, in the night of the 22d October, came into violent contact with the ship of war Inflexible, of sixty-four guns. The bowsprit of the man-of-war bearing down upon the larboard side of the transport, passed through her main chains, and carried away her mainmast; the masts, yards, and rigging of both vessels then got foul of each other, and the smaller ship, thus entangled, became exposed to the tremendous thumping of the man-of-war, which threatened soon to reduce her to a wreck. Every effort was made on both sides to get clear, but the darkness of the night and the heavy sea rendered this extremely difficult, and nearly an hour had passed before the vessels could be disengaged. Meantime five of the officers, and about 100 non-commissioned officers and men of the Legion, ventured to attempt escaping from the transport into the Inflexible. This was a hazardous experiment, as well in consequence of the violent concussion of the vessels, as of the number of spars that were falling about; however, although many were wounded, with the exception of one man, the whole gained the deck of the ship.

'By this time the transport presented a deplorable appearance. Of her three masts the foremast alone remained standing; large breaches down to the very edge of the water had been made in both her sides; twelve out of fourteen guns which she carried, had been either torn away, or forced through the deck into the hold; her boats were driven from their fastenings and damaged, and the whole of her bulwark had been carried away.

'Thus disabled, she was totally incapable of following the fleet, which on the morning of the 30th, was completely out of sight, and the wind coming on to blow a gale from the westward on the following day, she was driven before it towards the coast of Holland. Land was first seen on the morning of the 31st, and now the apprehension arose that the ship might be dashed upon the beach, for they could find no holding ground at sufficient distance from the coast to be secured against a land attack, and the vessel had drifted within half-gun shot of the shore, before she could be brought to anchor.

'The sea broke over her with violence, and it did not seem probable that her shattered hull would hold much longer together; at noon, however, the gale subsided, and some hope of safety was entertained. But now came the perils of the land, for the Dutch having descried the vessel, had brought down a few guns to the shore, and from these soon opened a fire upon the luckless transport. The English signal of distress was then made, which caused the firing to be for a time suspended, but towards evening it was resumed, and continued until the master of the transport had been made by signal to understand that he was required to hoist a lantern at the mast head, which being done, the firing ceased, and the vessel, which had received but little additional injury from the ill-directed shots, was left unmolested until morning. A Dutch naval officer then came off to the transport, and demanded the surrender of all on board as prisoners of war. Colonel Von Ompteda felt that he had no other alternative but to submit to this requisition, and his whole force, amounting to nine officers, and more than

200 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, were, together with the crew of the vessel, disembarked and marched to the Hague, from which the landing-place was about six miles distant.* They were to have retained their baggage, but the boats being occupied till night-fall with the disembarkation of the men, its removal could not be attempted before morning, and then the vessel was no longer visible; for the wind getting up in the night, her destruction had been completed.

'Calamitous as were many of the disasters which befel the Legion on the return of this expedition, they were all far exceeded by those which attended the loss of the transport Salisbury.

'This vessel, containing the greater part of the second line battalion, had been separated from the fleet on the night of the 22d October, and reached Yarmouth on the 8th of November, just as the other ships had got under weigh. Her provisions were nearly exhausted, oatmeal being almost the only article of subsistence left; still the master thought it better to follow the fleet, and continuing his course, brought the vessel, on the 10th, close under Margate, where several other ships had already anchored. But now he became apprehensive of coming in contact with some of these, and fearing also to approximate an unsheltered coast during such tempestuous weather, stood out to sea.

'Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the helmsman, mistaking the light ship on a bank called the Kentish Knock, for one of the vessels of the fleet, ran the transport direct upon the bank, against which she struck with violence. The passengers, alarmed at the sound, hurried upon deck, from which the breakers were too visible, and the vessel would inevitably have foundered, had not a heavy sea carried her off the bank, and again set her afloat; but the rudder had sprung, and the vessel leaked. Cartridges were now sought for to fire signals of distress, but the powder magazine had filled with water, and a few only were found serviceable. With these, however, some signals were fired, and they were answered by blue lights from several vessels that were near at hand; but the night was too dark and the gale too violent to admit of any boats putting off, and no hope of assistance could be entertained before morning.

'The injury to the rudder had rendered the vessel quite unmanageable, and she lay completely at the mercy of the wind and waves. For some time the captain tried, by crowding all his sail, to reach the French coast, but it was found impossible, and about midnight he anchored in twenty-three fathom water. The pumps were at work incessantly, and became often choked, and the soldiers were then obliged to bale out the water from the hold in their caps; in fact the vessel was alone kept afloat by the unceasing and strenuous exertions of the men.

'* The men were afterwards removed to the fortress of Löwenstein, and the officers placed on their parole at Gorcum. The latter were exchanged, and returned to England in the following spring; but the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, being principally natives of those provinces which formed the new kingdom of Westphalia, were obliged to enter the service of King Jerome. From this rule, however, the greater part took the first opportunity of emancipating themselves.'

'The small supply of ammunition which had been rescued from the water in the magazine having been exhausted, resource was had to the cartridges of the soldiers for keeping up the firing of signals of distress. For this purpose the men had brought nearly all their pouches upon deck; and two guns were loaded from the supply. Unfortunately, however, on the guns being fired, a portion of the ignited cartridge paper, blown by the wind upon some loose powder, set fire to the whole stock of ammunition, and in a moment from twenty to thirty pouches flew into the air. Lieutenant Von Hodenberg and nine men were more or less injured by this explosion.

'A ship now appeared in sight, and some of the sailors attempted to put off to her in the skiff, but no sooner had this craft been lowered down, when a sea, dashing it against the ship's side, shivered her to pieces, and those who had entrusted their lives to the frail protection, all went down, filling the air with their cries.

'The vessel dragging on her larboard anchor, and being much driven about by the sea, the ballast shifted towards this side, and made it necessary for the larboard gallery and guns to be cut away and thrown overboard. The same would willingly have been done with the masts, had not the weight of their fall been dreaded, as on whichever side they might happen to come, the weight would, in all probability, have brought the vessel under. The cable was now cut, and the ship again abandoned to the fury of the elements. Some empty water-casks and spare planks, which had been lashed to the side, alone kept her above water; whoever let go his hold fell instantly overboard, and many an unfortunate was heard to cry for help, and the next moment seen to sink for ever.

'At length day broke, and vessels appearing at a short distance off, hope was rekindled in the minds of the sufferers; but the violent squalls prevented any ship from approaching the Salisbury, and gave all full employment in providing for their own safety. About ten o'clock, however, the weather seemed disposed to moderate, and one vessel came so near that it was resolved to send off the jolly boat, and implore her assistance. Captain Scharnhorst, two soldiers, and two of the crew of the Salisbury embarked in this boat, and reached the vessel; but a violent squall then came on, and no effort to assist their comrades could be made while it lasted. The situation of the Salisbury was now so perilous, that the destruction of those on board appeared inevitable; the sailors, therefore, lowered down the long boat, and all rushed forward to seek refuge in it. Lieut. Von Wenkstern and Magens, forty-three soldiers, one woman and child, and the master and twelve of the crew of the transport succeeded in getting in, after which the rope was cut, and the boat, unprovided with either oars or rudder, drifted off at the mercy of the waves. The other vessel now bore up towards the boat, and as she was driven past her, threw out a rope, but it fell short of the object; a second and a third time this was attempted, but with equal ill luck, and the last hope of the sufferers appeared to have been extinguished, for the master of the vessel was unwilling to make any further effort for their preservation. A few bold and generous soldiers, however, came to their relief. Major Roberton, who with part of the eighth English infantry was on board the vessel, seeing that the master of the transport declined making any farther exer-

tion to save the people in the boat, energetically appealed to his own men on behalf of their brother soldiers. Several officers and men immediately came forward; from these the best rowers were chosen, and they gallantly put off in the jolly boat, and endeavoured to convey a rope to the boat of the Salisbury. This rope proved too short, and was obliged to be twice lengthened before it would reach the boat, keeping the sufferers in the most painful suspense; at length the brave soldiers succeeded in accomplishing their humane object, and both boats were hauled up to the transport, which now bore away towards the Salisbury.

'On nearing the vessel Major Roberton sought to cheer the unfortunate people on board, who had despaired of receiving help, by calling out to them, "You will all be saved," which they answered with a grateful hurrah!

'Four men of the Legion now jumped into the long boat and put off to the Salisbury, but the wind again increased, and rendered their approach dangerous; the boat reached, however, the stern of the vessel, and Surgeon Rathje, the quarter-master sergeant, two soldiers, and the mate were enabled to jump into her; but the transport was fast sinking, and to have remained longer near her would have endangered the boat, which was obliged immediately to be got away. With the preservation of these five persons, therefore, their gallant comrades were obliged to be satisfied, and scarce had they pulled off, and ensured the safety of the boat, when the Salisbury went down. Nine officers, two hundred and twelve men, thirty women, and five children perished with this transport. The entire casualties of the Legion in the expedition amounted to one thousand one hundred and seventy-five, of which thirty-six were officers, and the drowned alone numbered two hundred and twenty-six!'—pp. 130—139.

The remnants of the German Legion were not long in coming together from the different ports into which they were driven, and at which they were landed. A portion of the troop was immediately despatched on an expedition to the Tagus; once more the fated storm assailed them in the Bay of Biscay, and the greater part of the fleet was under the necessity of putting back to England. That division of the Legion which proceeded for Lisbon was not more fortunate, for when they arrived Lisbon was in the hands of the French. The ships cruized about for a week, the commander not knowing what to do, until at last the signal was given for Gibraltar. What a strange fatality must have been hanging over this Legion! the very moment that the sails are set to bear towards Gibraltar, down comes a furious tempest, dashes the ships one against the other, and inflicts so much injury on the broken fleet as to disable it from putting to sea without considerable repairs. The German regiments, destined for the Mediterranean, at last were collected together, and were stationed in Sicily, to guard the country from the threatened invasion of Murat, who then occupied Calabria.

In the meantime another large division of the German Legion was despatched to the north, under Sir John Moore, as part of the

supply of troops which England had arranged to afford to the King of Sweden. Strange to say the troops, after landing at Gothenburg, were informed that there was nothing for them to do, inasmuch as his Majesty of Sweden and the British commander differed as to the plan of proceeding. The officers spent their time in the agreeable pastime of catching lobsters for some weeks, and then returned with all the regiments to Spithead.*

Here we shall leave the Hanoverians for the present, as Mr. Beamish's plan of publication does not allow him to present to the public more than one volume at a time. The narrative, however, is extremely interesting, and well deserves that we should recur to it at an early opportunity.

ART. XI.—*Whig Government, or Two Years' Retrospect.* London: Ridgway. 1832.

IT is well observed by the author of this judicious pamphlet, that while non-intervention in the affairs of other states is the Whig rule of policy, that rule is not absolute, and that where it can be shown that the object sought is good and generally useful, that the means of attainment are easy, and that intervention will do more good than evil, there the rule may be properly violated. A remarkable example of the exceptions which Government has acted on lately, is the policy which they have adopted in the case of Holland and Belgium. But it should always be remembered, that in prosecuting the design of making Belgium an independent power, the present ministry is only acting in accordance with the principles already established by their predecessors; for it is the fact, that

---

* Even this voyage was attended with loss. The horses of the huzzars, being confined to transports, suffered a great deal, as indeed might be expected from the manner in which these unhappy animals are disposed of on board, according to the description of Mr. Beamish.

'A horse transport contains, according to its size, from eighteen to forty horses, which are placed together across the hold, with their heads toward the centre, where is a wooden trough for the reception of forage. Small upright posts are fixed between their heads, which are fastened on each side by short ropes, in order to prevent them from lying down, and their chests and haunches are covered by sheepskins, to save them from being stripped by the rolling of the vessel. This closely packed stable is ventilated by means of sacks, which hang from the deck into the main hatchway; but in still or warm weather this is of little service, and the animals then suffer extremely from the oppression of the atmosphere. If a long voyage be anticipated, the horses are generally slung by tackles, to prevent them from resting on their legs, which expedient enables them to bear the confinement with less inconvenience.'—p. 144.

the first and directing protocol was issued before the accession of the Grey ministry to office.

But whether or not the blame attaches to England,—and if it does, whether or not that blame should justly fall on a Whig or a Tory administration, this seems quite certain, that the north of Europe is now in a condition that justifies the apprehension of immediate war. The public attention being in consequence directed to that agitated region, we have thought that a brief summary of the historical facts which illustrate the causes of the expected war, would be convenient at this moment.

Holland, properly so called, or that portion of territory to which the dominion of William the Third is now proposed to be restricted, does not exceed in circumference 180 miles. It is, however, densely populous, containing, according to some late accurate calculations, no less than 2,758,000 souls, to 10,000 square miles. Its walled towns are 29 in number, and the villages about 400. Holland remained annexed to France from July, 1810; but in November, 1813, the Prince of Orange was recalled from England and proclaimed King of the Netherlands. After the battle of Waterloo, Belgium was added to Holland, and this arrangement was established by the congress of Vienna. The union continued to August, 1830, when a revolution took place in Belgium, which induced the powers of Europe to interfere. The result is well known. Belgium was converted into a separate kingdom, with a distinct and independent sovereign at its head, and, it is equally known, that the obstinacy of the King of Holland in refusing to abide by this arrangement, is the immediate cause of the hostilities which are so anxiously apprehended.

The annals of the two countries, Holland and Belgium, demonstrate so clearly that the interests of both cannot be cultivated successfully together, that it is only to be wondered at that any reasonable man would seek to associate them. The inhabitants of each nation differ essentially in their genius and in their habits. When the Low Countries emancipated themselves from the pressure of the Spanish yoke, the inhabitants of Belgium partook neither in the struggle nor in the fruits with which it was ultimately crowned. After Holland had won its independence, Belgium still continued the prey of Spanish tyranny; its industry was fettered, its fields were laid waste, and the few of the humble classes whom famine did not carry away, were swept off by the savage sword of the Duke of Alva. The mercantile advantages which Belgium enjoyed at the period alluded to, were gradually transferred to free Holland, and upon the spirit with which she used these advantages it is not necessary that we should dilate.

Belgium, delivered from the clutches of Spain, fell into the hands of Austria. The change of masters brought about no alteration of the system for the people, although the jurisdiction of the house

of Austria continued up to the close nearly of the last century. In the year 1792 Dumourier over-ran this country with an enthusiastic army, with whose feelings the Belgians sympathized; in the year following, the fortune of war restored Austria to her power in Belgium, and in 1794, the latter territory was formally incorporated with the French republic. It was not, however, until the year 1797, that the Emperor of Austria gave up all claim to Belgium; from that date until the downfall of Napoleon, she remained an integral portion of the French monarchy, and in 1813, as we have already said, she was united with Holland, and the conjoined territory was designated by the title of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. That arrangement, we have seen, has been since dissipated, and Belgium is likely to remain permanently an independent power.

Shall England favour Holland or Belgium in case of a contest taking place? is a question which is now giving rise to a great deal of controversy. Belgium at present offers very little for our consideration as a commercial country; therefore any favour which we should show her would be founded purely on the expectation of benefits to come. Holland stands, it must be admitted, in a very different relation. Before, however, stating the claims of the latter, it may be well to carry back our recollections to the part which our Government has acted throughout this difficult affair, with a view to save Europe from the miseries of war. The present ministers' policy in this respect is so well described by the author of the pamphlet before us, as at once to induce us to adopt it as exactly expressing our own opinions:

'The ministers of the five Great Powers have been sitting in patient conclave, for the last two years, for the avowed purpose of adjusting, without the baneful intervention of a war, the differences which distract Holland and Belgium. Let those who are too blind, too hardened, or too selfish, to judge of the ten thousand miseries of war, till they feel them in their own persons or estates, deride, if they will, the endless protocols of this Conference, but the enlightened portion of the world will rejoice to see the angry passions and prejudices of two small states, which, in former times, would, long ere this, have roused a fearful general war, now patiently repressed by the joint interference of the principal Powers of Europe. This Conference may be the first of a long series, which, through God's good providence, and the increasing power and intelligence of mankind, may form a safety valve, a federative court of appeal, for the jealousies and quarrels of States. When war shall thus *degenerate* into mere litigation, though the professors of brute force may rave, the industrious portion of mankind will have small cause to complain.

It is true, the Conference has not yet succeeded in reconciling the two litigant powers; but is it nothing to have averted war for two whole years? To possess the probable chance of even yet averting it? And, by the tardy course of its proceedings, to have taught the Kings of Europe that their subjects may not, and must not, be hurried into war at the mere beck of royal anger.

'These are some of the general popular benefits of the Conference, infinitely more valuable and worthy of remark than the thousand and one intricacies of its diplomacy, to which those who are ambitious of bewildering themselves are confidently referred. But, in passing, it may be said, that some particular benefits must flow to this country from the separation of Holland and Belgium. For, however angry the Dutch King may feel with us for not leading ourselves to his impracticable desires for the recovery of his Belgic dominions, still, Dutch thriftiness will soon come to buy and sell in this country; and our stuffs, our cottons, and our coals, will regain that market at Amsterdam, from which the obligations of the Belgic union had excluded them. And in reply to those, who, for party motives, and from want of reflection, talk of the separation of Holland and Belgium, throwing the latter country into the arms of France, it may be asked, whether a discarded, and unwillingly, or forcibly re-united half of the kingdom of the Netherlands as Belgium, might have been, would not be infinitely more prone, on the first favourable opportunity, to revolt again, and then indeed throw itself into the arms of France; than an independent and freely constituted kingdom, as Belgium now is, governed too by a popular King of its own choosing, and placed under the protection of the guaranteed neutrality of Europe? The question carries its own answer with it. And so, also, is it evident, that the marriage of King Leopold with a daughter of Louis Philippe, places a moral restraint, in as far as the King of the French is concerned, upon that contemplated usurpation of Belgium, which it pleases some statesmen to attribute to France. It is also to be remarked, that Belgium, constituted as it now is, may be considered as an ally, won to the cause of liberty from the opposite faction.'—pp. 9—12.

In considering the relation of England to Holland with reference to former periods, it will be remembered, that these two countries were frequently at war. In the time of Charles the Second, we were at hostilities with them, and afterwards we joined them in an alliance against the encroaching ambition of France. After the breaking out of the American war, we were under the necessity of chastising Holland soundly for the treacherous assistance which she afforded, in the contraband supply of prohibited warlike stores to the revolted colonies of America, nor was it until we had annihilated her navy, captured her colonies, and destroyed her trade, that we were recompensed for the injuries which were inflicted upon us at the very time that the Stadtholder expressly declared himself in favour of the royal cause.

Thus much it was necessary to state, in order to exhibit the general relation in which the different countries engaged in the present crisis are placed with respect to each other. Having explained the principles on which the contending parties are about to proceed to the contest, should they in reality be driven to such an extremity, we presume that by carrying the reader a little further we shall be able to facilitate his acquaintance with the probable scene of the earliest hostilities. The information which we

make use of is chiefly taken from the reports of eye-witnesses, who have been sent from France to make surveys, and whose accuracy is beyond all question. As this description contains an exact estimate of situations and distances, it may not be superfluous to recommend it as an object of reference, should circumstances occur to make the site more than usually interesting.

The Scheldt derives its source in France, in the department of la Somme; it passes by Cambray, Bouchain, Valenciennes, and Conde, and then enters Belgium in a direction towards the north-west; it passes by Tournay in a direction below that town towards the north, inclining a little to the east, and in that line it passes on to Oudenard and Ghent, where it takes a well-defined direction from west to east. At Dendermonde it resumes its course towards the north, which it preserves very nearly to Antwerp. At this point it turns towards the north-west, and thus quits the Belgian limits. There it takes a well-defined direction from east to west, and throws itself into the sea.

The general belief that the Scheldt is to be the limit of Belgium and Holland is an error: both banks of the river belong to Belgium as far as Lillo, a small town five leagues below Antwerp, and from Lillo to Flushing and Breskers, which are the two extreme points of the two banks, are Dutch, separating into two parts the province of Zealand. One of these two parts, that which is situate on the left bank of the Scheldt, forms the northern limit of the Belgium province of East Flanders, through the whole extent of the latter.

Antwerp is situate on the right bank of the Scheldt, which separates that city from the Tete de Flandre, situated consequently on the left bank, very nearly the middle of that part of the river which passes by the city, in a rectilinear direction from south to north. Immediately above the city the direction of the river is from west to east; it is from east to west immediately below it.

The principal points of the fortifications of Antwerp there, which are chiefly occupied, are the citadel, Fort Montebello, Fort du Nord, and the Tete de Flandre.

The citadel adjoins the city, from which it is only separated by the esplanade; it also adjoins the Scheldt, from which there is nothing to separate it. Like the city, it is situate on the right bank; it is to the south of the city, and consequently above it.

Quitting the citadel, and following the line of the fortifications, we find at a little distance, in front of the gates of the lines, Fort Montebello, situated consequently to the east of the citadel, and to the south of the city.

Fort du Nord is below the city, also on the right bank, and at a distance of about 400 toises; it is connected with the city by an *ensemble* of works recently executed, and which are protected by formidable batteries, where are arranged several pieces of cannon, *a la Paixhans,* pointing to the Scheldt in the course of the direc-

tion which it follows below the city, that is to say, from east to west.

Above and below the Tete de Flandre, still on the left bank, are two small forts of no importance, Fort Burgh and Fort. St. Hilaire.

The Dutch are masters of the whole portion of the left bank which has reference to the city; they are in possession consequently of the Tete de Flandre and of the small forts of which we have spoken; on the right bank they possess the citadel, and with that the lunette of Kiel, situate above the citadel, and of which it forms a dependency.

The ancient entrepot, so improperly burnt by the Dutch in September, 1830, and the military arsenal, was situated on the bank of the Scheldt, and the whole adjacent to the citadel: of these two establishments there remain only the ruins; the Dutch are thus deprived of the means of injuring those quarters, the nearest to the citadel, whatever good intentions they may have besides.

On the left bank of the Scheldt, in the rear of the Tete de Flandre, we find the Poulders, vast and fertile tracts, successively formed by alluviæ from the river, and which are protected against its inroads by a large and strong dyke, continued in its bed to the sea. In 1830, the Dutch broke through this dyke in two places, and since that time the Poulders have been covered by an immense quantity of water. There will be thus a conquest to make over the Scheldt after the deliverance of the city, but unfortunately nothing can indemnify the proprietors of the Poulders for the losses which they have already sustained, and which are incessantly increasing.

This cutting of the dyke the Dutch endeavour to justify by the alleged necessity of opening a way for their vessels, in such a manner that they might pass on to the citadel without being exposed to the fire of Fort du Nord.

A flotilla, consisting of several gun-boats, is stationed in the river; its line extends from the Tete de Flandre to the citadel; one of the gun-boats has been wrecked on the Poulders, in the rear of the Tete de Flandre.

The number of inhabitants of Antwerp is about 75,000.

To speculate on the chances that a war will take place, would be imprudent, and indeed useless, for us, at a moment when the arrival of every fresh courier is expected to be the signal for announcing some important conclusion or other.

ART. XII.—*The Political, Commercial, and Financial Condition of the Anglo-Eastern Empire, in* 1832*; an Analysis of its Home and Foreign Governments, and a Practical Examination of the Doctrines of Free Trade and Colonization, with reference to the Renewal or Modification of the Hon. East India Company's Charter.* By the Author of "The Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of England and of the Continents of Europe and America," &c. 1 Vol. 8vo. London: Parbury, Allen & Co. 1832.

THE opinions of one who has been a witness of the facts on which his judgment is founded, at least deserve to be listened to with respect. The author of the present volume pretends to an intimate knowledge of India on grounds which few will question, when it is known that he passed one-third of his life in the Asiatic hemisphere, in the capacity of an officer in his Majesty's service.

The work is an exceedingly elaborate one in respect of the great research which it displays, and the curious collection of facts which it contains on the subject of India. The object of his interference may be briefly stated to consist in an endeavour to avert any sudden or sweeping change under the present peculiar circumstances of the country, at the same time to take care that nothing should be left undone which was calculated to promote in the eastern peninsula order and civilization and freedom.

In the first chapter the author seeks to vindicate for the East India Company the credit of having, by their interference in India, put a stop to the perpetration of horrors which make the mind shudder to think of them:

> 'If,' he observes, 'the East-India Company had never added 1*s.* to the wealth of England, one inch of dominion to her crown, or one leaf of laurel to its glory, the mere circumstance of establishing peace in a country such as India, which for countless ages had been a prey to every species of atrocity which degrade men far below the level of the brutes, and which, under a less genial clime and fertile territory, would have converted the whole land into a howling wilderness; they would most assuredly deserve to be ranked among the noblest benefactors of the human race.'—p. 19.

Setting out with this principle, the writer proceeds to contend that the influence acquired by the Company in the Indian territory has only been exercised with a view of ameliorating and improving the condition of the natives. The second chapter is dedicated to the illustration of this point, and in it the author attempts to show that the Company expended its treasures for the purpose of securing to Britain the dominion of India.

The author denies that the conquests effected by the arms of the Company were made at the expence of humanity. He contends

that the arms which they had the power of wielding were always directed against despotism, and in support of the weaker against the stronger power. India, he says, is now one of the greatest marts which England can command for the sustentation of her commerce; to what quarter, save to the Company alone, are she and her merchants indebted for the existence of such a market for their commodities as the eastern peninsula affords?

The Company is represented as outstripping the Government in efforts to extend the commerce between the two countries, and that whatever hindrance may exist to this extension is entirely the result of the impolitic restrictions which are continued by the Government.

The author is decidedly opposed to any attempt at colonizing India, principally because the Hindoos are averse to such a measure. The Company are, therefore, right in forbidding the purchases of land by Europeans in India, in order that their feelings, or even their prejudices, might not be offended.

The landed revenue of Hindostan is usually represented as being exorbitant and oppressive in its nature; but the author contends that the revenue and debt of India are, in proportion to population, less than those of any state in Europe. Upon the subject of the free press of India the author should have been careful how he boasted of the enlightened liberality of the Company. The truth is, that that body has enslaved the press abroad, and it would be infinitely more to their credit that they should seek to justify their severity rather than attempt to deny it.

The author claims great approbation for the Company, in consequence of the deference which they uniformly show to the customs, prejudices, religious rites, and cherished institutions of the Hindoos. He refers also to the extraordinary diminution of crime in India, as a proof of the wise policy which governs the enactment and the administration of the criminal laws, and can further show by official documents, that the condition of the Hindoos is daily advancing in improvement.

The foreign government of India, it is admitted, is invested with an almost unlimited extent of power. But then it is contended by the author that its exercise is restrained by so many well-regulated checks at home as to prevent the possibility of any abuses. In short, it is the opinion of the writer that the subversion of the present mode of governing the Anglo-eastern empire would destroy the well-poised balance now existing between the British Crown and its subjects. It would be impossible for us to describe the course of the argument employed in each instance in this work to prove the positions of the author. But as the economy of the Company's administration at home is an object of some interest, we shall notice the account of the several bodies which participate in its direction:

'The Court of Proprietors is called the "General Court," and affords a striking instance of a popular senate; there is no distinction as to citizenship, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, the inhabitants of any nation are eligible as members; there is no difference as to religion, the Christian, the Jew, the Turk, the Pagan, the professors of every, or of no, creed, are equally admissible; there is no impediment as to sex, a woman as well as a man is entitled to the free exercise of her opinion in this assembly; there is no aristocratical bar—the soldier and the sailor, the merchant and the agriculturist, stand on the same footing; and to all this must be added that, to which the elective voice of the British people is fast hastening, the invariable use of the vote by ballot.'—pp. 54, 55.

'The following powers are vested in the Court. The election of qualified persons to form the Court of Directors; the declaration of dividends on the capital stock of the Company, subject to certain legislative enactments.* The framing, altering, or repealing such bye-laws as may be deemed necessary for the good government of the East India Company, provided such do not interfere with any Acts of Parliament. A general control over any increase to a salary or pension exceeding 200*l.* a year, or over any gratuity beyond 600*l.*; over the creation of any new officer at home or abroad with a salary exceeding 200*l.*; or over superannuated allowances to officers and servants in England. The Court can confer a tribute of approbation and a pecuniary reward, on any Eastern statesman or warrior whose services may seem to them worthy of such manifestations of popular gratitude; should the donation, however, exceed the sums before-mentioned, it is subject to the confirmation of the Board of Control; it can also demand copies of various public documents to be laid before it for discussion and consideration; but by Act of Parliament† it is prevented rescinding, suspending, revoking, or varying any order or resolution of the Court of Directors relative to the revenues or civil or military government, *after* the same shall have received the approbation of the Board of Control.'—pp. 58, 59.

A still higher Court is that of the Directors:

'This Court is composed of twenty-four proprietors, qualified by Act of Parliament and chosen by ballot from the body of the electors. The necessary qualifications are—natural born or a naturalized subject of Great Britain,—the possession of £2,000 stock (no matter for what previous period), in his own right or for his own use; not being a Director of the Bank of England or South Sea Company, a resident in England for two years after holding office in India: or having held no maritime office in the service of the Company for two years previous to his proposed election: and not having, under any plea or pretence whatsoever, endeavoured to obtain, directly or indirectly, a vote for the election of himself, or of any other person to be a Director. If elected, he takes a solemn oath in pursuance of an act passed (the 33d George III.) of which the following is an

---

'* By an Act of Parliament in 1813, the dividend cannot exceed 10½ per cent.: all profit beyond that is appropriated to territorial and other purposes. The capital stock of the Company is 6,000,000*l.* sterling.'

'† 33d Geo. III, c. 52, passed in 1793.'

extract, after binding him to carry on no private trade, to have no dealings with the Company except as a private individual, nor to hold any place or office of emolument under the crown.'—pp. 61, 62.

'The Court of Directors enjoy full authority over all matters, at home as well as abroad, relating to the political, financial, judicial, military, and commercial affairs of the Company (with the exception of matters of the highest importance entrusted to the Committee of Secrecy); but its proceedings are subject to various Acts of Parliament; to the superintendence of the Board of Control, and in several matters to the approval of the General Court, as before detailed.

'For the better fulfilment of these multifarious duties, the Court is divided into departmental committees, with distinct subordinates: a plan which the Board of Control was necessitated to imitate, and which is now seriously proposed for adoption in the House of Commons, from the clearness and facility which it occasions in the dispatch of business.

'The subdivision of the Court is as follows:—

'1. Secret Committee.
'2. Correspondence ditto.
'3. Treasury ditto.
'4. Government Troops and Stores ditto.
'5. Legal Proceedings ditto.
'6. Military ditto.
'7. Accounts ditto.
'8. Buying ditto.
'9. Warehouses ditto.
'10. India House ditto.
'11. Shipping ditto.
'12. Private Trade ditto.
'13. Civil College ditto.
'14. Military College ditto.'—pp. 64, 65.

Those who are desirous of coming to a just conclusion on the question, Shall the charter be continued to the East India Company? will find in this work a very useful guide to the knowledge of the important facts on which that decision depends.

ART. XIII.—*A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps, and of his Labours among the French Protestants of Dauphine, a Remnant of the Primitive Christians of Gaul.* By WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Norham. 1 Vol. large 8vo. London: Rivingtons. 1832.

THE Rev. Mr. Gilly has been wonderfully persevering in his efforts to demonstrate the truth of a somewhat singular theory, which has now, we believe for some years, wholly occupied his

mind. His motives admit, we are ready to believe, of no sort of suspicion, and that he has been imprudent in the advocacy of the cause which he has espoused, is only a proof of his sincerity. Mr. Gilly has taken it into his head to be firmly persuaded, that there is not a mountain region in our part of the globe, which is poor and uninviting, and difficult of access, where the primitive faith, as it was preached by the earliest messengers of the truth, did not linger for many ages, after the Romish hierarchy had established itself in the richer countries and in the plains; and that there are still many mountain districts where the population has remained Christian up to the present moment, that is to say, Christian in non-conformity with the Church which usurps that name. In the secluded glens of Piemont Mr. Gilly was especially fortunate in meeting with Christians of this description, and even traces of such churches in the Alps, Pyrenees, and Appenines, may be discerned, he says, in the Canons of Councils, and in some of the Romish writings of France, Italy, and Spain. Mr. Gilly, in the next place, offers to us the consoling intelligence, that the Albigenses, the objects of great persecution during the crusades of Simon Moulfad, were not wholly extirpated, nor were the churches of Provence and Dauphine, which formed the stock for the engrafting of the reformed congregations of the sixteenth century, cut up root and branch, as is generally thought, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. These, it seems, are all vulgar errors, inasmuch as some remnants were spared, and families were left in the remote valleys of the Pyrenees and Alps, who handed down the pure faith which their forefathers committed to them. From all this we gather the important news, that an unexceptionable creed may be handed down from sire to son, by the natural process of what is usually called tradition, and that after eighteen centuries, the religion which is so delivered from generation to generation may be preserved to the latest moment pure and undefiled as it was at the first hour of its being announced. Now, this is a strange admission for such an advocate as Mr. Gilly, whose whole life and labours may be said to constitute one great practical protest against the principles of such a doctrine. But there is nothing in this to excite our surprize; it is the law of such small minds as Mr. Gilly's to be betrayed into inconsistencies the moment they come to cope with the difficulties of an argument.

The particular exemplification of the truth of Mr. Gilly's favourite theory, which it is his object in the present work to make out, has its locality in the Alpine provinces of France, and here it appears he has been able to prove that his ingenious suspicions respecting the existence of primitive Christians in those dreary regions, have been confirmed by the actual testimony of a clergyman, the Rev. Francis Cunningham, who seems to have been deeply skilled 'in much that is going on among all that is truly Christian on the continent.' This latter clergyman, in a corres-

pondence with Mr. Gilly, happened to give an account of a people in Dauphine, who were so poor, that they had no means of providing salaries for ministers or schoolmasters, and so little favoured by nature, that during seven months of the year, their land lay buried in snow. The letter which conveyed this intelligence, likewise gave a description of the merits of Felix Neff, a young clergyman, who was then toiling for the spiritual advantage of this poor people. In two years after the first mention of Neff's name, in the correspondence of Mr. Cunningham, that gentleman sent home a paper, drawn up by Neff, in which he gave an exposition of the nature of the duties which he had undertaken to discharge, and of the character and condition of the flock which he had taken under his protection. A few passages from this document will enable the reader to obtain some notion of the ability and zeal of Neff. He begins in the following words:

'"In those dark times, when the Dragon, of whom St. John speaks* made war with the remnant of the seed, which kept the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ, some of those, who escaped from the edge of the sword, found a place of refuge among the mountains. It was then that the most rugged valleys of the French department of the High Alps were peopled by the remains of those primitive Christians,† who, after the example of Moses, when he preferred the reproach of Christ to the riches of Egypt, changed their fertile plains for a frightful wilderness. But fanaticism still pursued them, and neither their poverty, nor their innocence, nor the glaciers and precipices among which they dwelt, entirely protected them; and the caverns which served them for churches, were often washed with their blood. Previously to the Reformation, the Valley of Fressinière was the only place in France where they could maintain their ground, and even here, they were driven from the more productive lands, and were forced to retreat to the very foot of the glacier, where they built the village of Dormilleuse. This village, constructed like an eagle's nest, upon the side of a mountain, was the citadel where a small portion that was left established itself, and where the race has continued, without any mixture with strangers, to the present day. Others took up their dwelling at the bottom of a deep glen, called La Combe, a rocky abyss, to which there is no exit, where the horizon is so bounded, that, for six months of the year, the rays of the sun never penetrate. These hamlets, exposed to avalanches, and the falling of rocks, and buried under snow half the year, consist of hovels, of which some are without chimneys and glazed widows, and others have nothing but a miserable kitchen and a stable, which is seldom cleaned out more than once a year, and where the inhabitants spend the greater part of the winter with their cattle, for the sake of the warmth. The rocks, by which they are enclosed, are so barren, and the climate is so severe, that there is no knowing how these poor Alpines, with all their simplicity and temper-

'* Rev. xii. 17.'

'† Les restes des Chrétiens Primitifs.'

ance, contrive to subsist. Their few sterile fields hang over precipices, and are covered, in places, with enormous blocks of granite, which roll every year from the cliffs above. Some seasons even rye will not ripen there. The pasturages are, many of them, inaccessible to cattle, and scarcely safe for sheep. Such wretched soil cannot be expected to yield any thing more than what will barely sustain life, and pay the taxes, which owing to the unfeeling negligence of the inspectors, are too often levied without proper consideration for the unproductiveness of the land. The clothing of these poor creatures is made of coarse wool, which they dress and weave themselves. Their principal food is unsifted rye; this they bake into cakes in the autumn so as to last the whole year." '—pp. 5—7.

Neff was directed to these valleys in 1823, and was eagerly received by them; but having duties to perform in another place, to which he was obliged to give the preference, he was under the necessity of abandoning this flock, in whose favour he solicited the charitable consideration of others.

What we have now stated of Neff, may perhaps have excited sufficient interest in the reader respecting the career of that remarkable man, sufficient to justify us continuing a brief account of his life. It appears that he was a Genevese by birth, and that after receiving a tolerably good education, he began the world as a florist or nurseryman. Of this occupation he soon became tired, and entered the army, in which his intelligence and good conduct procured him rapid promotion. But he showed from the very commencement, a strong tendency to devotion, and cultivated this disposition so enthusiastically, that he found it necessary to abandon a military life, and prepare himself for orders. The regulations of the church to which he was attached, require that a candidate for orders should undergo a probation; that is to say, he enters into the service of a minister on duty, executes those portions of the charge which it is competent for a layman to perform, and in this way attests his fitness for the sacred office. Neff submitted to the probation, and satisfied all who witnessed his conduct, that he was worthy of having conferred upon him the character of a minister of the gospel. How, or by whom he should be ordained, or spiritually authorized to preach, presented one of the most puzzling perplexities with which Neff ever had to struggle. The national church of Geneva ought to have been, according to the usual order of things, the quarter to which he should have applied; but that church had abandoned its own principles; it had, in the opinion of Neff, not only deserted, but betrayed the gospel, inasmuch as it ceased to maintain the divinity of Christ, and the other essential doctrines of the book of life. Relinquishing all hope of being able to reconcile himself to the Genevese traitors, Neff turned his eyes to the Protestant church of France. From this authority he would have willingly accepted a commission, but that most inopportunely he was a foreigner; he had not been naturalized, and there-

fore was not a fit object for the orders of the French church. One practicable mode of carrying his great object into execution alone remained for Neff, which was, that he should go to London, where his name and merits were known, and where he would be sure to obtain from one of the independent congregations, whose ministers are received in the Protestant churches of France, full authority to discharge the duties of the pastoral office. The journey of Neff to London, and the consequences of it, form a highly curious portion of his biography:

'Neff had no other mode of satisfying his conscience, and of assuming the functions of a minister "lawfully called," according to the regulations of the country where he looked forward to pursue his professional career. He, therefore, proceeded to London in the beginning of May, and, without being acquainted with a single word of the English language, we find the catechist of the mountains embarking on board a steam-boat at Calais, landing at Dover half dead with sea-sickness, consigning himself to the chances of a night-coach, and arriving in the metropolis on a Sunday morning, with no other aid to help him through the mazes of a city, (which is more embarassing to a stranger than any other capital in Europe,) than a direction to the house of Mr. Wilks. After puzzling out his way to his friend's abode, judge what must have been his forlorn feeling upon learning that Mr. Wilks was not at home, and that nobody in the house could speak French. Somehow or other the intelligent stranger, after many questions put to such passengers as, he hoped, might be able to reply to him in a langunge he could understand, got a clue, through the labyrinth of streets and lanes, to a French chapel, where, he calculated, that, as it was Sunday, he should find somebody who could hold intercourse with him, and put him in the train of profiting by his letters of introduction. The excellent Mr Scholl was the preacher at the chapel upon this occasion, and to him Neff addressed himself after the service with the modest request, that he would direct him to an hotel where French was spoken. The wanderer's delight must have been excessive, when Mr. Scholl kindly accosted him by name, and told him that he was aware of the errand upon which he had come, and that every thing should be done to promote his views. He was placed in comfortable lodgings, and on the return of Mr. Wilks he was introduced by that gentleman to the ministers who were to receive him into their body. But though he received every attention from his new friends, during the interval that elapsed before the public ceremony which brought him to England, yet one or two only could hold conversation with him, and his time hung heavily on his hands. "My visits," said he in one of his letters, "are very insipid, I cannot talk English, nor they French, and the sooner I can get away the happier I shall be; but I will remain as long as I can be forming connections, which may prove useful in promoting the reign of Christ in France."

'It was on the 19th of May, 1823, that Neff, to use his own terms, "received a diploma in Latin, signed by nine ministers, of whom three were doctors in theology, and one was a master of arts, and was ordained in a chapel in the Poultry in London."

'The questions proposed to him, in examination, were:—

'How do you know that you have been called by God?

'What is it which has induced you to devote yourself to the ministry?

'What are the doctrines which you regard as essentials?

'To the two first he gave answers, of which the following is the substance. "I have embraced the vocation of a minister of the Gospel, because the Sovereign Bishop of Souls has implanted an ardent desire in me to preach the Gospel, and because, whenever I have directed my thoughts to other professions, I have felt my conscience burthened, and a secret voice has commanded me to announce the kingdom of God. Because God has been pleased to bless my labours, and many souls have already been brought to a knowledge of the Word, which he has permitted me to declare in his name: because he has graciously opened many doors to me, and in the course of the last two years I have been invited many times, by consistories and churches, so that I shall not enter the vineyard of myself, and without a lawful calling."

'To the third question, he replied:—"I do not pretend to penetrate into the secret of God, nor to explain how or why evil entered into the world: but I know that it exists, and that it dwells in our hearts; that we carry it with us from our birth, and that, excited by the example of the world, and the influence of Satan, it reigns in our souls, and makes us bring forth evil fruits to our condemnation. I believe that in this state man is neither capable nor worthy of having any part in the kingdom of God, but that he deserves the Divine wrath, according to the justice of the Most High. I believe that there does not exist in ourselves, or in any created being, the means of escaping from this state of perdition, but that God, loving us when we were his enemies, has sent into the world the Eternal Word, by which he made all things, and that this Word dwelt among us, under the name of Jesus, which signifies the Saviour. I believe that this Saviour is our righteousness and redemption, and that his death and atonement have appeased the wrath of God. I believe that the true faith consists in being thoroughly convinced of, and deeply affected by, our state of corruption, and of the justice of our condemnation—in putting our whole trust in the sufferings of Jesus Christ,—and in the righteousness which is through Him and of Him. I believe that we are not saved because we love God, but that we may love him, and that if we are saved by faith without the works of the law, we are created again in Jesus Christ to do the good works for which God has prepared us. I believe that, in order to answer this object of our Saviour, it is absolutely necessary that he should write his law in our hearts. I believe that a change of heart is the result of true faith.

'"After these principal points, I believe that we ought, in the course of our instructions, 1. To convince men of their guilt by all scriptural and reasonable means: 2. To conduct them to Jesus: 3. To engage them to read and meditate on the word of God, and to pray for them that know not the truth. I believe that we ought to announce Jesus Christ and him crucified, without entering into unedifying discussions on points of doctrine contested among Christians. I believe that it is the duty of a good steward to give to each the nourishment which he requires, milk to babes and strong meat to men. Finally, I subscribe, both in matter of faith and practice, to the confessions of faith of the reformed churches of France and Switzerland, in the which I was born, and to which I desire to dedicate the services of my ministry."'—pp. 87—91.

Neff lost no time in proceeding to France, and when returned to the places where as a catechist he had been lately so well known, the people received him with the most marked expressions of enthusiasm.

It was in the department of the High Alps that Neff was ultimately settled as a pastor. The extent of the department is as follows:—It is eighty-four miles long, and fifty-seven broad; it is divided into two ecclesiastical sections, one of which is called Orpierre, the other Arvieux. The latter, which is nearest to Italy, and includes the two civil divisions or arrondissements of Embrun and Briancon, is the district which is under the spiritual care of Neff. The number of villages embraced in his jurisdiction are seventeen or eighteen, and the length of the country included in it is about sixty miles. But from the difficulties of the way, nearly eighty miles must be traversed by any person who makes a journey from one extremity to the other. The account which Mr. Gilly gives us of the people who constituted the parishioners of Neff is exceedingly unfavourable, and if we remember that they and their ancestors have been from time immemorial amongst the happy few in France who were selected as the depositaries of the true faith of God, we shall find it very difficult indeed to explain how it is that the manners and character of a people so favoured, could so utterly degenerate towards the barbarous condition into which the mountain flock of Protestants is acknowledged to have fallen. To the natives of Val Fressinière in particular this description applies; for it is confessed by Neff himself, that on his arrival amongst them, he found them still the same half-barbarous tribe which De Thou had described them nearly two hundred and fifty years before.

'Their houses,' Mr. Gilly declares, 'clothes, food, and method of cultivation, were four or five centuries behind the rest of France, and to this hour, after all his exertions to ameliorate their state, if a stranger could be carried asleep to their village, on waking he never would believe that he was in the land of civilized Frenchmen. The pastor had to begin with first principles, and in this his scientific knowledge, and the systematic rules of command and obedience, in which he had himself been so well schooled in the garrison at Geneva, came seasonably to his help. He knew how to set about arranging and giving directions.

'His first attempt was to impart an idea of domestic convenience. Chimneys and windows to their hovels were luxuries to which few of them had aspired, till he showed them how easy it was to make a passage for the smoke, and admittance for the light and air. He next convinced them that warmth might be obtained more healthily, than by pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year. For their coarse and unwholesome food, he had, indeed, no subsititute; because the sterility of the soil would produce no other; but he pointed out a mode of tillage, by which they increased the quantity; and in cases of illness, where they had no con-

ception of applying the simplest remedies, he pointed out the comfort which a sick person may derive from light and warm soups and ptisans, and other soothing assistance. So ignorant were they of what was hurtful or beneficial in acute disorders, that wine and brandy were no unusual prescriptions in the height of a raging fever.

'Strange enough, and still more characteristic of savage life, the women, till Neff taught the men better manners, were treated with so much disregard, that they never sat at table with their husbands or brothers, but stood behind them, and received morsels from their hands with obeisance and profound reverence.'—pp. 229—231.

And these, forsooth, are the depositaries of the true faith! these the chosen guardians of that most precious of all gifts, the genuine Christian religion, as left by the Apostles. Nay, so utterly stupid were the poor creatures, that when Neff proposed some measures for carrying currents of water through the uncultivated fields, and explained the simple principles on which water might be made to rise or fall, they showed an obstinate incredulity, and absolutely refused to commence the labour which would have been so useful to them in its results. But this was not all. Neff himself tells us that the portion of his flock just alluded to participated in the general corruption of human nature, and that they danced, gambled, quarrelled, and swore. In the spring of 1825, the mildness of the season offered many opportunities to the villagers to bring their land into a better state of cultivation than was usual amongst them. Neff applied all his energies to the promotion of a system of industry for this purpose, but the opposition which he met with from the people appears to arise from a spirit of the meanest and most paltry selfishness, such as places these mountaineers in a scale considerably inferior to the savage tribes of India. When urged to adopt his method of irrigation, they showed the same reluctance as before, and dealt out the same cunning excuses. What a fine picture is the following, of a society over which the mild and charitable spirit of pure and primitive Christianity had been so long breathing:

'If the canals and aqueducts were made, they would soon get out of order: if one proprietor adopted them, another would not: the next neighbour would not permit them to cross his land, and one opponent of the measure might stop the whole proceeding: but if all should agree, and the work were to be brought to a happy conclusion, an avalanche, or a crumbling mass of granite would soon crush or interrupt the constructions, and reduce them to their old condition. In vain did the pastor endeavour to convince them of the weakness of these arguments, particularly of the last: they might as well refuse to plant and sow, or to build houses, for nothing was safe from avalanches. Finding that he could not prevail, when he addressed them in a body, he took them separately, and asked, "Will you consent if your neighbour will? Will you put your shoulder to the work, if the occupiers of the next property will join you?" They were ashamed to refuse, when they were thus personally appealed to, and

an unwilling acquiescence was thus gradually obtained. But then arose another and more formidable objection. "Suppose the aqueducts are completed, and the water flows, will the distribution be equal? Will not my neighbour get more of the water than I shall? How do I know that he will not exhaust the supply, before my land has had a drop?" Neff was too ready at expedients to be easily foiled. He proposed that there should be a committee, and an arbiter, to determine what share of the public benefit each occupier should enjoy, and how long, and on what days, and at what hours, the stream should be permitted to pour its waters into the different sections and branches of its courses.

'At length all preliminaries were settled, and the work was to be done. The line was marked out, and the proprietors consented that the main channel should cross and recross their lands accordingly as it should be required. But again there was some demur. The people would only labour at that part of the construction which was to irrigate their own ground. "Be it so," said Neff, "only let us make a beginning." He saw that he could easily bring them to good humour and compliance, if he could only once set them on.'—pp. 236, 237.

It is impossible for any impartial person, no matter to what creed his mind may be given up, to witness the exertions of such a man as Neff without feeling a glow of proud satisfaction at the reflection of being the member of the great human family to which so remarkable a benefactor of his kind belongs. His life is one uninterrupted testimony to the profound sincerity of his heart in desiring the eternal happiness of his fellow-creatures. Every consideration of personal interest, every ambitious hope, every prospect of future ease, every desire of comfort, all were surrendered by Neff on the altar of charity. The enthusiasm which alone could have supported him under the severest corporeal fatigues, was yet chastened by a judgment which gave a feature of cautious prudence to the general course of his actions. Human nature was too feeble to continue long obedient to the requisitions of a mind so restless as that of Neff, and its incapability of such endurance was too soon demonstrated in his melancholy case. Between his personal labours, his prolonged journeys, his excessive anxiety, and the bad food which he was obliged *to* put up with, Neff became in a very short time after the commencement of his mission an entirely altered man. An accident which he met with aggravated a disorder of the stomach which had been already sufficiently serious; to avoid the danger of an avalanche he traversed a *debris* of rock; his foot slipped, and a severe sprain of the knee was the consequence. A great deal of pains were taken to restore the pastor to a state of health; he was prevailed on to visit the baths of Plombières, where, though an invalid, he still fulfilled his duties as a minister of the Gospel. The result of his journey is stated by Mr. Gilly.

'Certain prescriptions having, in some degree, restored his strength, he quitted Plombières, but not without expressing his regret at being deprived of the affectionate care of his medical attendant, Dr. Turck, who is well known to the visitors at Plombières, for his humane disposition, as well as for his professional talents. This time too, the journey again seemed to revive the invalid a little, and on his arrival at Geneva, some faint hopes were cherished, "but very soon," said one of his friends, "as though the strength of his body had been absorbed by that of his mind, he became worse than before."

'The period of his sufferings, at which we are now arrived, was long and dreary; his stomach could scarcely bear a little milk whey, for even with this he often suffered terribly from indigestion, and the pain it caused was so violent, that he could not venture to take this slight nourishment, until after he had endured the pangs of hunger for many hours. When he was no longer able to go out of doors, they contrived all kinds of manual occupation to assist his digestion. Conversation was forbidden him: only a small number of his friends were permitted to enjoy the privilege of seeing him, and during these visits, they could only press his hand, and render him some trifling service. He loved to see them for a few moments, and when he was fatigued, he made a sign for them to leave him. "It was most heart rending," said a spectator of his sufferings, "to behold him, thus pale and emaciated, his large eyes beaming with an expression of fortitude and pain; covered from head to foot with four or five woollen garments, which he was obliged to change frequently; submitting, in silence, and with the greatest calmness, to the application of the moxas, a painful operation, which was constantly repeated; suffering the pangs of hunger; counting the hours, and at last venturing to take something, then waiting with anxiety till the food, such as it was, should digest, and thus passing all his days and nights during a long succession of relapses, and of physical prostration, which we sometimes looked upon as a relief."

'As he became more and more debilitated and exhausted by hunger, new kinds of decoctions were continually tried, but what he at first took with apparent pleasure he soon refused. His thoughts were perpetually turning towards the Alps, and there he seemed to have centered all his anxieties. If he still cherished an earthly wish, and ventured to hope against hope, it was that the Almighty would again vouchsafe to employ him in the work which he had there commenced. When he could no longer write to his Alpines himself, he requested his mother to become his amanuensis, and to her he dictated his energetic exhortations, and the touching expression of his never-ceasing solicitude on their account.'—pp. 291—293.

The life of Neff is an edifying study for every description of minister who is alive to the extent of the responsibility which he has incurred by his initiation into holy orders. No one need inquire what particular form of worship it was which Neff adopted for himself; it is enough that he practised and inculcated that which is the end of all religion, and thus gave an example which some of his greatest admirers would do well to contemplate.

ART. XIV.—*The Masque of Anarchy*, a Poem, by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Now first published with a Preface. By LEIGH HUNT. London: Moxon. 1832.

EVERY circumstance connected with this relic of poor Shelley combines to give to it an irresistible claim to our interest. Written at the period of what is called the "Manchester Massacre," it was sent to the Examiner for insertion, and the Editor of that Journal acting on a very sound discretion, declined to comply with the application to have it published. The motives for this refusal reflect credit on his understanding and his heart, and as they have ceased to exist, he feels that it is only justice to Shelley's memory to secure to it the admiration which this development of his genius and his spirit of independence must necessarily excite. The politics of Mr. Shelley were no secret during his life, and it appears from the revelations which Mr. Hunt now lays before us, that the deceased poet had assigned to them a greater share of his attention than was generally supposed. Mr. Hunt, indeed, quotes a passage from an anonymous pamphlet of Mr. Shelley's, in which he warmly urges the introduction of annual parliaments, nay, what is more expressive still, he offered to give 100*l.* a-year in aid of funds for the support of a society which would devote itself to the promotion of a plan of reform.

The poem which forms the principal contents of this small volume is undoubtedly marked with all the characters of the peculiar artist who composed it. It opens with the description of a sort of procession of masquerade characters, which ushers in the Skeleton Anarchy on his white horse, splashed with blood, with pale lips, and looking like Death in the Apocalypse. Anarchy is described as having on a kingly crown, as grasping a sceptre whereby he held sovereign sway over an adoring multitude. All bent to and shouted joy to Anarchy, who, however, was stopped in the midst of his triumphant pageant by a maniac maid, Hope, who is represented as falling down beneath the horse's feet, expecting murder. But the result was somewhat different from her expectations, as we learn from the bard who, with true gallantry, delivers her in safety from the dangers which so imminently threatened her:

XXVI.

'When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak and frail
Like the vapour of the vale:

XXVII.

'Till, as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crown'd giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

XXVIII.

'It grew—a shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain,

XXIX.

'On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the morning's lay;
And those plumes it light rained through,
Like a shower of crimson dew.

XXX.

'With step as soft as wind it passed
O'er the heads of men—so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And looked—and all was empty air.

XXXI.

'As flowers beneath the footstep waken,
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

XXXII.

'And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien:

XXXIII.

'And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth;
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

XXXIV.

'A rushing light of clouds and splendour,
A sense, awakening and yet tender,
Was heard and felt—and at its close
These words of joy and fear arose:

XXXV.

'(As if their own indignant earth,
Which gave the sons of England birth,
Had felt their blood upon her brow,
And shuddering with a mother's throe,

XXXVI.

'Had turned every drop of blood,
By which her face had been bedewed,
To an accent unwithstood,
As if her heart had cried aloud:)'—pp. 14—19.

It is merely for the sake of the poetry that we venture upon this extract, the plot of the piece, and the situations of the dramatis personæ being highly extravagant. The words of "joy and fear," which follow, only terminate with the conclusion of the poem itself, and constitute, on the whole, a bold and energetic address; one time remonstrating, another time encouraging, but powerfully calculated to rouse the latent spirit of the people to vindicate their rights. The following stanzas particularly come under this description:

XXXIX.

'"What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

XL.

'"'Tis to work, and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants' use to dwell:

XLI.

'"So that ye for them are made,
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade;
With or without your own will, bent
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

'"'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak:—
They are dying whilst I speak,

XLIII.

'"'Tis to hunger for such diet,
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

XLIV.

' " 'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from toil a thousand fold,
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old;

XLV.

' " Paper coin—that forgery
Of the title deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of Earth.

XLVI.

' " 'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong cŏntroul
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

XLVII.

' " And at length when ye complain,
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you:—
Blood is on the grass like dew.

XLVIII.

' " Then it is to feel revenge,
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong:
Do NOT THUS, WHEN YE ARE STRONG.

XLIX.

' " Birds find rest in narrow nest,
When weary of the winged quest;
Beasts find fare in woody lair,
When storm and snow are in the air.

L.

' " Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one:
Thou, oh Englishman, hast none!'—pp. 20—26.

Mr. Shelley does not forget his favourite project of a reform of the assembly of the nation, and in the following spirited stanzas, he only shadows forth the plan which in graver accents peradventure he would be prepared to recommend:

LXV.

" Let a great assembly be
Of the fearless, of the free,
On some spot of English ground,
Where the plains stretch wide around.

LXVI.

" Let blue sky overhead,
The green earth, on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be,
Witness the solemnity.

LXVII.

" From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast;
From every hut, village, and town,
Where those who live and suffer, moan
For others' misery and their own:

LXVIII.

" From the workhouse and the prison,
Where pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young, and old,
Groan for pain, and weep for cold;

LXIX.

" From the haunts of daily life,
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares,
Which sow the human heart with tares;

LXX.

" Lastly, from the palaces,
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes, like the distant sound
Of a wind alive around;

LXXI.

" Those prison-halls of wealth and fashion,
Where some few feel such compassion
For those who groan, and toil, and wail,
As must make their brethren pale;

LXXII.

" Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold
Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold;

LXXIII.

' " Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words, that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free!

LXXIV.

' " Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

LXXV.

' " Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of a sea,
Troops of armed emblazonry.

LXXVI.

' " Let the charged artillery drive,
Till the dead air seems alive
With the clash of clanging wheels,
And the tramp of horses' heels.

LXXVII.

' " Let the fixed bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood,
Looking keen as one for food.

LXXVIII.

' " Let the horsemen's scimitars
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars,
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning.

LXXIX.

' " Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms, and looks which are
Weapons of an unvanquished war." '—pp. 33—40.

It will be observed, that in several of the stanzas there is a fantastic combination of the ludicrous and the pathetic, which will no doubt strike the uninitiated as being most heterodoxically inconsistent. But the combination after all is perfectly natural; it is one of those wonderful feats, for the accomplishment of which a man must be inspired, as Shelley was. Mr. Hunt, in the preface to this volume, has exclusively confined himself to the guidance of that good taste.

ART. XIV.—*The Mosaical and Mineral Geologies Illustrated and Compared.* By W. M. HIGGINS. 8vo, London: Scoble. 1832.

IT has undoubtedly been the case in numerous instances, that individuals have been found, who, on a very imperfect examination of the works of nature, have been induced to form conclusions inconsistent with the possibility of the Bible being an inspired writing. This has been especially the case in the science of Geology, which has been frequently represented as displaying a mode of formation of the world altogether different from that described in the Mosaical account. For a length of time the fact of this discrepancy was never disputed, and many learned and amiable persons were led to believe in its existence: nay, they took the pains of endeavouring to persuade us that the books of Moses having been written exclusively for spiritual purposes, his statements respecting physical processes were not necessarily guided by divine inspiration, and that consequently, as a mere historian, he might have erred without impairing his credit in the capacity of an agent of the Almighty. Hence we have had elaborate discussions carried on for the purpose of discouraging any attempt to draw a parallel between what the Scripture described and what Geology discovered respecting the works of creation. There was still another reason why the experiment just alluded to should be carefully avoided, for it was said that geological science was still in its infancy, that no part of its principles could be considered as irrevocably fixed, and that, perhaps, a day was not far off when the inquiring faculty of man would make such progress in the knowledge of the wonders of nature as to be able to repeal every single conclusion which had hitherto been taken for granted in Geology. The admonition to which this reasoning gave rise would, therefore, induce us to suspend our judgments as to the superiority of the two authorities in respect of all those questions on which there was a supposed difference between them.

But it must be at once confessed, that such a course as this was highly calculated to strengthen the hands of the infidel. Why should we not expect truth under all circumstances from a writer immediately inspired by God? Since Moses undertook to give us an account of the creation of the world, why should it be a matter of indifference whether his description was faithful or not?

Learned and wise men, therefore, have thought it the duty of every honest mind to examine and determine whether Genesis or Geology be more worthy of belief. On this point Mr. Higgins gives us the most cheering intelligence.

'To deny the propriety of examining the Mosaical History, for the purpose of comparing it with science, is to insinuate its falsehood. Those Geologists who have formed or adopted theories of the earth, have done so from a belief of their truth: and professing themselves the friends of revelation, they could not hesitate to compare them with this standard of their faith, did they not believe them inconsistent with its statements. But the question must be fairly met and argued. Thinking men are not so easily satisfied as to receive opinion for argument, assertion for proof; and should their doubts reach those who have not the disposition to investigate for themselves, they cannot fail to have an injurious effect upon their minds.

'But this is not the extent of the evil. Admit that one portion of the Mosaical writings is uninspired, and a doubt of the authenticity of the remainder is also insinuated. Happily, however, the whole system of revealed truth stands on too sure a foundation to be shaken. The Bible, as a literary composition, as a system of morality and theology, and as a revelation from the universal Creator, demands the first and closest consideration of man: on every subject to which it refers it is infallible, and to its decision human reason must submissively bow.'—p. 5.

Such were the sentiments with which Mr. Higgins began to compare the history given by Moses with the principles of Geology; the result of his investigation is furnished in the present volume. A portion only of this very conclusive chapter can be transferred to our pages:

'Above the coal beds we observe a large system of mechanical rocks, called the red sandstone series. It is among these the remains of reptiles are first found, as well as other animals which have not been yet discovered in the lower strata.

'It may be asked whether, upon the discovery of new genera, it may be supposed that they did not exist previous to the time when the deposit it which they are found, was formed. Some Geologists have maintained the successive creation of animals, because they find certain beds to contain fossils which are not discovered in others. This, however, is a mere supposition, and does not by any means result from discovered facts, though it may be supported by strong probabilities; but if we look at modern formations and the laws of nature, which have ever been what they are, we may, perhaps, discover other arguments. Let us suppose the causes which are now effecting a deposition of clay to be destroyed, and a silicious sand to be thrown down; a great portion of testaceous animals now living in such a place would in all probability be destroyed. Every animal is suited to particular circumstances; change the condition in which it lives, and you will probably destroy the animal. This is a subject which requires extensive observation; but, although it cannot be demonstrated by the results of examination that this is the cause which produced organic remains, it has so much probability on its side, as to lead those who maintain successive creations, to investigate, with more care, recent strata and their fossils.

'A variety of causes may have prevented the remains of an animal from being imbedded in a series of rocks. It is quite possible that certain

genera of animals may have lived during the entire period occupied by the formation of the transition rocks, and coal series, and yet not have been embedded in either. We may suppose that there are many testaceous animals that have existed in our seas for centuries, and yet none of their remains have been embedded in the strata that are there forming. This may result from local or general causes, the habits of the animals, or the localities they inhabit; and it is not impossible that we may overlook in many instances, the remains which are in certain beds, or they may be so sparingly distributed that our researches have not been sufficiently extensive to discover them, and that future investigators will find them in places which we now imagine to be destitute.

'It is therefore hazardous to say, that the reptiles which are first found in the red sandstone group did not exist previous to the time in which it was formed, although there is a decided change in the character of the organic remains.

'Upon the red sandstone series there lies an immense group called the Oolites. Here we meet with a variety of animals which are perfectly new; several new genera of reptiles, testacea, zoophytes, and plants. It appears as if the waters had been more fully inhabited; the violent actions which prevailed in the early ages of the world, seem to have subsided in a great measure, and to have given place to more tranquil causes.

'The last and highest series of the secondary rocks are the wealden and cretaceous groups. During the formation of these, the earth was fully inhabited; for they are crowded with the remains of animals chiefly inhabiting the ocean or estuaries. The earth at this time probably presented an appearance not very different, in general characters, from that which we now observe; sometimes we meet with tilted beds, and here and there with volcanic rocks; but these violent agents, which in the earlier ages of the world had acted so destructively upon the world, had almost entirely passed away.

'The tertiary beds, or the largest part of them, were probably formed at the same time. But to fix upon a particular stratum in the present state of our knowledge, and say, all below this were formed before the days, all above it, after, is a species of knowledge which we do not pretend to claim; but it is possible that many of the beds now associated with the tertiary deposits, may hereafter be proved to belong to the diluvian age.

'It is evident then, both from Genesis and Geology, that after the creation of the earth and before the days, all, or nearly all, the fossiliferous rocks which compose the crust of our globe, were formed. The character and appearance of the earth, as it first came from the hand of its Creator, science will ever be unable to determine; but Geology beautifully illustrates the successive history of that extended period which intervened between the creation and its complete adaptation, as the residence of man.'—pp. 155—159.

Such is the nature of the argument which Mr. Higgins employs to sustain the authority of the Scriptures; such are the results which must spring up for that inquiring mind which enters upon the investigation with a perfect freedom from all prejudice.

ART. XVI.—*The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World.* By C. MAC FARLANE, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Bull. 1832.

ABOUT half a century ago a work like this might have been the easy instrument of a prodigious quantity of moral advantage to the civilized world: at present its value is thrown away, with respect to its capability of effecting any practical good consequences. Romance has lost that talismanic power of consecrating guilt and clothing crime in a beautiful garb, by which so much corruption was formerly introduced amongst the youthful spirits of the time. Robbers and brigands have lost that power of tempting to an imitation of their course of life, which was once so formidable; Blackheath and Hounslow are no longer the scenes of those adventurous heroes of the knife, the atrocities of whose crimes were too often forgotten in the valour with which they were perpetrated. The delusion we are happy to say has vanished like the mist before the morning sun, and we have lived to see the time when even a Schiller would fail to deprive a murder of its horrors. Mr. Mac Farlane seems perfectly alive to the nature of the revolution which has occurred in the public taste; he warns his readers that they are not to expect such brave, such generous, such heroic, and fascinating characters in *his* robbers as those which have so long figured in the fields of fiction; he has not been so fortunate he tells us, as to have picked up any thing like an accomplished Macheath, or a tender-hearted highwayman who plundered the rich, merely out of a good natured ambition to share their ill-gotten wealth with the poor. Mr. Mac Farlane's histories are of an entirely different character, and as from what we have said, it will be concluded that his work is perfectly harmless, so is it our duty to declare that it is also exceedingly amusing.

Italy, the chosen land of brigandism, affords the scenes of the principal stories, which form the contents of these volumes. Some of these have already appeared in print, and this circumstance is enough to justify us in passing them over altogether. There are however some few narratives towards the close of the Italian division of his work, which are more immediately fitted to our purpose by their brevity as well as novelty. The following was related to Mr. Mac Farlane by a peasant of the Abruzzi:—

'A young man, who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to be Capo-bandito, in his stead. He had gone through his noviciate with honour, he had shown both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved fellow of the set! The

ambitious candidate offered, to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve, and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached.

'"I will do it," said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission.

'When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted, besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She, however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little villager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone.

'But the affectionate girl, who might have loved him still in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succour on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief.'—pp. 284—287.

Mr. Mac Farlane tells us, that many of the stories of the Roman and Neapolitan banditti, are by no means so tragical as those which form the bulk of the first volume. On the contrary it seems that a very fair sort of Joe Miller could be fabricated from the records amongst the rustics of Italy, of the facetious and frolicsome doings of the robbers indigenous to that country. An example of the truth of this representation is given by him in the following narrative:

'In the Lent of 1816, as a company of actors, some singers and some comedians, were on their way to one of the small provincial towns on the Adriatic, where they were engaged to play at Easter, their rambling old vettura was stopped by a formidable band. Obeying with all the alacrity their fears and nervousness would permit the command of the robbers to descend and be rifled, a prima donna and a second donna, two male tenors

and a most masculine basso, came out of of the body of the very primeval vehicle, at the same time that a tiranno domestico, a primo amoroso, and a fiddler, the leader of the orchestra, emerged from the head or coupé of the machine. They were almost dead with affright, but as they laid themselves down by the road-side previously to the operation of being rifled of what they had about them, they protested they were only poor virtuosi—that all their trunks contained were certain theatrical dresses of no value to the robbers, whilst their loss would be utter ruin to themselves.

'"Cospetto di Bacco—Genti da teatro—theatrical people, bravo!" cried several of the band; "but we must see whether this be all true."

'On unlashing the baggage and opening the poor players' trunks, the robbers found a very satisfactory confirmation of their statement. The contents principally consisted of a few dirty dresses set off with tawdry and tinsel, an abundance of rouge pots, and a paucity of chemises, &c. sundry tragical wigs and sundry comic ditto, a Roman toga or so made out of an old red silk curtain, two or three pair of inexpressibles *à la Turque* and an *habit de gala à la Louis Quatorze*, to be worn by the lover. As for the fiddler, he had nothing but his fiddle-case wherein lay his mute instrument, flanked by a shirt or two—his wardrobe for the campaign. But in lugging out these valuable "*kists*" from the carriage, the robbers lugged out something that they thought might prove of more value—it was a little ruddy-faced Englishman, who had been in no hurry to follow the example of his fellow-travellers, but lay *perdu* in one corner of the vettura.

'"*Tutti gl' Inglesi son ricchi!*"* say the Italians, but in the absence of a few millions of Englishmen who might any day offer a melancholy proof to the contrary, the little red-faced man from the corner certainly was one striking exception to what the robbers thought the general rule—our wealth. He was a jolly son of Neptune, with nothing to live upon but a lieutenant's half-pay and his own good spirits, and, save a silver watch, had not many things of greater price about him than the players. He was as good-humoured a little fellow as ever trod quarter-deck or rode "for cheapness" through Italy with a vetturino, and as he only made a good joke in bad Italian when the robbers took his watch, they left him his purse, (which from what has been aforesaid, the reader will judge was not a heavy one,) and turned to the players, who still lay with their faces to the ground, telling them to rise and give them a song. The poor virtuosi rose, but they still showed an alarm for their personal safety and the integrity of their goods and chattels.

'"*Non abbiate paura,*" (have no fear,) said the captain of the banditti, "You have nothing worth our taking; but it is long since we could recreate ourselves at an opera, so sing us a duetto and an aria or two!"

'"Ay, sing us an aria—sing us an aria!" cried the robbers.

'Accordingly, after a preliminary hem and spit, the prima donna sang a bravura aria, the close of which was heartily applauded by the banditti, who had beaten time during its progress with the butt end of their long guns.

'Italians never encore. The robbers begged to be favoured with a duetto. One of the tenors joined the prima donna, and a duetto was executed equally to their satisfaction. The robbers had not enjoyed such a

'* "All the English are rich." '

treat as this for a long time—they were delighted with it! At the conclusion of the duetto they begged for the grace of a terzetto.

'The basso joined, and as the fiddler had by this time got his instrument in order, he also struck in with an accompaniment, which tickled the ears of the robbers exceedingly. The audience was rather a curious one. There were the ten or twelve robbers with their high conical hats, gaudy jackets, and sandalled feet—their d—d—(the expression was the lieutenant's) long guns, and knives and pistols in their girdles, and their wild features owning the gentle influence of sound; there were the vetturino and the postilion—the former risen from under the mules' bellies, the latter from before the mules' feet—for such are the posts the brigands assign these functionaries when an attack is made on a vettura—and there was the tough little Englishman with his seal-skin travelling-cap, trim blue frock-coat and Wellingtons—all after awhile forgetful of their situations, and occupied by the music and the fun of the moment; for, be it said, *sub rosa*, all the songs were not about *Bell Idol mios*, and *Caro per tes*, but seasoned with salt and smut—perhaps for the gratification of the more vulgar taste of the brigands, perhaps in accordance with that of the singers. When the terzetto was finished, the basso modestly proposed that the brigands should allow them to continue their journey.

'"*Da quì cent' anni!*" (a hundred years hence,) cried one or two of the brigand amateurs.

'"Not yet—not yet!" said the captain; "here's a fine, opera-looking fellow, with a *faccia di musico*, who hasn't favoured us with a single note—we must first have your song!" and he looked in the face of the second tenor, who thought him not a man to be refused.

'This warbler, however, had not got beyond his first flourish, when one of the robbers, who had been stationed on the top of a hill near the road, like sister Anne on the tower in Blue-beard, to see if any body was coming, blew a shrill whistle, and presently ran down to tell them he had seen a number of travellers approaching. This intelligence drove the robbers away up the hills towards the woods. Their hurry, however, did not prevent them from thanking the vocalists, from whom they took not even so much as a bajocco. The players and the postilion soon put up the trunks—the Englishman's light *valise* had never been removed from under the coach-seat, and they were all ready, and drove off laughing at the adventure, before the travellers announced by the sentinel reached the spot. Whether these were wealthy, and well-guarded; whether they were plundered, or whether they were protected by poverty, equal to that of his own party, and got off with a song, the Englishman never learned. He was so much amused with his rencounter, that he used often to tell the story.'

The next volume contains in regular series, the Brigands of Sicily, Spain, Germany, and even of the Indies.

The Sicilian Brigands resemble in their lives, the robbers who infest their neighbours the Calabrians, except that amongst the former, there seems to be a great deal more ingenuity than amongst the latter. The following narrative contains an example of this sort of worldly wisdom, in which it must be admitted there is a considerable share of the spirit of economy:

'The peculiarity of this Sicilian robber's case is, that he did every thing single-handed—he commanded no band, but *mannequins*, or large puppets the size of life, made and dressed up by

himself, were his passive but effective satellites. He must have been an artist of considerable ingenuity, for his figures were perfect as far as brigand costume and ferocity of expression went. Their eyes were large and staring, their whiskers most tremendous, and their mouths, of course, were never seen to relax with a smile of good-nature.

'His plan of operation was simply this. He set up his puppets against a rough bank or hillock by some rough road side, or among bushes or thickets hanging over the road; he contrived to make them hold long guns pointed down on the road, and their daggers and *couteaux de chasse* were visible in their bosoms or girdles. His position was always chosen where the road or mountain path (for there was nothing in the interior of the island deserving the name of road) was broken and tortuous, and where passengers would come suddenly in view of his troop and be covered by their musketry at the turn of a corner. While they remained more immovable even than Austrian sentinels at their post, he kept a sharp look-out from a point whence he could see the approaches by the road on both sides. If the travellers were numerous and well-armed, he withdrew his men, like a prudent commander, and hid them and himself in the thicket; but if those who approached were less formidable, he placed himself by the side of his steady troop, and when the timid wayfarers popped upon the appalling spectacle of their fierce faces, and murderous guns that seemed just going to be fired at them, he rushed upon them, well armed as he always was, and made them perform the "*faccia in terra*" evolution, which they readily did, under the impression that they would be shot by the figures on the road side if they disobeyed. He then made them give up their money or what moveable things of value they might have with them; and this also they did with promptitude, thinking a whole band of robbers kept guard over them. As soon as this agreeable operation was performed, he ordered them to rise and return the way they had come, swearing by the most tremendous oaths, that he among them who should dare to look back, was a dead man!

'When the despoiled had departed, he relieved his guard, carried off and concealed his never murmuring adherents, until he should again think proper to take the field, and instead of dividing the spoils with greedy comrades, he put them all into his own pocket.

'Numerous were the robberies committed by the solitary Sicilian in this ingenious manner, and as he was continually changing his scene of action, the whole island soon rang with the fame of his formidable band. Yet, do what they would, Government could never trace them. Even when, as at times it happened, a military force was in the neighbourhood of the place where the depredation was committed, and sent in pursuit with the greatest alacrity, they never could come up with the banditti. Nor could promises or threats, or actual violence and torture ever extract from the shep-

herds or the peasantry, scattered about spots supposed likely to be their haunts, a confession that they had ever supplied the dangerous band with food—had ever even seen them. It may well be conceived that the pardon of accomplices and rewards offered to such of the band as would return to society, and "turn king's evidence" (as our Newgate phrase goes), were all thrown away, and that none of the robber's gang would betray him.

'The trick, however, was detected at last. One day a considerable armed force came so suddenly upon the ingenious chief, who had not, perhaps, chosen his spot with his usual felicity, that he had not time to withdraw his faithful adherents before the *cacciatori*, or sharp-shooters, were in front of them, and within rifle-shot, summoning them to surrender.

'"Lay down your arms and submit," cried the captain of the troop, "and no evil shall befal you from us—justice will deal with you, and our Government is merciful!"

'There was no answer returned, and as the officer saw the robbers' guns still levelled at him and his men, he gave the word of command.

'"Present arms!"

'The *cacciatori* levelled their rifles, but to their surprise the robbers neither spoke nor retreated, nor dipped behind the bushes, but stood there like targets to be shot at.

'"Fire," cried the captain.

'The soldiers discharged their pieces. One of the robbers fell, another staggered, and remained declining from the perpendicular, but the others were as fixed as before, and, to the no small surprise of the soldiers, did not even return their fire.

'The captain and his men thought they were entranced—fixed by a spell, or else planning some desperate manœuvre, nor did they fire again until they had well looked to their flanks and rear, expecting an ambushed attack by others of this Pythagorean band.

'At the second volley three more of the robbers fell, and then the soldiers boldly rushed forward to the thicket, when they had the satisfaction to find that they had been kept in awe by puppets, and had been firing at jackets and breeches stuffed with straw, two of which fierce figures, still alert, seemed to defy them to do their worst.

'The mover of the *marionette* bandits had meanwhile made good his escape, but he was caught, some time after the destruction of his band, in the commission of some paltry footpad robbery, and sent to the galleys, where he used afterwards to amuse his companions in captivity by relating his wonderful exploits as capo-bandito, or robber-chief.'—pp. 4—9.

Of the stories which follow, nearly the whole have been before the public already. Indeed it could not be expected to be otherwise, inasmuch as the scenes of those narratives are laid in countries which Mr. Mac Farlane has not visited, and the tradi-

tions of which it would have been impossible for him to have consulted. Amongst these narratives, the Buccaneers of America are most known, and next to the latter the Pindarries of India.

The Pindarries it will be well remembered made themselves so important by their depredations, as to require the direct interference some years ago of the legislature, and of the government of India. Their incursions were characterized by great boldness, by cunning and skill. The following narrative remarkably illustrates their character:

'In December 1816, a few days before a signal defeat inflicted by the English on the main body of the Pindarries, who were obliged to retreat with the loss of the greater part of their horses and booty; one leader, indignant at the want of energy betrayed by those vested with the chief command of the expedition, abandoned it altogether, and led off about four hundred men to act for himself. He dashed across the Peshaw's territory, descended into the Konkan by the Amba-ghaut in the western range, and thence shaped his course due north, plundering the western shores of India, from the seventeenth to the twenty-first degree of north latitude, and returning by the valley of the Taptee, and the route of Boorhanpoor. This was the only expedition that evaded the British, and succeeded this season. The only loss he sustained was on his return to the river Nerbudda, in the following March. Here he was within a few miles of home, but he found the ford by which he hoped to cross to join the great Pindarry Chief Cheetoo's durra, guarded by a redoubt, occupied by a party of our sepoys. Several of his men were shot in attempting to dash across; but the chief himself, with his main body, and best mounted followers, retiring from the ford, boldly swam the river lower down, though not without a further loss of men and horses. Those who had worse horses, or less courage, dispersed, and fled into the jungle on the English side of the river, where the greater part were cut off by the wild inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The rest, however, reached their strong holds with a rich booty in their saddles; and the brilliancy of the achievment added even more to their reputation, than its success had done to their wealth.

'The Pindarry, who conducted this astonishing enterprize, the hardihood and marvelousness of which will be better understood by a reference to the geography and the maps of India, was named Sheik Dulloo. He seems to have been the most adventurous of all the chiefs. The year after, when he saw himself, with the rest of the Pindarries, closely pressed by the English, and that matters were becoming desparate on the banks of the Nerbudda, he proposed joining Trimbukjee at Choolee-Muheshwur, and seeking his fortune in another expedition to the Deccan.

'Cheetoo, who has been more than once mentioned, first attracted the attention of the English in India towards the end of 1806. When raising himself on the temporary ruin of Kureem,

another Pindarry chief, who had been inveigled and made a prisoner by Sindheea, a Mahratta potentate, he united the durras of many other leaders under his standard, and prepared to make depredations, or to carry on an incursive war on a grand scale.

'Numerous and profitable were the expeditions of this wholesale robber, undertaken on his own account; but in 1811, the captive Pindarry Kureem, purchasing his liberty from Sindheea, returned to the scenes of his former power, and soon obtained his former supremacy. Kureem immediately raised fresh levies of infantry; the chiefs soon rallied round his standard, and he laid his plans to effect a general combination of all the Pindarries for a predatory expedition of extraordinary moment. Cheetoo was obliged to follow the example of his fellow-chieftains, and at the Dussera of 1811, his durra made part of 25,000 cavalry of all descriptions, that were ready, under the command of Kureem, to march against and plunder Nagpoor. But Cheetoo hated Kureem as a rival: he sold himself to his enemies, and went over to them with his troops. Not long after he defeated Kureem, and obliged him to flee with his adherents to a distant country. Cheetoo again shone forth on his rival's eclipse, and at his cantonment of Nemawur, not less than 15,000 horse annually assembled, to issue forth to plunder, under leaders of his nomination, in whatever direction he might prescribe.

'The anomalous but vast power of these Pindarry freebooters, had been gradually growing up since 1805-6. "Its leading feature was hostility to all regular governments, and, of course, most particularly against the English and their allies, whose territories offered the richest booty. The existence of these hordes imposed the necessity of constant viligance along the whole extent of the south-west frontier of the Bengal Presidency; while, for the security of the Deccan, the subsidiary forces of the Nizam and Peshwa were annually obliged to move to the northern frontier of their respective territories; notwithstanding which precautions, the dominions of those States were constantly penetrated and overrun by the marauders."

'These Pindarries did not pretend to cope with Governments, or to establish themselves in the regions they invaded; their object was general rapine; they preyed upon the people at large; their form and constitution were framed with a view to this exclusive purpose, and when they had fulfilled the object of their excursion, they retired, as they had approached, like robbers.

'In 1814, the Supreme Government of India, alarmed at the formidable and still augmenting power of these predatory associations, made representations to the home authorities, and requested their sanction to a systematic combination of measures for the suppression of the evil. Some treaties were set on foot by the English with various neighbouring Indian Princes who might have guarded the approaches to our territories and those of our allies;

but their jealousies, and a covert design of forming a general combination of the Mahratta powers against us, defeated the negociations, when under-defensive measures were taken by ourselves.

'These measures, however, could not prevent a body of nearly eight thousand of Cheetoo's Pindarries from crossing the Nerbudda in October 1815; after which passage they broke up into two parties. Major Fraser, indeed, with three hundred native disciplined infantry, and a hundred irregular horse, surprised them in a bivouac, and made them suffer some loss before they could mount, gallop off, and disperse. But this did not deter them from continuing their depredations as far as the banks of the Kishna. The other party, which had met with no such molestation, traversed the vast territory of our ally the Nizam, from north to south, and also appeared most unexpectedly on the banks of the Kishna. The territories of our Madras Presidency lay on the other side of the river, and were saved from devastation only by the fortuitous circumstance of the river's continuing not fordable for horses so unusually late as the 20th of November. "The freebooters then took a turn eastward, plundering the country for several miles along the populous and fertile bank of the river, and committing every kind of enormity. On approaching the frontier of Masulipatam, they shaped their course northward, and returned along the line of the Godavaree and Wurda, passing to the east of all the English defensive positions, and making good their route to Nemawur, (their head-quarters, where their chief Cheetoo expected their return,) with an immense booty collected in the Nizam's dominions, and with utter impunity." The plunder obtained in this *lukhur*, or raid, was said to be greater than that of any previous expedition.

'"Elated at this success, a second expedition was planned and proclaimed by Cheetoo very soon after the return of the first. Pindarries again flocked in from every Durra to join in it; and by the 5th of February 1816, ten thousand, under different leaders, had again crossed from Nemawur."

'This time the Company's territory did not escape. After marches of extraordinary rapidity, the freebooters arrived at our civil station of Guntoor on the 12th of March, having plundered and massacred during the whole of their journey.

'"The government treasure here, and the persons of the British residents were protected at the collector's office by the exertions of a few troops and invalids kept at the station for civil duties. It being no part of the design of the Pindarries to risk the loss of time or lives, they immediately moved off with what they could get; and before night there was not a single strange horseman in the neighbourhood. The whole had hurried off westward, making a march of fifty-two miles in that direction the next day. This body of marauders continued, on the whole, twelve days within the Company's frontier; and, after leaving Guntoor, swept through part of the Kupa district, and recrossed the Kishna on the 22d of March.

A squadron of the Madras 4th Native Cavalry arrived on the opposite bank of the river, just after they had made good their passage. A considerable force was in the field a little to the west, but though it sent out detachments in every direction, and others were despatched from Hyderabad in their rear, the plunderers escaped from all with impunity. After recrossing the Kishna, the luhbur seems by agreement to have separated into several bodies, in order the better to baffle pursuit and scour the country."

'In a manner that seems almost incredible, they perfectly succeeded in both; and "it was ascertained that nearly the whole of those Pindarries who had passed the Nerbudda in February had recrossed before the 17th of May, bringing a second immense harvest of booty within the year, and without having suffered any loss worthy of mention. Some idea may be formed of the extent of ravage and cruelty which marked the track of these banditti, from what was found to be the damage sustained by the Company's districts during the twelve days that they remained within the frontier. It was ascertained by a committee, sent to the spot for the express purpose of investigating, that three hundred and thirty-nine villages had been plundered, one hundred and eighty-two individuals put to a cruel death, five hundred and five severely wounded, and no less than three thousand six hundred and three had been subjected to different kinds of torture.

'Unable as they had been to intercept them in their retreat, the British, having taken the most energetic measures, appeared on the banks of the Nerbudda, which may be considered as the frontier river of the Pindarries, to prevent any further incursion on their part, by the month of October following.

'This first appearance of a British army (weak though it was!) in the valley of the Nerbudda, spread consternation amongst the Pindarries; and the leader Cheetoo, who occupied a cantonment on the opposite side of the river, immediately withdrew with all his own durra.

'Emboldened, however, by observing that the English did not cross the Nerbudda to attack them, the Pindarries, after suffering some weeks of abeyance, came to the resolution of pushing small parties across the river, which were to insinuate themselves between the posts, or to turn the flanks of the British line, when they were to pursue the same system of predatory incursion as before. In their first attempt the robbers were beaten back, but on the 13th of November, while Cheetoo remained in force to the west, large bodies moved with their usual rapidity up the river to the east, "and upwards of five thousand passed the river in sight of the infantry post, on the extreme right of the British line, with a rapidity of movement, which baffled the efforts of the infantry to impede or harass their march. In this manner the passage was effected by others in sufficient numbers to form two luhburs or expeditions." Owing to the admirable arrangements made, and to the almost equally

wonderful activity of the British, and to sundry other causes, these raids were far from being so successful as the preceding. An immense number of the Pindarries were beaten and thrown back in their advance; other hosts cut off in their retreat; and we must entertain a despicable notion of their bravery, when we see them continually fleeing from a handful of men, and beaten every time they are met with. Still, however, their depredations this year embraced a more ample expanse of territory than had ever before been attempted, extending from shore to shore of the peninsula of India, and including all the intermediate provinces they had omitted the preceding year.

'The following year (1817), after making several unsuccessful attempts at incursions, the Pindarries were hard pressed by the British and their allies, who, under Sir John Malcolm, General Marshall, and Colonel Adams, crossed the Nerbudda about the middle of November, and drove the freebooters entirely out of their usual haunts. Cheetoo retreated westward with his accustomed celerity towards Holkur's forces, which had already taken the field. Holkur received him with friendship and distinction, admitting him to an audience, and allowing him to pitch his camp close to his own. The robber could not, however, long enjoy the benefit of this alliance, for Holkur was induced to conclude a friendly treaty with the British. Immediately after this, as Cheetoo was considered by far the most dangerous of the Pindarry chiefs, Sir William Keir, with a fresh division of our army, was sent in pursuit of him, and succeeded in partially cutting up his durra in the neighbourhood of Satoolla.

'Harassed by the activity of Sir William's pursuit, the marauders endeavoured to retrace their steps to their haunts in Malwa, and in the valley of the Nerbudda. Cheetoo succeeded in baffling every effort made to overtake him, and effected his object, by penetrating through a most difficult country to the south of Mewur. He suddenly re-appeared near Dhar, where a very high range of hills sends forth the streams which form the Mhye, a considerable river emptying itself into the Gulf of Kambay. In this extraordinary march he was obliged to disencumber himself of his baggage, and lost many of his horses.

'He was now lost sight of for some time. Meanwhile the best of his fellow-chiefs, with their durras, had been annihilated by the British. As for his own durra, though it had suffered much in detail, it was still strong, having, under his wonderful guidance, escaped a rencontre with any of our forces in the open field. But his active enemies were gathering closer and closer around his last lair, and were no longer to be avoided.

'On the night of the 25th January, 1818, a strong party of the British came upon him, near Kurnod, and utterly broke up his band. The Bheels and Grasseas (robbers by birth, education, and profession, but "petty larceny rascals" compared to the Pindarries)

were encouraged to plunder and destroy the fugitives—a commission they executed with becoming zeal!

Cheetoo, however, escaped Bheels and Grasseas, as he had so often the English, and for a short time wandered about Malwa, with some two hundred followers. His affairs, however, became every day more desperate. Sir John Malcolm, in his account of Malwa, gives the following little anecdote regarding Cheetoo, precisely at this time of his extreme difficulties. (It must be remembered that the sea is called by all the natives of central India, "Kala Panee" (black water), and that they have the most terrible ideas of it and the countries beyond it.)

'"When Cheetoo, the Pindarry chief, was flying in hopeless misery from the English, he was often advised by his followers to surrender to their mercy. He was possessed, however, by the dreadful idea that they would transport him beyond the seas, and this was more hideous to him than death. These followers, who all, one after another, came in and obtained pardon, related, that during their captain's short and miserable sleep, he used continually to murmur 'Kala panee! Kala panee!' (the Black Sea! O, the Black Sea!")

'At this conjuncture, it struck Cheetoo that the Nuwab of Bhopal, one of our allies, might make terms for himself and his few remaining followers with the English; and rapidly acting on this idea, he suddenly entered the camp of the Nuwab, who was astonished beyond measure at his boldness.

'"But when Cheetoo learned from the Nuwab that he had nothing to offer, beyond a slender personal maintenance in some distant part of Hindostan, while he demanded a Jageer in Malwa, and the entertainment of himself and men in the British service, he decamped as suddenly as he had come. While he stayed, his horses were constantly saddled and the men slept with the bridles in their hands, ready to fly instantly, in case of an attempt to seize them."'

The great variety and interest of the narratives forming the contents of these volumes, will be easily estimated from the specimens which we have now given. Mr. Mac Farlane's practised pen, and his strong perception of the good points of his story, afford him in the compilation of such a work as this, great advantages which we are sure that the reader will not fail to observe. The plates by which the volumes are illustrated, are numerous and excellent in point of style, and upon the whole we may say, that for the Christmas evenings better companions cannot be had than these amusing Robbers and Banditti.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Proposed Arctic Expedition.—In the early part of the last month, a meeting was held for the purpose of considering the propriety of sending out an expedition in search of Captain Ross. Vice Admiral Sir George Cockburn was called to the chair, and Sir H. Blackwood, Sir W. Hotham, Sir C. Ogle, Captains Beaufort, Beechy, Mangle, Hoppner, and Back, and several other distinguished scientific gentlemen were present. The chairman stated that the government had agreed to give 2,000*l.* towards the expedition, provided that 3,000*l.* at least were raised by subscription. It was intended that the expedition, under the command of Captain Back, should proceed at once to the spot where the *Fury* had been known to be, and where it was expected Captain Ross and his nineteen companions now were. Should that supposition prove correct, of course their preservation would be their first object. If, however, Captain Ross could not be found, it was intended to complete the survey of that part of the coast of America. According to the calculations made by Captain Back, 3,000*l.* in addition to the 2,000*l.* granted by the government, would be sufficient to maintain two boats and twenty persons for two years; 5,000*l.* would maintain them for three years.

Tortoise-shell.—The following process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is extracted from an Indian newspaper, called the *Singapore Chronicle*:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

Expedition to the Niger.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Richard Lander, dated Isle de Loz, Coast of Africa, Sept. 6, 1832, on board the Quorra steamer:—'I write merely to inform you, that we arrived here on the 3d instant, all well, and leave for Cape Coast this evening. All the vessels have behaved very well. We have had several tornadoes; the lightning was felt more on board the Quorra than the iron steamer; it remained on our decks, but it merely struck the sides of the latter, and glided off into the water. This will give you an idea that an iron vessel is even safer than one built of wood. On board the Quorra we suffer much from the smell of bilge-water, while the iron boat has not made one inch of water since she sailed from Liverpool, and she is never warmer than the water she floats in. The most important part of my work will soon begin, when I hope to send you some very favourable news.'

Savings Banks.—According to the official returns of the progress of savings banks and friendly societies, up to November, 1831, it appears that in England the amount of deposits is no less than 12,161,607*l.* or nearly 1*l.* per head for each inhabitant; and that in Ireland the

amount is 1,104,189*l.* The increase in the number of depositors in England in the year was 9,212, of which 8,698 were under 20*l.*; the increase in Ireland was 4,505, the largest proportion of which was under 50*l.*, and more than half these were in Dublin. The total amount of investments of savings banks, friendly and charitable societies, in England, Wales, and Ireland, is 14,311,647*l*, showing the average amount of each depositor to be, in England, 32*l.*; in Wales, 31*l.*; and in Ireland, 30*l.*

State of Education in various parts of the Globe.—From the year 1789 to 1820 there were established in Europe (Denmark excepted) 5,600 free schools, which have been calculated to educate 1,650,000 children. In Asia there have been 1,000 schools, educating 200,000 scholars; in Africa, 50, with 20,000 children; in America, 400, with 125,000 children; and in Australia 10 schools, with 500 children. From 1820 up to 1829, the following has been the gradual increase of establishments for education:—In Europe 10,600 schools, instructing 4,700,000 children in the first rudiments of education; in Asia 1,000, with 500,000 children; in Africa 130, with 50,000 scholars; in America 1,000, with 380,000 scholars; and in Australia (New South Wales) 100 schools, with 25,000 children. During the last ten years, there have been published on education, in Denmark, 37 different works; in Sweden, 5; in Germany, 34; in England, 189; in France, 201; in Italy, 1; in Spain, 6; in Portugal, 2; and in Greece, 2 elementary works. The following is the state of education in Paris alone:—There are in Paris, 577 priests; 80 charity schools, with 12,000 scholars of both sexes; 403 elementary schools, of which 112 are gratuitous, with 25,582 pupils; 7 colleges, which are supported by Government; 118 boarding-schools for boys, at which there are 7,696 pupils; 329 boarding-schools for girls, at which there are 10,240 educated; and for the higher branches of education, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, the oriental and living languages, the arts and sciences, &c. there are twenty public establishments, most of which are supported by Government, with 817 Professors, and instructing 17,823 students; thus making the number of persons receiving education in Paris, 73,222, making about one-tenth of the whole population.

Forthcoming Works.

Early in December will appear, the Second Series of the work under the title of *The Chameleon.*

A New-Year book will appear at the holidays, named *The Epigrammatist's Annual.*

In the press, and shortly will be published, *Memorials of the Professional Life and Times of Sir W. Penn, Knt.* Admiral and General of the Fleet during the Interregnum. By Granville Penn, Esq.

Also, edited by the same author, *The Character of a Trimmer.*

Mr. Murray is preparing for publication, in February next, a new Monthly illustrative Work, consisting of Views of the most remarkable Places mentioned in the Bible.

Shortly will appear, *The Portrait Gallery of distinguished Females, including Beauties of the Courts of George the Fourth and William the Fourth, with accompanying Memoirs.* By John Burke, Esq.

The Invisible Gentleman. By the Author of "Chartley the Fatalist."

Lights and Shadows of German Life.

Mr. Gideon Mantell has in the press, *A Popular Introduction to the Study of Geology, with numerous Plates, &c.* which will very shortly appear.

INDEX

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW FOR 1832.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

Antiquities of Turkey, 299.
Agricultural produce of France, 330.
Abraham's feet, explanation of, 323.
Aerial spectres, account of, 33.
Atkinson, James, his Translation of a Persian Poem, 248.
America, rambles in, 57—antiquities of, 60.
Apparitions, philosophy of, 28, 29. 31.
Abercrombie, General, Buonaparte's jealousy of, 161.
Apocalypse, attempt to versify it, 120.
Anthropophagi, 532.
Africa, use of discoveries in the interior of, 530—failure of another expedition to explore it, 530.
Authors, dramatic, payment of, 469. 473—injustice of the law respecting plays, 470, 477.
Annuals, origin of, 380—those for 1833, 384.
Amulet, the, 384.
Armada, political address to, by Mr. Macaulay, 391.
Authors, of former and modern times, 376.
Advertisement, specimen of one, 377.
Anglo-eastern empire, 567.
Abbott's Elements of Trigonometry, 449.
Abutments of bridges, remarks on, 523.

B.

Birds, British, outline of smaller, 85—remarks on, 88.
Butterflies, book of, 147.
Bishops, anecdotes of, 215—patronage of, 216.
Body, intercourse of, with the soul, 149.
Brown, Captain T., his book of butterflies, 147.
Banditti and Robbers, 589.
Brewster, Sir D., his Letters on Natural Magic, 23.
Button, J., Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, 151.
Bankers, country, 288.
Bismilla, thé interesting Indian ceremony, 316.
Birth, Indian ceremonies attending it, 315
Bigotry, remarkable case of, 348.
Branch-banks, 293, 294.
Bank of England, account of, 285—power of, 287—a run on and its causes, *ib.*—functions of the Bank, 289. 293—mode in which its business is managed, 290—liable to be acted on by political excitement, 291—service of, in 1825, 295—attempt to stop it by the French, 297.
Biography, value of, 339.
Brigands, celebrated ones, 387.
Baird, Sir D., life of, 524—made prisoner by Hyder Ali, 525—character of, 529.
Biography, remarks on, 508.
Biography, Chambers's Scottish, 445.
Botany, study of, 422—definition of, *ib.*—use of, 423.
Bloomfield, Rev. J. S., his Greek Testament, 152.
Buonaparte, anecdotes of, 161, 162. 164, 165. 170. 173.
Bards, Irish, 70—songs by, 73. 76.
Banking, system of, 185—state of, in Scotland, 186.
Burning Widows, Hindoo religion opposed to, 493.

Booksellers, mode of doing business of, 377.
Bennett, G., his discovery of the Pearly Nautilus, 450.
Brown, Captain, model of a suspension bridge, constructed by, 519.
Bridges, suspension, history of, 516.
Bees, management of, in Cashmere, 535.
Bible Society, British and Foreign, 459.
Belgium and Holland, 561.
Beazley, Mr., his evidence respecting plays, 470.

C.

Canada, Statistics of Upper, 478—trade of, 485.
Copland, Dr., his dictionary of practical medicine, 451.
Climate, effects of, on plants, 436.
Constable's Miscellany, origin of, 379.
Crosby Hall, notices of, 445.
Chambers's Scottish Biography, 445.
Connaught, state of the people in, 361.
Clayton, G., his journey to Paris, 405.
Customs, the tariff of British, 414.
Constance de Barri, account of, 397.
Colman, G., appointed licenser of plays, 464—evidence of, 465—his fees, 466.
Coulthurst, Mr., his fatal expedition to Africa, 538.
Cashmere, management of Bees in, 535 hanging gardens of, 537.
Committees, select ones, of Parliament, their constitution, 462.
Clare, John, the poet, proposals from, 458.
Chamberlain, the Lord, his power, 463.
Clergy of the Established Church, remarks on, 212. 215.
Courts of Justice in France, 335.
Cour Royale, account of, 335.
Coals in France, 333.
Crime, comparative rate of, in France, 337.
Criminal Justice in France, 335.
Church, present state of the Established, 207—objections to, 210—picture of its followers, 218—its doctrine, 220—and discipline, 221—employment of its ministers, 222.
Comet, account of a cotemporary one.
Christmas in Wales, 267.
Charter, the Bank, renewal of. See Bank.
Cotton manufacture of, in France, 332.
Children, education of in India, 315, 316.
Cheap publications, 154.
Caulfield, Lieutenant-Colonel J., his observations on India, 1.
Cross-Bill, account of, 86.
Carolan, the Irish Minstrel, 71—account of his death, 72.
Cleland, Dr., his account of Glasgow, 150.
China, literature of, 157.
Country, state of, 179.
Catacombs in America, 60.
Currency, remarks on, 183.
Corn Laws, remarks on, 188.
Customs Duties, remarks on, 192.
Camp, an Indian one, 6.

D.

Drewry, C. S., on suspension bridges, 516.
Drama, Literature of, 462.
Deer, method of taking, 484.
Dictionary of practical medicine, 451.
Duties, table of new, 416.
Diligences, French, remarks on, 407.
Diet, a peculiar mode of, ordered by the Hindoo religion, 492.
Duties on Customs, &c., 191.
Dove, John, his Life of Marvel, 193.
Divorce in America, 58, 59.
Distress, public cause of, 182.
Diving, the method of, 154.
Dieci, a Venetian tribunal, account of, 102.
Dinner party, an Indian Musselman's, one described, 321.
Directors, Bank of England, regulation relating to, 290.
Davenport, Mr., anecdote of, 305.
Duties, French, on articles consumed, 328.

E.

Ellis, R. his Dutch tariff, 415.
Emigrants, advice to, 478.
Emerina, in Madagascar, account of the province of, 455.
Elliotson, J. address of, at the London University, 454.
Emigration, reflection on, 478—best place for, 479—expenses and preparations for, 480—advice to, 481, 487
Exports of France, 333.
Episcopacy, remarks on, 213.
Established Church, lawfulness of one, 210.
Erans, explanation of, 323.
Fishing, remarks on, 355.
Eyre, C., his illustrations of St. Paul's Epistles, 152.
Empire, Anglo-eastern, 567.
England and France compared, 157.
Eye, some facts relative to the Physiology of, 25, 26, 27.

F.

Fieldfare, account of, 86.
Firdausi, a Persian poet, a poem by, 248—life of, 251.
Ferrall, S. A., Ramble of, through America, 57.
Finnelly, W., his work on the acts relating to the representation, 150.
France compared with England, 157.
Forman, Captain, his letter to Lord J. Russel, 451.

Fly-fishing, 356.
Friendship's Offering, 384.
Felix Neff, Memoir of, 570.
Fernando Po, account of that island, 539.
Flax, account of that of New Zealand, 533.
Forbes, Captain, his evidence respecting the stage, 469.
Fly-catchers, proposal respecting, 91.
France, state of, 225—account of the second revolution of, 227—prospects of, 237. 246.
Field sports in Canada, 482.
Fata Morgana, account of, 34.
Festival, description of one at Ceylon, 22.
Food and poison, 299.
Food, of the Indian Musulmans, 320.
Funerals, ceremonies attending in India, 322.
Funerals in France, law relating to, 327.
Funeral, ritual objections to, 220.
France, statistics of, 325—divisions, *ib.*—prefectures, and other official dignities explained, 326—funerals in, 327—taxation, 327, 328—lotteries, 329—agriculture and manufactures, 331, 332—coals, iron, literature, imports, exports, royal navy, 333—courts of justice, 335—rate of crime, 337.

G.

German Legion, History of the King's, 553.
Geology and Scripture, 586.
Government, Whig, 561.
Greek and Latin, use of, 341.
German, Naturalists Society of, 459.
Guiana, some account of, 533.
Geographical Society, Royal, journal of, 531.
Geraldine Hamilton, a novel, 506.
Grand Juries in Ireland, remarks on, 360.
Generation of plants, 429.
Geography of plants, 435.
Green, S. F., poems by, 448.
Garrick, anecdote of, 303.
Gifford, W., his attack on Pasquin, 307.
Grey, Earl, effects of the resignation of his ministry in 1832, 292.
Goldsmith Lewis, his statistics of France, 325.
God, ceremony in India on the first time of pronouncing his name, 316.
Glasgow, population of, 150.
Gold and silver, supply of, 182.
Greek Antiquities, Manual of, 153.
Germany, academies in, 156.
Green, S. F., Poems by, 119.

H.

Holland and Belgium, 561.
Hartz mountains, the spectre of, 32.
Highland Smugglers, a novel, 130.
Holidays observed in India, 322.
Hymn, by Sir J. Smith, 351.
Heath's Picturesque Annual, 384.
Hope, Dr., of Edinburgh, letter respecting, 340.
Herklotts, Dr., his translation of an oriental work, 313.
Holland, a poem, by Marvel, on, 204.
Hooker, Dr., his Botanical Miscellany, 455.
Hindoos, genuine religion of, adverse to
Hampden, John, charges against refuted, 439.
Hybrid plants, the cause relating to their production explained, 433.
Hemans, Mrs., a sonnet by, 394.
Hall, S. C., his Annual, 384.
Hine, J., his Lectures from Wordsworth, 365.
Hall, Mrs., her Juvenile Annual, 402.
Hamburgh, provision for the poor in, 502.
Hanging gardens of Cashmere, 537.
Human sacrifice at Kalee Ghat, 458.
Hardiman, James, his Irish Minstrelsy, 69.

I.

Jackson, the Rev. Mr., anecdotes of, 311.
India, illustrations of, 313.
Ireland, old mode of governing, described, 515.
Iron, French, manufacture of, 333.
Imports of France, 333.
Inchbald, Mrs., remarkable letter from, 309.
Ingenuity, example of 458.
Idolatry is opposed by the true religion of the Hindoos, 488—examples of, 489—pernicious effects of, 491.
Indian tribe, a strange one, 531.
Import duties, a table of new, 416.
Irritability of plants, 432.
Introduction to Botany by Lindley, 422. Idolatry, 488—modern practice of, 489, 490—religion explained, 493.
Ireland, project of, poor laws for, 501—state of poor in, 504.
Ireland, state of, 355.
Ireland, minstrelsy of, 69.
Irish minstrelsy, 59.
India, present state of, 1—means of governing, 4.
Insects. See Brown.
India, British, 148.
Inclosure Act, remarks on, 190.
Illusions, Spectral, account of, 28, 29, 30.
Illinois, the catacombs of, 59.
Idiots. See Lunatics.
Inquisition of Venice, 105—its code, 106.

J.

Judges, salaries of French, 335.
Juge de Paix, nature of his authority in France, 326.
Jerrold, D., his evidence respecting plays, 474.
Jacobite songs, 82.
Junot, Mad., Memoirs of, 160—Marshall, 163.

K.
Kittorff, J. J., his work on Greek Antiquities, 453.
Krishna, a Hindoo deity, 491.
Kentucky, account of, 64.
Kemble, Stephen, anecdote of, 305.
L.
Literature, number of sheets published in France, 333.
Licenses, tariff relating to, in France, 328.
Lafayette, General, Memoirs of, 224—his conduct at the breaking out of the revolution, 227—his political opinion, 234—conspiracy against him,
Lambeth, account of the public days at, 213.
Lottery, the plan of the French one, 329.
Linnæus' collection, strange fate of, 343—Linnæan Society, foundation of, 345.
Luddoos, nature of, in India, 316.
Linnet, account of, 96.
Letters for the Press, 43.
Lunatics in England, 156.
Locomotive engines, 154.
Lakes, the, of Cumberland, aerial spectres of, 33.
Lumber Trade, mode of carrying it on, 486.
Lindley, John, his introductions to botany, 422.
Landscape Annual, 384.
Literary Souvenir, 384.
Literature, English state of, 374—European, 375—has become a trade, 376—cheap literature, 380.
L. E. L., verses by, 400.
Licenser of plays, 467.
Licensing of plays, 463.
Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers, by Mac Farlane, 589.
Louis XVIII., Memoirs of, 541.
M.
Metamorphosis of plants, 437—laws of, 438.
Murray, Mr. John, letter to from Lord Nugent, 439.
Morphology, the science of the metamorphosis of plants, 437.
Marriages, increase and decrease of, 457.
Manchester, mortality at, 457.
Mortality, rate of at Manchester, 457.
Madagascar, some account of, 455.
Medicine, dictionary of practical, by Dr. Copland, 451.
Morris, D. E., his evidence respecting plays, 472.
Memoirs of Louis XVIII., 541.
Memoir of Felix Neff, 570.
Master of the Revels, 463.
Moorcroft, Mr. W., his account of Cashmere, 535.
Menai bridge, account of 520, 523.
Maule, John, Poems by, 119.
Moncrieff, W. T., his evidence respecting plays, 476.
Matrimony, observations on, 51.
Marino Faliero, account of, 103.
Manufacture, extraordinary feat in, 156.
Mundel, A., his View of Great Britain, 179.
Mines, South American, remarks on, 182.
Memnon, statue of, cause of the sound which it produces, 37.
Magic, Natural, account of, 23.
Mint, regulations of, 187.
Mathews, Charles, his evidence respecting plays, 475.
Macready, Mr., his evidence respecting the the stage, 471.
Macaulay, T., his political address to the Armada, 391.
Mule plants, 433.
Morton, T., his evidence respecting the stage, 471.
Marvel, Andrew, his life by Dove, 193—anecdote of, 196—letter and poems by, 201, 202.
Mobiliere, a French tax, 327.
Monboddo, Lord, account of, 341.
Mussulmans, account of the manners of those in India, 313—ceremonies at the birth of a child, 315—ceremonies at marriages, 318—their food, 320—dinner party amongst, 321—pilgrimages of, 323.
Mason, the poet, his allusion to Andrew Marvel, 197.
Members of Parliament, qualifications of, 197, 198.
Marriage ceremonies used before it in India, 318, 319.
Mecca, account of the pilgrimage to, 323.
Mahometans, account of those in India, 313.
Mayors of Communes, nature of their authority in France, 326.
Mozart, son of, 298.
Mitford, Miss, our Village, by, 265.
Monsey, Dr., anecdote of, 303.
Manufactures of France, 331—list of products and history, 332.
Magistracy, remarks on its being given to the clergy, 223.
N.
Nugent, Lord, his letter to Mr. Murray, 439.
Nautilus, memoirs on the, 450.
Novels, fashionable ones, 366. 376.
Notre Dame, a visit to, 409.
Nights of the Round Table, 506.
Novels, recent, 506.
New Zealand, particulars respecting, 533.
Navy, the Royal of France, 333.
New York, state of the poor in, 67.
Naturalists, Helvetic Society of, 155.
Novels, reviews of, 130—reception of, a rum account of, 137.
Natural History, pleasures of, 97.

Nature, taste for inculcated, 43.
Notes, the, of Birds, 95.
Nuthatch, account of, 93.
Nightingale, account of the, 89.

O.

Owen, R., his memoir of the Pearly Nautilus, 450.
O'Keefe, the dramatist, account of some of his works, 472.
Organography, Mr. Lindley on that of Plants, 424.
Ohio, navigation, 63.
Ornithorynchus peradoxus, account of, 299.
Octroi, explanation, of, 326.
Oriental Translation Fund Society, operations of, 248.

P.

Parker, Dr. S., account of, 199.
Pindar, Peter, account of, 310.
Procureurs, explanation of that title, in France, 336.
Punishments for crime in France, 337.
Personelle, a French tax, 327.
Prelacy, remarks on, 213.
Players, account of, 301.
Pasquin, Anthony, full account of , 506.
Persia, poetry of, 248—manners of, 250—dynasty of, 252.
Panic, effects of, on public credit, 292, 293.
Pilgrimage to Mecca described, 323.
Palmer, Mr. H., his evidence relating to the Bank, 286.
Poison and food, 299.
Prefect, nature of his authority in France, 326.
Philip of France, anecdotes of, 232—account of his accession to the throne, 235—his policy, 236—his conduct, 243.
Paris, history of the revolution in, 234. 243.
Parties, account of some French ones, 247.
Petty-chaps, account of the, 89.
Paupers, state of, 190.
Population, effect of poor laws upon, 188.
Poor Laws, influence of, 188.
Poor, the state of, at New York, 67.
Poor laws, observations on, 495—history of, 496.
Passengers in ships, advice to, 480.
Pauperism, observations on, 496.
Poor laws, history of, 496—project for extending them to Ireland, 501—laws in Hamburgh, 502.
Peter the Great, Life of, 446.
Pollen, remarks on, 429.
Plants organography of, 424—physiology of, 425—irritability of, 432—mule or hybrid plants, 434—metamorphosis of plants, 437.
Physiology of plants, 425.
Priest, character of an Irish one, 356.
Penny publications, a list of fifty, 372—remarks upon, 382.
Paris, Clayton's visit to, 405—a Sunday in, 411.
Pere la Chaise, a visit to, 411.
Palais Royal, visit to, 413.
Parisians, remarks on, 413.
Plays, licensing of, 463—cost of bringing them out, 470.
Posthumous Poem. by Shelly, 580.

Q.

Quorra, the African river, inquiry concerning, 530.
Quanoon-e-Islam, an Indian work, 313.

R.

Revenue, the best mode of raising a public one, 191.
Rice, a song of the harvest of, 18.
Rapp, General, anecdote of, 161.
Robbers and Banditti, 589.
Russia, academy of, 158.
Raffles, Sir T., statue to, 156.
Representation of the people, acts relating to, 150.
Reform, the acts upon, 150.
Reformation, G. Rosette upon, 151.
Rosette, G., on the Reformation, 151.
Red Start, account of, 90.
Records of My Life, by Taylor, 301.
Revolution, the second French, 224. 236.
Rice cultivation of, 456.
Russia, sort of spoils acquired by, 457.
Rammohun Roy, works of, 487.
Robbers of the Rhine, the King of, 387.
Royal Geographical Society, Journal of, 530.
Ross, Captain, expedition in search of, 540.

S.

Steel recommended instead of iron for suspension bridges, 521.
Siege of Maynooth, a novel, 507.
Scott, Sir W., list of his works, 459.
Suspension bridges, history and description of, 516—the Menai bridge, 520—proposals to employ steel for iron in, 521.
Scripture and Geology, 586.
Serle, T., his evidence respecting plays, 470.
Scott, Sir W., traded in literature, 378.
Statistics of Upper Canada, 478.
Scotland, poor laws in, 500.
Southey, Dr., Lord Nugent's remarks on, 439.
Scottish biography, Chambers's, 445.
Seeds, best mode of packing, 432.
Scotland, state of, two hundred years ago, 362.
Soldiers Wives, remarks on, 395.
Sporting in Ireland, 355.
Seringapatam, streming of, 527.
Stage, the report on, 461.
Slaney, R., his British birds, 85.
Spontaneous combustion, cases of, 40, 41.

St. Paul, epistles of, illustrated, 152.
Scriptures, new system of publication of, 152.
Spain, account of, 158.
Soul, intercourse of, with the body, 149.
Swedenborgians, tenets of, 149.
Songs, Irish, 73. 75. 79.
Steam carriages, 156.
Smith, G. H., his Manual of Grecian Antiquities, 153.
Silver and gold, supply of, 182.
Scotland, banking in, 186.
Standard, a metallic one, 187.
Strength, feats of, 39.
Sporting in Canada, 482.
Sound, some of the phenomena of, 36, 37.
Spectral illusions, account of, 28, 29. 32.
Saxons, Tales of, 153.
Society, Linnæan, foundation of, 345—original members of, 346.
Silk manufacture of, in France, 333.
Sub-prefect, nature of his authority in France, 326.
Statistics of France, by Goldsmith, 325.
Shaving, an Indian ceremony, 316.
Scotland, banking system of. See bank.
Skinner, Captain T., his excursions in India, 1.
Stuart, the family of, 1—attachment of the Irish to, 81.
Slavery, defence of, 62.
Starlings, account of, 86.
Swallow, account of, 92.
Sarrans, B., his Life of Lafayette, 224.
Shurreef, Jaffur, his oriental work, 313.
Seamen, how treated, in France, 334.
Shah Nemah, a Persian Poem, account of, 248.
Seaside, description of a scene near the, 281.
Shelley's Posthumous Poem, 580.
Smith, Sir J. E. Life of, by his Lady, 339—birth and education, 340, 341—buys Linnæus' collection, 343—quarrels with the royal family, 344—writings of, 346—his religious belief, 349.
State Bank, suggestion respecting one, 295.
Scott, Sir, W., death of, 298.

T.

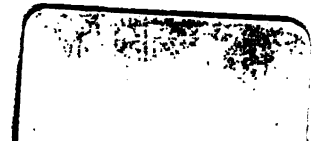
Trigonometry, elements of plane and spherical, 448.
Trade of Canada, 485.
Toxonomy, or the principles of classification, 434.
Tagus, description of the, 513.
Tippoo Saib, death of, 527.
Travellers, precautions for, 532.
Theatres, licensing of, 463. 468.
Taxes, the direct and indirect, of France, 327.
Thames, a ramble on the, 273.
Tobacco, mode of taxing in France, 329.
Tribunals of commerce in France, 336.
Taylor, Miss, her Tales of the Saxons, 215.
Tin, consumption of, 184.
Trade, state of, 183.
Topham, Thomas, feats of strength of, 39.
Taxas, the province of, 62.
Taxes, remarks on, 191.
Talleyrand, Prince, anecdote of, 232.
Taylor, J., his Records of his Life, 301.
Tree-creeper, account of, 94.
Tree, lines on one in the centre of the Metropolis, 45.
Taylor, Thomas, Poems by, 119.
Tunbridge Wells, Descriptive Sketches of, 151.

U.

Unicorn, intelligence concerning a supposed one, 13.
University, the London address delivered at, 454.

V.

Vegetation, progress of, 425.
Vegetables, singular mode of cultivating, 537.
Verdant, meaning of, 493.
Vehicles, number of public, in France, 333.
Venice, history of, 98—conspiracy in, 100.
Venice Preserved, real story which gave rise to, 115.
Vision, some of the phenomena of, 25.

W.

Watches made in France, 333.
West India planters case of, 453—exports to the West Indies, 454.
Wood, process of the deposition of, in plants, 427.
Wordsworth, W., a school book selected from his works, 365—objections to his poetry, 366—objections to his diction, 368—objections to other qualities of his compositions, 371—sonnet by, 393.
Watts, A. A., his Annuals, 384.
Watts, Mrs., her New Year's Gift, 404.
Waterloo, a scene at, 399.
Wives, peculiarities of those of soldiers, 395.
Walker, T., on pauperism, 495.
Widows, burning of. See Burning.
Wright, Miss Fanny, account of, 68.
Wag-tail, account of the, 93.
White-throat, account of, 90.
Wren, account of the, 89.
Watt, James, statue to, 299.
Wild Sports of the West, 352.
Wales, a scene in, 267.
Wolcot, Dr., account of, 310.
Walking Stewart, singular anecdotes of, 307.
Whateley, Rev. Mr., on the Poor Laws, 189.
Whig government, 561.